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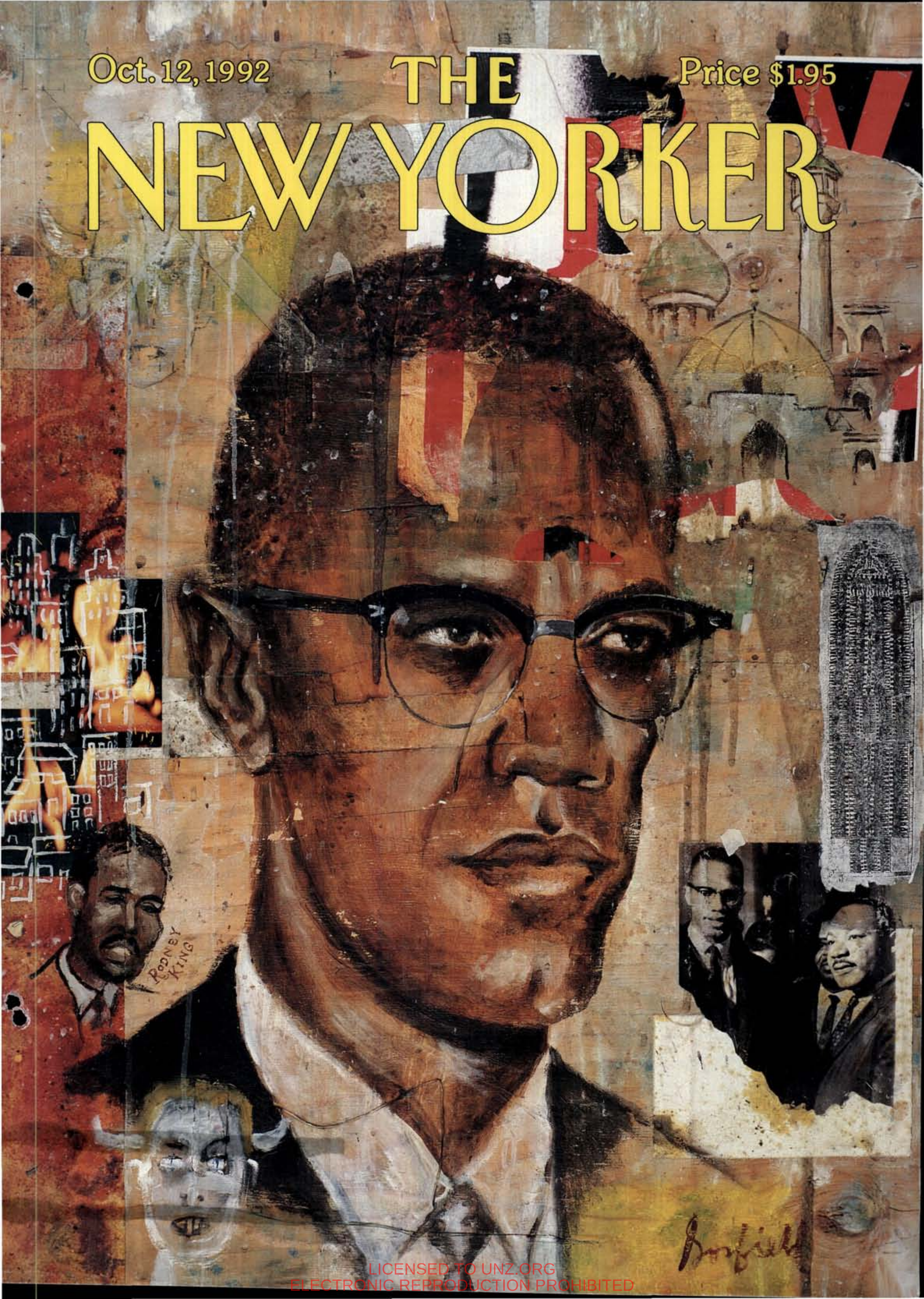
RODNEY KING

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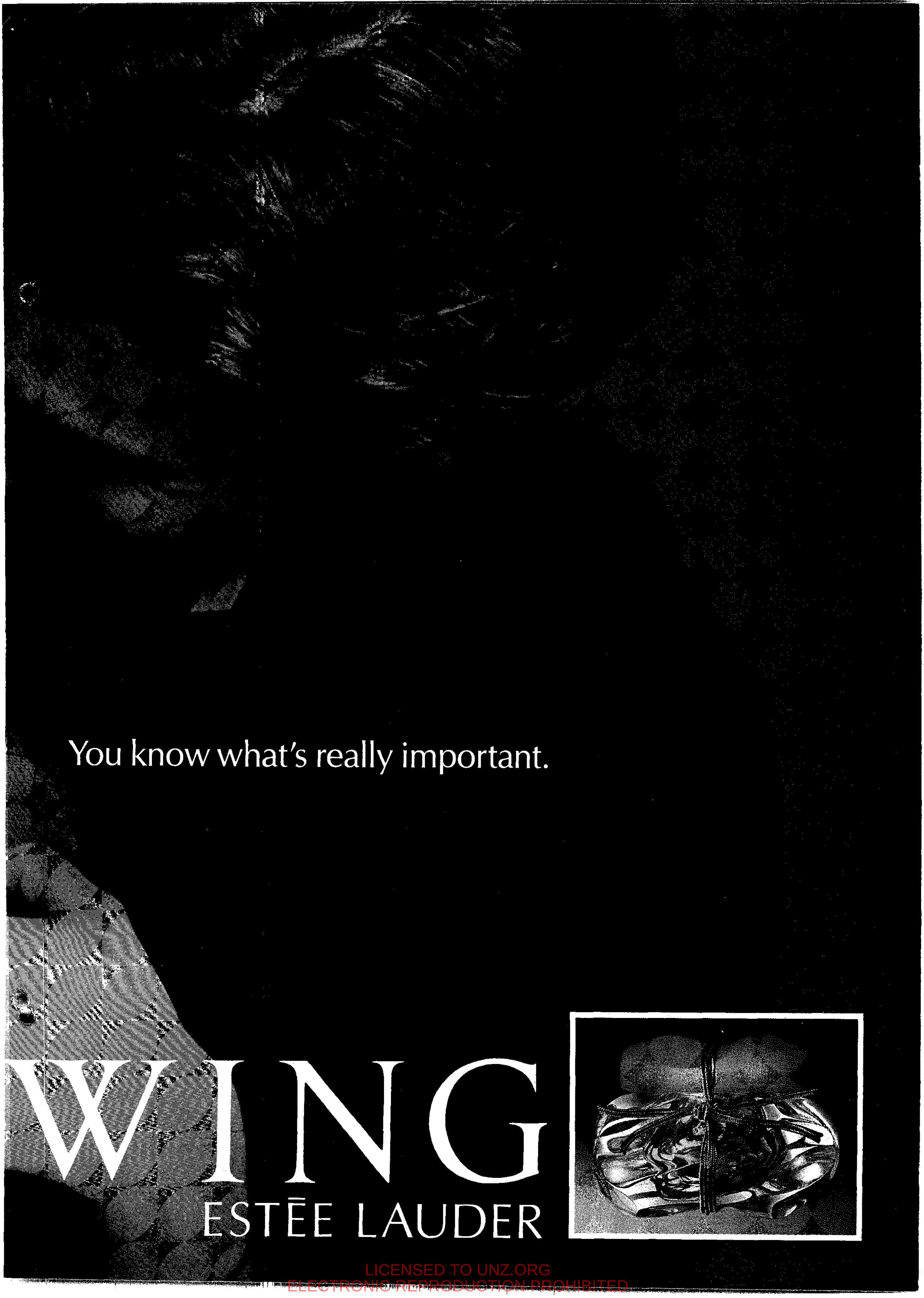
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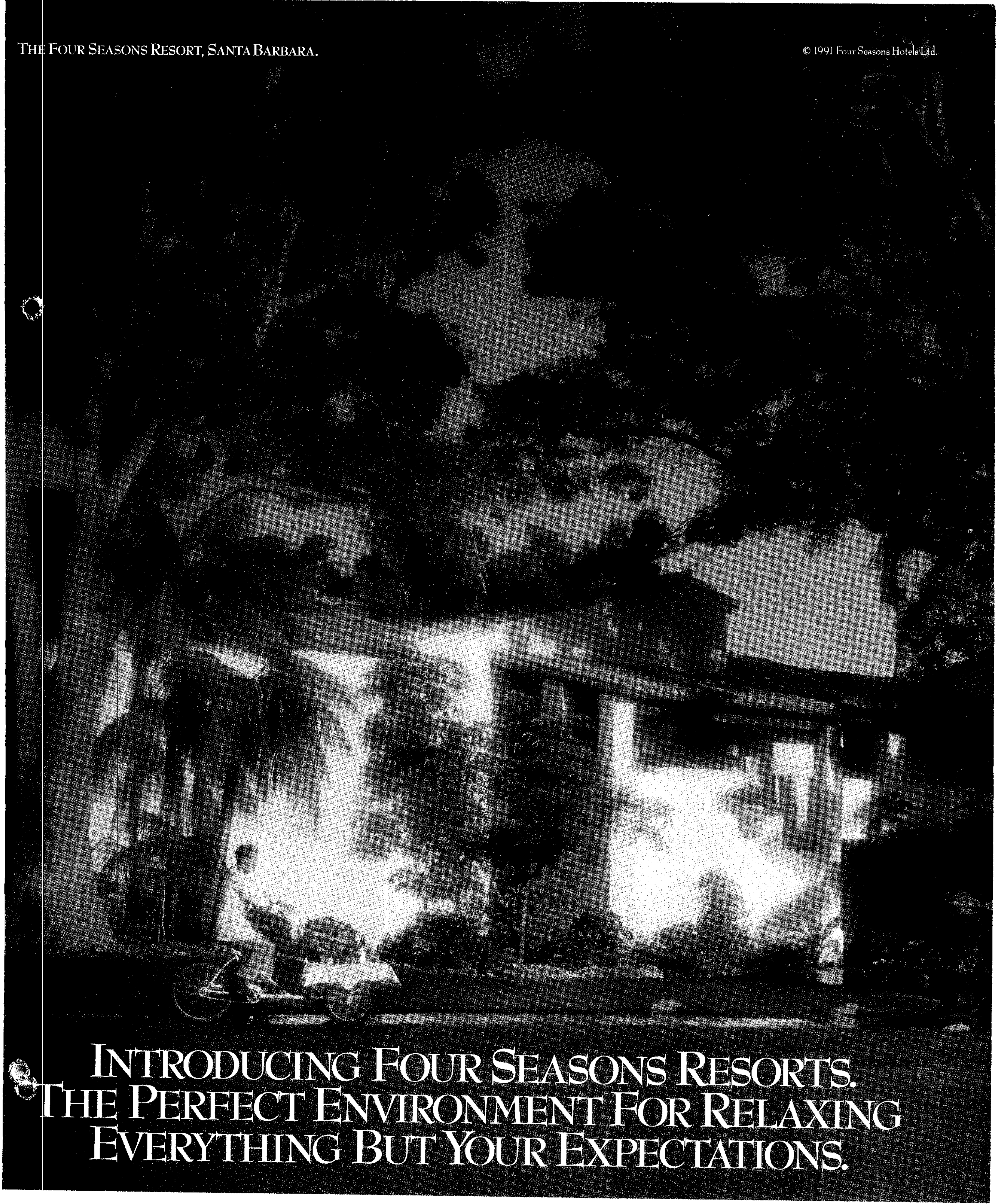
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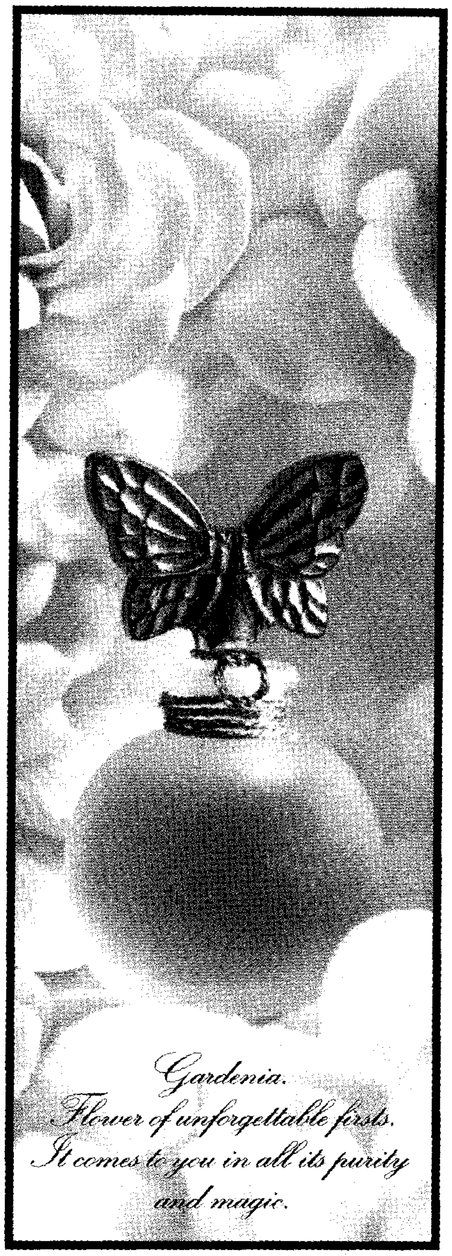
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COMMENT

TALES OF THE TAPES

As Richard Nixon, John Gotti, and the Abscam defendants all learned, it makes a difference when something's on tape. New Yorkers have lately been reacquainting themselves with the same lesson. The riots in Washington Heights this past July and the riots in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant in 1964 had similar causes: both were touched off by police shootings of nonwhite non-cops, and in both cases self-described eyewitnesses cried murder. The dissimilar sequels—riots followed by riots in 1964, riots and eventually relative calm in 1992—may be traced, in part, to a pair of tape recordings.

Lieutenant Thomas Gilligan, the cop at the center of things in 1964, was exonerated by a grand jury, but the truth about what he did will remain forever mired in a thicket of contradictory testimony. In the case of Patrolman Michael O'Keefe, the cop in July's shooting, some of the "Rashomon"-like mystery of that night in Washington Heights has been dispelled by a police audiotape in which O'Keefe is heard screaming for help in, as the columnist Dennis Duggan put it, "the register that we all know springs from terror"—a sound that is inconsistent with the supposed picture of a cop cold-bloodedly shooting an innocent youth in the back. The second tape that has shed light on the case was made, some time earlier, by a home video camera. In it the shooting victim—described by some as an ordinary young man going about his business the night he was shot—is seen gleefully tossing bags of cocaine in the air with a buddy. The two tapes, taken together and along with other evidence of deception in the accounts given by Officer O'Keefe's accusers, make it difficult for anyone to believe, on reflection, that this was anything but an instance of a false accusation against a cop who was doing his job.

In much the same fashion, the videotape of Rodney King being beaten by officers of the Los Angeles Police Department last year made police brutality real for white suburbanites—and, indeed, for all Americans who might have doubted the phenomenon's existence. In 1965, William F. Buckley, Jr., then a candidate for mayor of New York, dismissed all talk of police brutality as "the fancied fears of a neurotic population." It

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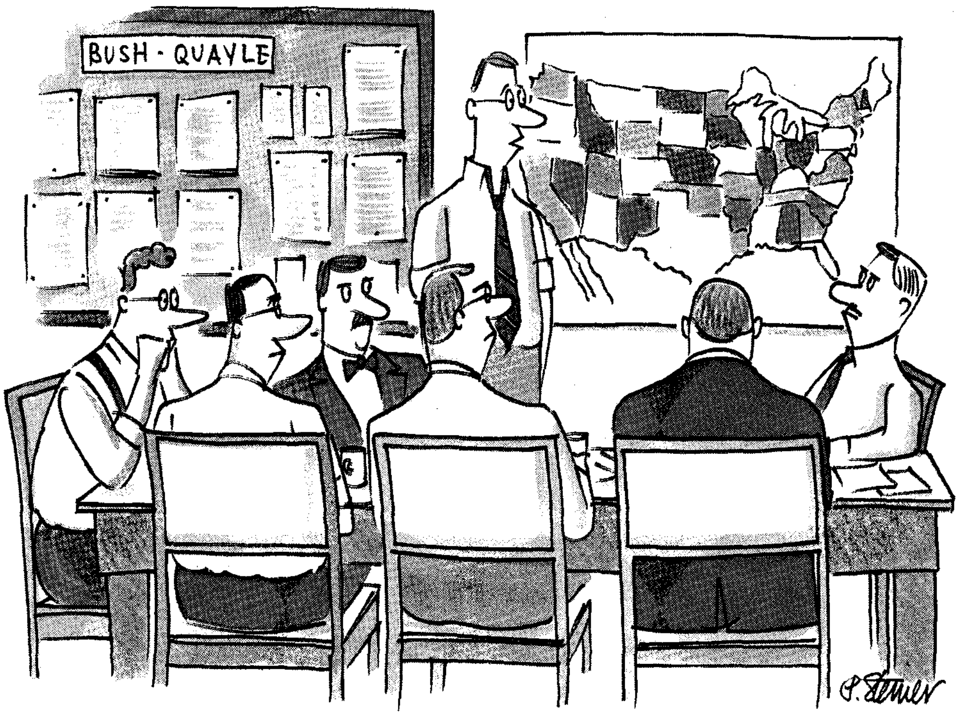

"The President is closing in the polls, but he still needs hurricanes in several key states."

• •

would be hard to make such a pronouncement today.

Nor was the King videotape the only eye-opening electronic record to emerge from the Los Angeles investigation. For the last seven years, L.A.P.D. patrol cars have been equipped with computer terminals that allow cops to type messages to one another. In one such message, a cop involved in the King beating described an earlier assignment as being "right out of 'Gorillas in the Mist.'" Other transmissions, concerning other incidents, referred to "huntin wabbits," "the natives," and "monkey slapping time." Police racism, like police brutality, was thus pulled out of the realm of rumor and rendered vivid by technology.

Those computer transmissions, and the blurry image of more than a dozen cops standing idly in the background as King took his blows, showed that Los Angeles had something more than an isolated incident—an "abuse"—on its hands. As a result, the city's political establishment felt compelled to create a blue-ribbon investigative panel, which, not confining itself to the King case, examined such recurring issues as the intimidation of civilian witnesses by police investigators, the contrastingly indulgent treatment of cops (who were routinely given a chance to coördinate their stories), and the breathtakingly mild discipline meted out to the few cops who, against all odds, were found guilty. Taking as its sample thirty-six cops who had beaten handcuffed suspects, the panel determined that only two had been fired. None of the rest got more than a couple of weeks' suspension. Perhaps most alarming, many cops who had been the subject of multiple complaints were subsequently given high performance ratings by their superiors and were promoted or designated as models (so-called Field Training Officers) for rookies.

The King video, as the world knows, didn't convict King's tormentors. But it did touch off a cascade of events that left no doubt that there was something fundamentally, systemically wrong with the L.A.P.D.—a larger, and far more important, truth than any of the unhappy details of the King case itself. Emboldened by this evidence, the city hired a new police chief, who in his previous place of employment, Philadelphia, had shown an unusual readiness to discipline bad cops.

The Christopher Commission—as the blue-ribbon panel came to be called, after its chairman, Warren Christopher—acknowledged the role that technology had played in its investigation. Indeed, the commission was so impressed by the power of consumer video equipment as an anti-brutality tool that it suggested (as "a promising possibility for reducing excessive force") outfitting patrol cars with tamper-proof video cameras that could be set automatically to record police-citizen encounters. Carrying out this scheme on a citywide basis, the report noted, would cost some five million dollars up front and a million dollars a year afterward. The expense might be worth it even from a strictly cost-accounting point of view, since between 1986 and 1990 Los Angeles paid out more than twenty million dollars in civil lawsuits involving police brutality.

Such equipment, the commission's report admitted, can malfunction for reasons either accidental or deliberate. And the outcome of the Rodney King trial reminds us that even when the cameras or the microphones work without a hitch an electronic record may not be decisive. But the solution to police brutality is ultimately a matter not of after-the-fact remedies but of hiring and training, and of leadership aimed at creating police officers with better reasons than fear of punishment for avoiding the gratuitous use of force.

Three weeks ago, when a raucous mob of New York City cops, whipped into a frenzy by the seemingly eternal threat of an all-civilian review board, blocked the Brooklyn Bridge and nearly stormed City Hall, video cameras were at work once again. After studying the videotapes, the New York Police Department was able to identify only a few dozen of some ten thousand cops on the scene. Even so, those images taught the city that it had a larger problem—one that, like L.A.'s, cannot in the end be solved by punishing cops. The surprise is that this technology, so grounded in the specific, may turn out to be at least as useful for pointing to broader patterns as for getting to the bottom of particular cases. The real value of audio and video recording equipment, it seems, is its ability to show us the big picture. ♦

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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THE THEATRE

Sweet Sorrow

Turn Shakespeare's tragedies into comedies? Nothing could be more superfluous. Why poke fun at Macbeth and Lear when verse-murdering actors and show-off directors do it, somewhere, almost every night?

Certain playwrights, however, can't resist twisting plot lines around for laughs. In "Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)," Ann-Marie MacDonald gives us an ambitious young scholar attempting to prove that Shakespeare in fact intended "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" as comedies. What a relief! No more need to make up one's mind about Iago's exact degree of motivation, or to trouble oneself about the ridiculous contrivances in the last act of the star-crossed lovers' tale. Similarly, at least according to Lee Blessing, there's no longer any need to worry about what will happen to Denmark after the end of "Hamlet." So what if an outsider has completed a hostile takeover of the court? In "Fortinbras," Blessing assures us that Elsinore will rock to a benign beat.

"Fortinbras," which begins performances on October 9, launches the second season of the Signature Theatre Company, whose artistic mission—to focus each year on a single dramatist—proved sound last year, with its productions of Romulus Linney. "Goodnight Desdemona" will usher in David Esbjornson as the head of the Classic Stage Company; he will direct the play himself.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

C. Colombo Inc., Export/Import, Genoa—Leo Bassi, an Italian "clown terrorist," in a performance piece that examines the quincentennial of you know what. Previews begin Oct. 13. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

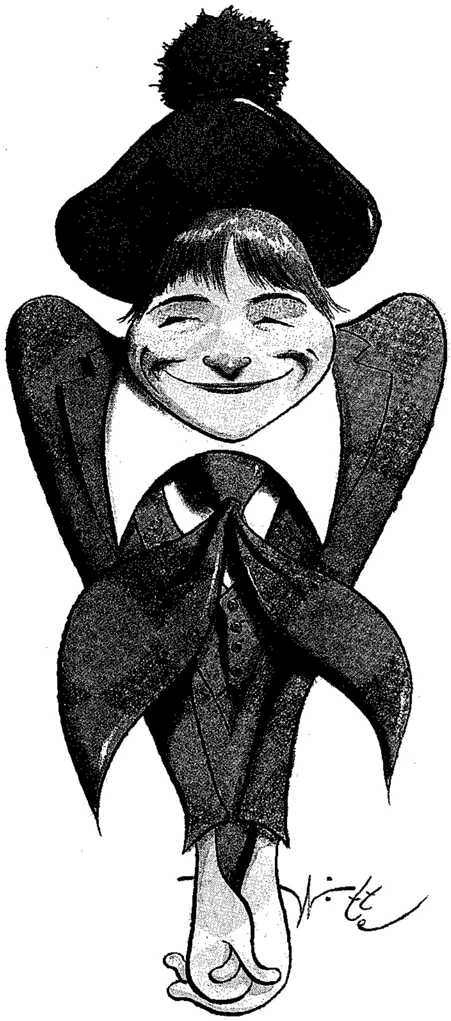
Circle Repertory Company—Presenting Larry Kramer's new play, **THE DESTINY OF ME**, which picks up ten years after "The Normal Heart." Peter Frechette, Jonathan Hadary, Oni Faida Lampley, Piper Laurie, Bruce McCarty, John Cameron Mitchell, and David Spielberg are in the cast. In previews. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200.)

Fortinbras—The Signature Theatre Company opens a new season with this 1991 comedy by Lee Blessing. With Keith Reddin, Albert Macklin, Samantha Mathis, Don Reilly, William Metzo, and Celia Howard. Performances begin Oct. 9 at 8, and run through Nov. 1. (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200.)

Goodnight Desdemona (Good Morning Juliet)—Cherry Jones has the lead in a comedy by Ann-Marie MacDonald. Previews begin Oct. 13. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

The Holy Terror—Daniel Gerroll has the lead in a play written and directed by Simon Gray. Previews Oct. 6-7. Opens Oct. 8 at 7. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Madame MacAdam Travelling Theatre—A new comic drama written by Thomas Kilroy and presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre Company. Denise DeMaurier heads the cast, and Charlotte Moore directed. Previews begin Oct. 9. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)



Cherry Jones in "Goodnight Desdemona"

MICHAEL WITTE

Oleanna—William H. Macy and Rebecca Pidgeon in a new two-character play written and directed by David Mamet. Previews begin Oct. 13. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100.)

The Sisters Rosensweig—Wendy Wasserstein's new play, with Jane Alexander, Madeline Kahn, and Frances McDormand. Daniel Sullivan directed. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Spic-O-Rama—John Leguizamo's latest one-man show. It's the story of the dysfunctional Gigante clan, as seen through the eyes of a precocious nine-year-old. Previews begin Oct. 9. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

You Could Be Home Now—A one-woman show written by, and starring, Ann Magnuson. Previews through Oct. 10. Opens Oct. 11 at 8, and runs through Nov. 1. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

OPENED RECENTLY

Ali—A play written by Geoffrey Ewing and Graydon Royce, with Mr. Ewing as the boxer. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Les Atrides—A four-play cycle, directed by Ariane Mnouchkine, which consists of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis" and Aeschylus' Oresteia trilogy—"Agamemnon," "The Libation Bearers," and "The Eumenides." Performed, in French, by Théâtre du Soleil, of Paris; simultaneous English translation (via headsets) will be available. The production winds up on Oct. 11. (Park Slope Armory, Eighth Ave. at 15th St., Brooklyn. For information about tickets, call 1-718 636-4100.)

The Best of Forbidden Broadway—This tenth-anniversary edition of Gerard Alessandrini's long-running, ever-fluctuating musical revue is, as one might expect, a treat. There is some new material, but the sharpest sequences are still the spoof of "M. Butterfly" and the "Speed-the-Plow" number, "Madonna's Brain," in which David Mamet and Ron Silver try to teach Madonna to act and she ends up tearing off most of her clothes. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/4/92.) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Brother Truckers—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents a new comedy by Georg Osterman. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Conversations with My Father—If you're looking for a totally satisfying theatrical experience, try the new Herb Gardner, a bittersweet memory play about a Lower East Side barkeep, his two sons, and the patrons of his tavern. As staged by Daniel Sullivan, with an ace cast led by the wonderful Judd Hirsch, the play does what "Jake's Women" and "Dancing at Lughnasa" would probably do if their authors were, respectively, more sophisticated and less sentimental. Grab this one. (4/13/92) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Crazy for You—Loosely based on "Girl Crazy," which opened in 1930, this glorious show is actually a celebration of the music of George Gershwin and the lyrics of his brother Ira—nineteen songs in all—and also of the witty, imaginative choreography of Susan Stroman. Ken Ludwig wrote the lively book. Harry Groener and Jodi Benson are the lead actor/dancers. Bless 'em all. (3/2/92) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Cut the Ribbons—A new musical, which features Georgia Engel, Barbara Feldon, and Donna McKechnie. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Falsettos—This back-to-back revival of "March of the Falsettos" and "Falsettoland," two of William Finn's three one-act musicals about a childish, self-absorbed man who leaves his wife and son for his not very nice male lover, is strictly for those who care. The appeal of Mr. Finn's trilogy has always been puzzling. It has a chronology as complicated as the Oedipus cycle and a dramatic sensibility akin to that of the Oresteia. But it has always seemed like banality set to music: shallow, unlikable people expressing themselves in shallow, unlikable songs. (5/11/92) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Five Guys Named Moe—The guys are black dancers and singers of ability and spirit, who perform the songs (either lyrics or music or both) of the late Louis Jordan, among them "Don't Let the Sun Catch You Crying," "Ain't Nobody Here but Us Chickens," and "Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby?" This London import makes a merry evening. (4/20/92) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Guys and Dolls—A lively production of Frank Loesser's perfect musical, under the direction of Jerry Zaks. Nathan Lane and Faith Prince are the leading guy and doll, and Tony Walton designed the stunning scenery. (4/27/92) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Jake's Women—Alan Alda is at his genial best in the new Neil Simon. The play, about an aging writer trying to come to terms with the

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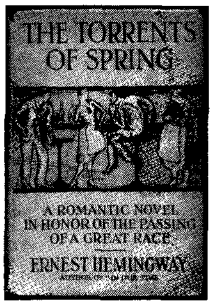

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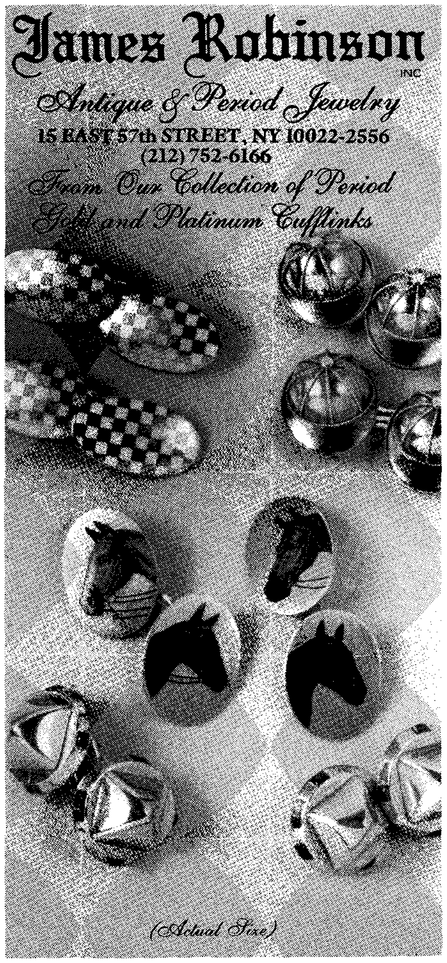
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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

women in his life, past and present, has some funny lines and a lot of phony dialogue. It's predictable, banal, and contrived, but at least it showcases a fine cast of actresses that includes Kate Burton and Joyce Van Patten. (4/6/92) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100. Closes Oct. 25.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Three works in rotating repertory: UNDER MILK WOOD, by Dylan Thomas; AN OLD ACTRESS IN THE ROLE OF DOSTOEVSKY'S WIFE, by the Russian playwright Edvard Radzinsky; and THE CARETAKER, by Harold Pinter. Alma H. Law translated the Radzinsky work. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jelly's Last Jam—The music of Jelly Roll Morton, self-proclaimed inventor of jazz, and, at the same time, an unsparing delineation of Morton himself. The show was written and directed by George C. Wolfe. In the starring role, Gregory Hines combines his astonishing talents as tap dancer and actor; Savion Glover plays the character as a young man. Also present are Keith David, Tonya Pinkins, Wayne Mathis, and Mary Bond Davis. (5/11/92) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

Lotto (Experience the Dream)—A comedy by Cliff Roquemore. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-9251.)

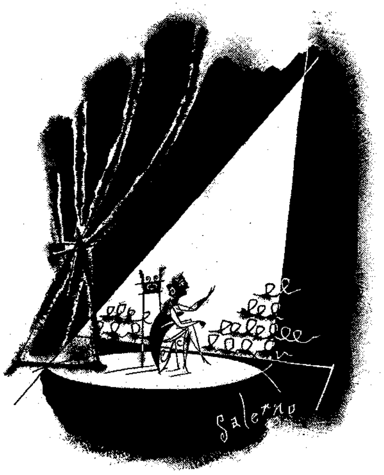
Mad Forest—Caryl Churchill's play about post-Ceausescu Romania. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Joanne Camp is Josie Hogan in this production of Eugene O'Neill's play. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Oct. 24.)

The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me—A play written and performed by David Drake. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 564-8038.)

Oba Oba '93—A return engagement of the Brazilian revue that played here a couple of years ago. Seventy-five dancers, singers, and musicians are featured. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Remembrance—Milo O'Shea, Frances Sternhagen, Mia Dillon, and John Finn have the leads in this new production of Graham Reid's play. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)



The Roads to Home—In three short acts that are more triptych than play, Horton Foote depicts three gentlewomen of Houston, all of them thwarted or otherwise wounded, and one of them mad. The third and best act is set in the asylum to which the madwoman has been committed. Jean Stapleton, Rochelle Oliver, and Hallie Foote appear in the leading roles. All of them are good, and they are well supported (theatrically speaking) by Michael Hadge, William Alderson, and Emmett O'Sullivan-Moore, among others. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Ruthless!—This camp musical about a monster child star is harmless and amusing enough—assuming you can stomach the little girl. She gave us the pip. Sylvia Miles joins the cast through Oct. 18. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076.)

York Theatre Company—Steve Barton is Henry VIII in SIX WIVES, a musical by Joe Masteroff (book and lyrics) and Edward Thomas (score). Kim Crosby and Tovah Feldshuh play three wives apiece. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Oct. 25.)

Young Playwrights Festival—A festival indeed. For this annual occasion, only slightly marred by needless amplification, the four new playwrights, all of them eighteen or younger at the time of their submissions, are Aurorae Khoo, Terrance Jenkins, Joanna Norland, and Robert Levy. Comedy, high and low, is rampant throughout, and so is good acting. The directors were Richard Caliban, Clinton Turner Davis, Gloria Muzio, and Michael Mayer. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes Oct. 11.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: A comedy by James Sherman. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)... **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A *mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing* its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.)... **CATSKILLS ON BROADWAY:** A festival of ethnicity and all but unbroken laughter. Freddie Roman and Mal Z. Lawrence are the Jewish comedians; Dick Capri handles the Italians; and Louise DuArt does impressions. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)... **DANCING AT LUGHNASA:** How you respond to Brian Friel's wistful autobiographical play depends a good deal on your personality and preoccupations. Either you will find it lovely and lyrical or it will strike you as the memory play from Hell. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Oct. 25.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirty-second birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.)... **FOREVER PLAID:** Stuart Ross's loving tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)... **LOST IN YONKERS:** This family melodrama by Neil Simon, set in Yonkers during the Second World War, is about what happens when a cowering, pathetic man has to leave his two adolescent sons with his intimidating mother for the better part of a year. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)... **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)... **MISS SAIGON:** Oh, the horror! The horror! (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.)... **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.)... **PERFECT CRIME:** A murder mystery by Warren Manzi. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 695-3401.)... **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **THE SECRET GARDEN:** This lovely musical adaptation of the classic children's story by Frances Hodgson Burnett isn't just a kiddie show. Subtle, charming, intelligent, and wholly literary in its approach to adaptation, it manages both to be faithful to the spirit of the book and to comment on the particular moment in time that produced it. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)... **TUBES:** A performance work by Blue Man Group about art and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.)... **THE WILL ROGERS FOLLIES:** The sets by Tony Walton, the direction and choreography by Tommy Tune, the costumes by Willa Kim, and the row upon row of Ziegfeld girls make a feast for the eyes, but the funny bone and heart are neglected. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 730-8200.)

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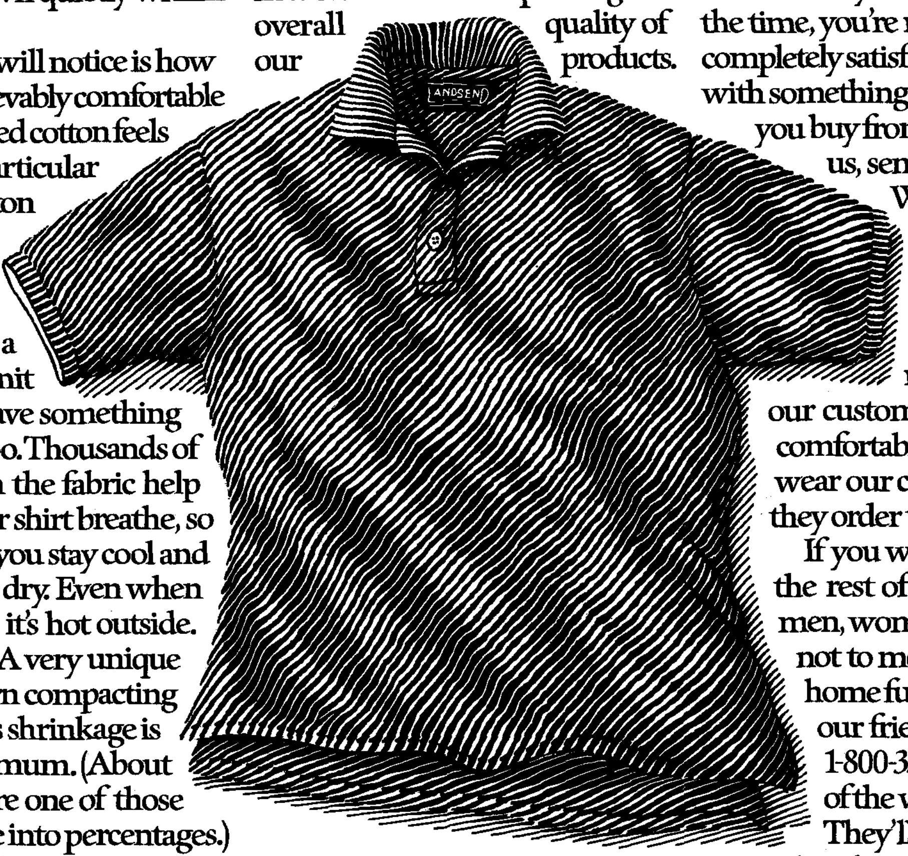

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DANCE

Deep in the Heart

In dance-history books, Deborah Hay is noted for her work with the Judson Dance Theatre during the nineteen-sixties; for a brief period, she also performed with Merce Cunningham's company. She moved to Texas in 1976. In recent seasons, she has built up a small New York following for her mysteriously affecting dance solos. She appears at the Warren Street Performance Loft on October 8-10, in a work called "Lamb at the Altar," with an original score by Ellen Fullman.

On the phone, Hay was reluctant to say what the work was about, but she did want audiences to know that when she heard of John Cage's death, in August, she decided to dedicate the dance to him. She considers him a mentor; she knew him tangentially, through his writings and teaching and from her tour with the Cunningham company. But, she insisted, in a low, assertive voice, his work, as much as his method, was crucial to her.

She fell silent. On the New York end of the line, you could hear the sound of her breathing as well as a touch of static—the first regular in its rhythm, like an instrument, the second unpredictable, like the weather. Then she said, "The place he took me to was perfect meditation." Did she mean an out-of-body experience? "No," she said. "Into the heart of music."

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a week-long engagement that will run through Oct. 18. Oct. 13 at 7:30: A film of Martha Graham in "Frontier," as well as "Lamentation," the revival premières of "Salem Shore" (1943) and of excerpts from "Panorama" (1935), and "Acts of Light." Mikhail Baryshnikov and Liza Minnelli are hosts for this benefit evening. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: "Clytemnestra." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement. Oct. 13 at 8: "Red Room," "Soon," "Havoc" (première), and "D-Man in the Waters.". . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: "Dances with Brahms," "Fête" (première), "Last Night on Earth" (première), "The Gift/No God Logic," and "Another History of Collage" (première). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Oct. 25.)

Florence Dance Theatre—An Italian company in its American début. Performing "Giuliano (A Florentine Death)," "Blank Pages," and "O Mujer Carne y Sueño." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 6-7 and Oct. 9-10 at 8 and Oct. 11 at 2 and 7:30.)

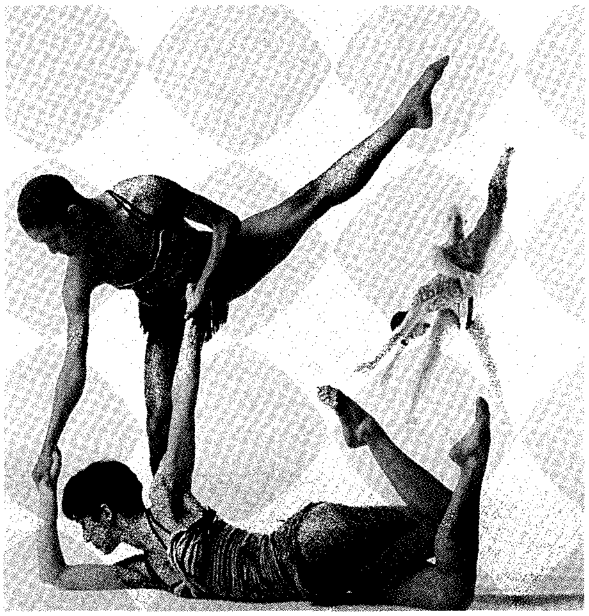
Elisa King & Dancers—Oct. 7-10 at 8: "Imprints.". . . ¶ Oct. 14-17 at 8: "Impressions" (New York première). (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 924-0077.)

Cydney Wilkes—Presenting new solos and group works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 8-10 at 8 and Oct. 11 at 3.)

Ballet Metropolitano de Caracas—In a program of Venezuelan music and dance. (Buttenweiser Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Oct. 8 at 8:15. . . . ¶ Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Oct. 10 at 8. No tickets necessary for either performance.)

Deborah Hay—In "Lamb at the Altar." (Warren Street Performance Loft, 46 Warren St. 732-3149. Oct. 8-10 at 8.)

Tennessee Dance Theatre—A Nashville-based troupe offers "Round This World, Baby Mine" (excerpts), "Canvas Cathedral," and "Front Porch," which is based on stories by Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor, among other works. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Oct. 9 at 8.)



Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company at the Joyce Theatre

LOIS GREENFIELD

Compagnie Philippe Saire—A Swiss company presents Mr. Saire's "Don Quixote." (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Oct. 9-10 at 8 and Oct. 11 at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

Band Wagon

Chris Harford doesn't forget his friends, and that creates a slight problem: how to fit them all onstage. At a recent Bottom Line show marking the release of his début album, "Be Headed," there were more entrances and exits than in "The Last Waltz." The revolving-door band, which at some points swelled to eight or nine people, included one guitarist with whom Harford had played in a band as a teen-ager, one whom he jokingly claimed to have found in Tompkins Square Park, and his dad, who hopped onstage to sing a standard. Harford (who will be at Maxwell's on October 10) can afford to feel so loose: his record, a diverse free-for-all that features cameos by Richard Thompson, Loudon Wainwright III, and many others, has been generating that satisfying sound known as an industry buzz.

A singer, guitarist, and songwriter who rose through the local club scene in the nineteen-eighties, Harford operates in the free zone outside rock's usual categories. He has a foot in country, a hand in seventies rock, a toe in folk, a finger in post-punk. With his gruff but plaintive voice and his fondness for muddied-up guitars, he sometimes recalls Neil Young. At the Bottom Line, Harford's big-tent approach made for a rather uneven performance, but when his cast of thousands found a groove there wasn't a still foot in the house.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out some of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The woody nook known as the Oak Room is currently home to **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a fine pop-jazz singer who has been known to root around in the archives for lost or forgotten numbers. Ms. McCorkle departs on Oct. 10, and **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** begins a fall-winter sublet on Oct. 14. The first few weeks of her engagement, which will run through January, are devoted to Jerome Kern. Shows at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Two topflight cabaret artists, **ANNE FRANCINE** and **MARGARET WHITING,** begin an engagement on Oct. 6. Ms. Whiting's biggest hit, "A Tree in a Meadow," appeared back in 1948, but her voice sounds almost as good as it did on the day Johnny Mercer told her, "You sing like a trumpet." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine, and Sundays at seven. Randy Allen and **BLOSSOM DEARIE** fill in other slots on the schedule.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—This northern restaurant-bar, an airy, two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery, is a shade too slick for Columbia students but just right for post-collegiate jazz fans. The name is taken from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome that featured Bird himself. Oct. 8 belongs to the **ELISE WOOD** trio, and the **MONGO SANTAMARIA** band claims Oct. 9-10. Music from nine. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, a gift shop, and, of course, those incredible shrinking aisles that turn a mid-set dash to the rest room into something of a steeplechase. **PHYLLIS HYMAN** appears Oct. 6-11, and **NANCY WILSON** settles in the week beginning Oct. 13. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like a gym set up for the S.A.T. Despite the cramped quarters, though, the Bottom Line is an easy, comfortable place to take in a folk or rock show. **PATTY LARKIN** and **JUDITH SLOAN** are here on Oct. 9; **ROBBEN FORD AND THE BLUE LINE** and **DANNY GATTON** show up on Oct. 10. Shows at eight and eleven. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BARBARA COOK** Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-forty-five. . . . ¶Across the hall, in

Bemelmans Bar, singer-pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** starts up on Oct. 6. Carroll's sets, which are usually equal parts jazz and cabaret, include songs by Gershwin, Cole Porter, Harold Arlen, Dizzy Gillespie, and Billy Strayhorn, along with some of her own. Sets from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Club 53, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (261-5853)—A new cabaret in the New York Hilton. It's a pleasantly lulling spot, where you can sink into deep sofas and eat off of big plates. Anyone working on a Judy Garland impersonation might want to check out **JIM BAILEY**, who makes a living from his (as well as such other portrayals as Madonna; Marilyn; Peggy Lee, who performed here recently; and Barbra Streisand, whom Bailey will take on a few weeks from now). Mr. Bailey begins work on Oct. 8. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-forty-five, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-forty-five and ten-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The decorator had a weakness for red velvet and mirrors, and the seating is so tight that you may as well check your elbows at the door, but this club has a few things going for it—namely, an impressive roster of jazz notables and the fact that, if you get here early, you can sit close enough to shine their shoes. The **KEN DREW, JR.**, quintet is on hand Oct. 6-11; **ABBEY LINCOLN** gets started on Oct. 13. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. A program with the provocative title "Radical New Jewish Culture," organized by **JOHN ZORN**, takes place Oct. 8-11. The principals include **ELLIOTT SHARP**, **TIM BERNE**, **GARY LUCAS**, **MARC RIBOT**, and other usual suspects too numerous to name. Music after nine.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—This blues bar stands apart from the Upper East Side's usual array of singles bars, and has become a big draw for the neighborhood's army of post-collegiates. This long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. Sets from nine-fifteen, except Sundays, when they begin at eight-forty-five.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A plain blue back room whose far wall is decorated with round things: a Frisbee, some singles, a drum head, and the woofer from a speaker cabinet, to name a few. The beer of choice here is Rolling Rock—by a landslide—and the crowd may make you feel as if you have a midterm to study for, but many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. **CHRIS HARFORD** performs on Oct. 10. Shows are usually at ten on Thursdays, at eleven on Fridays and Saturdays, and at nine other nights.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. **MEL TORMÉ** is in action through Oct. 11. Mr. Tormé is a genial performer who comes off as a cross between a serious jazz singer, a Sinatra-style hepcat, and a Vegas showman. His voice—a warm, smooth baritone—won't bowl you over, but his allegro scat singing is impressive, whether he's riffing on a vocal line or mimicking a bebop horn solo. Tormé is here with a fifteen-piece band, and his lively arrangements light up some rather unimaginatively chosen standards. Tormé seems to strive for an Ellingtonian richness—he calls the Duke his "one true idol," and this show includes an Ellington medley. Sometimes, he hits the mark; at other times, the group sounds more like the old "Tonight Show" band. On his farewell show, Johnny Carson said of that group, "Anyone who thinks this band isn't hip doesn't know what hip means." Tormé's fans would probably say the same of him. Vernel Bagneris takes over with a Jelly Roll Morton tribute beginning on Oct. 13. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There, you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here, intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window, compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. Singer **MAUREEN MC GOVERN**, who's here for the next few weeks, was once known (to her consternation) as "the disaster-theme queen"—she sang "The Morning After," from "The Poseidon Adventure," as well as songs from "The Towering Inferno." Since then, Ms. McGovern, who has a powerful, versatile set of pipes and a four-octave range, has successfully refashioned herself in a cabaret mode. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Jazz Society, Tuesdays and Fridays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS**, Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band, and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. On Oct. 7 you can catch Bob Litwak's group (with Bucky Pizzarelli and Bob Kindred) as well as Bob Thosen's big band. Show times vary.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Known for, among countless other things, a scene in "Manhattan" in which Woody Allen tries to teach his young son how to score. Upstairs, there's a small, red-gold-and-green cabaret. **BETTY BUCKLEY**, an esteemed cabaret singer and occasional Broadway performer, is here on Oct. 11. Shows Sundays at eight and, upon demand, ten-thirty. Dining and, of course, drinking.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—One seldom sees jazz musicians leaning back to back as they kick out the jams, or craning their necks to harmonize into a mike. That's not to say that they don't interact onstage, but they're usually more subtle about it than rockers are. The nod, the glance, the faint smile are more common gestures, and this brown-toned ski chalet of a jazz club is a fine place to study such group dynamics. A trio led by **MC COY TYNER** begins a two-week stay on Oct. 6. Tyner puts on extraordinary shows, which alternate seamlessly from the thunderous and showy to the lyrical and understated. **AVERY SHARPE** and **AARON SCOTT** are his accomplished bandmates. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A club with a past. The **RAY DRUMMOND** quintet works out Oct. 6-11; **PHAROAH SANDERS'** quartet gets started on Oct. 13. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays. Music after nine-thirty.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Wetlands is usually thought of as a Deadhead hangout, but the club has also been the launching pad for a generation of young New York bands like Blues Traveler and the Spin Doctors. Shows here can be absurdly sweaty and tight—the club seems to have a hard time turning people away—and it can be hard to get a view of the stage. Still, Wetlands is such a maze of a place that there's always some mellow corner to retire to. **BEAT HAPPENING**, which performs here on Oct. 11, is an Olympia, Washington, trio that, for nearly a decade, has been lurking in the shadows of the music industry, quietly producing a stream of modest, affable, ingenious pop. The **NEIGHBORHOODS**, another long-suffering but talented pop trio, this one from Boston, will be appearing on Oct. 14. Shows from ten.

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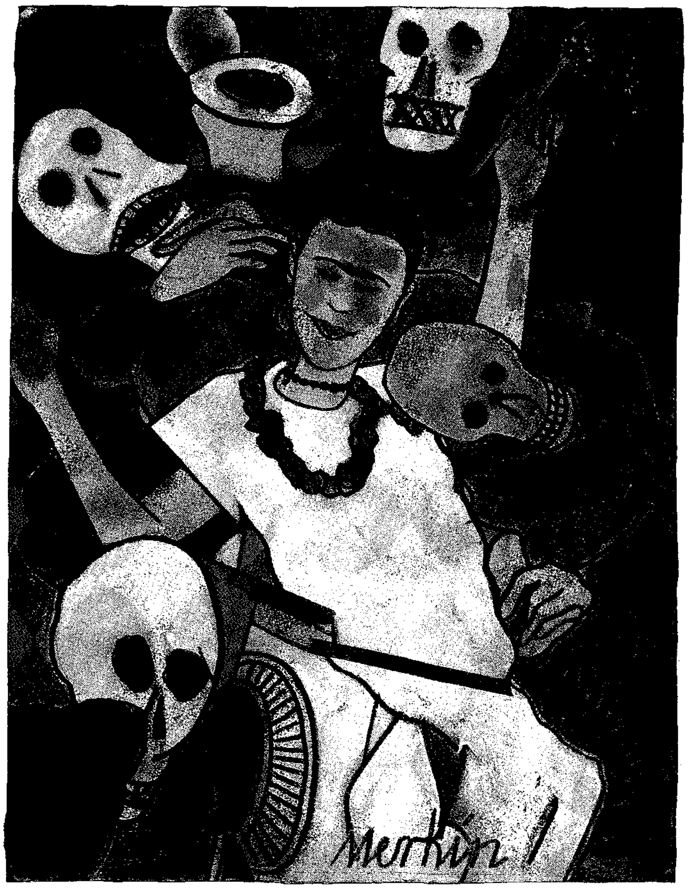


Helen Schneider in "Frida"

RICHARD MERKIN

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

After a bedazzling hour of looking at the dressmaking artistry of Valentino, four hundred Le Cirquians sat down one night last month to yet another meal in their new makeshift cafeteria: the 7th Regiment Armory (Park Avenue at 66th Street), which had been turned into a piazza to honor Italian designers. (Valentino's work will be on display through October 9.)

The occasion's host, Matthew Modine (a name that everyone immediately associates with the couturier), was masticating a roll as he welcomed the guests. Then the band set out to provide music for the first course; "Who's Making Love?," "Respect," and "Chain of Fools" were among the selections, all played at headphones-on-the-subway volume. Diners were deafened into silence, and Aretha Franklin, who was one of the guests and who is legendary for disliking cover versions of her hits, appeared less than moved. When dessert was over, Mr. Modine announced that Bette Midler would lead the singing of "Happy Anniversary" to Valentino. Halfway into the number, Miss M. motioned for Miss F. to join her. Lady Soul waved politely from her chair but didn't budge. Before long, however, she rose, deciding that she would sing—alone. Too bad Bill Clinton wasn't there. Miss Midler's response would have earned her an ambassadorship.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"FRIDA"—The first entry in BAM's annual Next Wave Festival is a performance, with music and puppets, about the life of Frida Kahlo. Starring Helen Schneider. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Oct. 14 at 7. The festival continues through Dec. 27.)

MUSIC VIDEOS—A five-night retrospective of music videos, from the purely pop to the political. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Oct. 7-11 at 8.)

"EMPTY BOXES"—A performance piece about cultural awareness and identity, by the Talking Band. (Downtown Art Co., 64 E. 4th St. 732-1227. Oct. 7-10 and Oct. 14 at 8, and Oct. 11 at 5.)

"GUITAR BOY"—A new production, by the people at the W.O.W. Café, that concerns an Oklahoma town inhabited only by women. With Lynn Hayes, Karen Campbell, Carolyn Brown, and others. (59 E. 4th St. 460-8067. Oct. 8-10 at 8. Through Oct. 24.)

"THE EMPEROR JONES"—The Wooster Group presents work-in-progress performances of Eugene O'Neill's play. Directed by Elizabeth LeCompte; with Willem Dafoe, Peyton Smith, and Kate Valk. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Oct. 9-10 at 8. Through Oct. 17.)

PENNY ARCADE—In "Bitch! Dyke! Faghag! Whore!" With go-go dancers, nudity, explicit language, and pornographic images. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Fridays and Saturdays at 8.)

P.S. 122—Oct. 8-11 at 7:30: Mimi Goese in "Rollercoaster," a solo work. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 4: Quentin Crisp has tea with Penny Arcade. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

DIXON PLACE—Oct. 9 at 8: Donna Bailey and Gail Dennison, each performing solo works. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 8: Alien Comic, with Stuart Sherman. . . . At 10:30: A puppet show for adult audiences, by Doug Skinner. (258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

ART

The Surreal Thing

THE work of Alfonso Ossorio (1916-1990), an American Surrealist of Hispanic-Filipino-Chinese descent, has never been taken very seriously. He has sometimes been thought of as a summer-stock Dali. And at other times, because of his well-known friendships within the world of Abstract Expressionism, he has been viewed as a rear wheel on the Pollock-Krasner cart. A new exhibition of rarely seen Ossorio drawings, in the Whitney Museum's lobby gallery (through November 29), is thus a revelation.

The show, subtitled "Anatomy of a Surrealist Sensibility," includes a couple of anatomical drawings, intended for medical use, that Ossorio made while stationed with the Army at Camp Ellis, Illinois, and even these are abnormally lurid. They are only a clue, however, to the unimpeded Blakean visions yet to come—hellish images of parasites and scavengers, concupiscent mermaids, and ballerinas. A spooky portrait of Frieda Lawrence is on hand to remind us of time the artist spent among the orphic set in Taos, New Mexico. Ossorio's antic mysticism casts a psychedelic glow on his purple parables of mortification, and this show, organized by Klaus Kertess, thus establishes Ossorio as a red-hot link between, say, Albrecht Dürer and the current California style of heavy-metal parochial-school artists, which so dominated the recent "Helter Skelter" at L.A.'s Temp Contemp.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—*Ceci n'est pas une rétrospective*: The Magritte bash includes more than a hundred and fifty paintings, drawings, bronzes, and other objects. Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Portraits—and self-portraits—by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Winslow Homer, and other American artists. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and prints by the Spanish realist Jusepe de Ribera (1591-1652). Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Color photographs by Leo Rubinfien, taken in Japan, China, and Southeast Asia. Through Jan. 3. . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden, planted with eight sculptures by Rodin, is open when the weather permits. Through Nov. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Henri Matisse." The long-awaited retrospective has been installed on the second and third floors. Through Jan. 12. (Plan wisely; call 708-9850 for ticket information. Tickets can be purchased in advance, and a limited number of same-day tickets are available on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . ¶ "The Photographs of Lucas Samaras" comprises thirty works from his many series of Polaroids. Through Dec. 1. (See Photography listing.). . . ¶ "The Young Rebel in American Photography, 1950-70" presents work by, among others, Diane Arbus, Larry Clark, Bruce Davidson, Robert Frank, and Lee Friedlander. Through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Two series of color and black-and-white photographs by Suzanne Lafont. Through Nov. 15. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

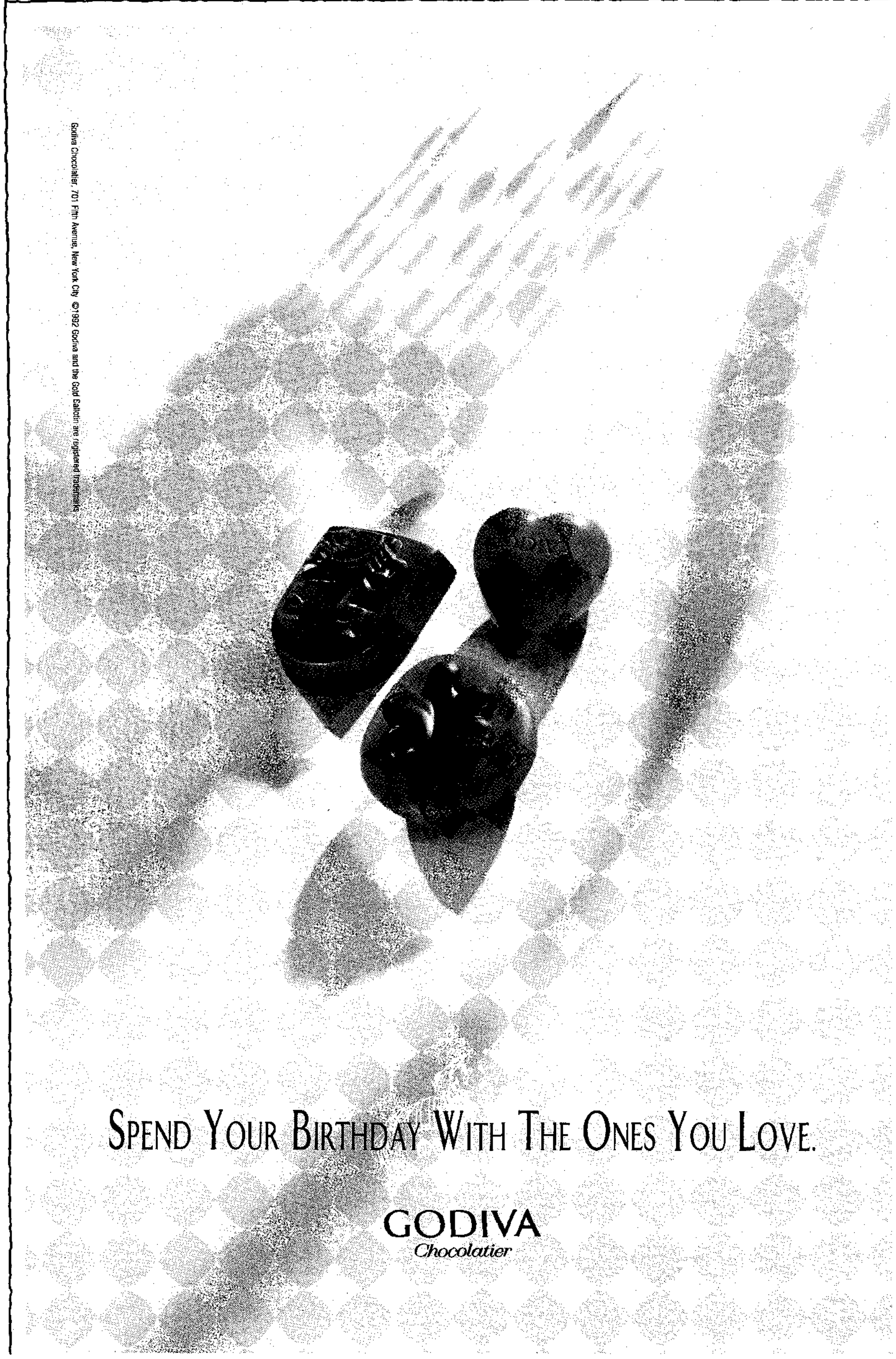
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Great Utopia: The Russian and Soviet Avant-Garde, 1915-32" is an exhibition of eight hundred paintings, sculptures, photographs, and architectural, graphic, and stage designs. *Na zdorovye!* Through Dec. 15. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO, 575 Broadway—"Marc Chagall and the Jewish Theater." Seven murals on canvas (recently restored) that the artist made in 1920 for the State Jewish Kamerny Theatre, in Moscow. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings until 10.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Twenty-three drawings from the forties by Alfonso Ossorio. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Homecoming: William H. Johnson and Afro-America, 1938-46." Through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ An auxiliary exhibition, "Parallel Visions," draws on the museum's permanent collection to provide a context for viewing the works of Johnson. Among the artists represented here are Philip Evergood, Edward Hopper, Jacob Lawrence, Ben Shahn, and Alice Trumbull Mason. Through Oct. 25. . . ¶ A large exhibition of twentieth-century figurative paintings and sculptures from the collection. Through Nov. 29. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Meg Webster's installation, titled "Running," consists of a stream of water and an adjacent resource room with a computer and books on ecology. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ "Fantasy Furniture" is a collection of wacky nineteenth-century pieces from around the world. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Cultures at Crossroads: Southeast Asian Textiles from the Australian National Gallery," an exhibition of seventy-nine objects, dating from the seventeenth century to the early twentieth, from Indonesia, Myanmar, Thailand, India, Cambodia, Vietnam, Malaysia, and the Philippines. Through Jan. 17. (Open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MOSCHINO

Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—A new installation by Robert Gober, who is one of the most provocative artists working today. Gober has broken through his surrealist shell to a hyperrealist plane. Within Dia's ecclesiastically grand halls, he has assembled a sort of forest clearing dotted with his familiar, obsessively handcrafted sinks, employed here as waterfalls, with real water gushing through them. The installation is a kind of existential theatre, rife with references to Catholicism, homosexuality, and healing. The kicker is that this paradise, with its intimations of Genet, is also a kind of prison, as is made clear by barred windows through which a painted sky can be glimpsed. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, at the New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Convivencia: Jews, Muslims, and Christians in Medieval Spain." The perfect followup to the "Al-Andalus" show at the Met, which closed recently. More than a hundred manuscripts, textiles, ceramics, and architectural fragments are on view. Through Dec. 20. (Open Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, 11 to 8; Fridays, 11 to 3. Closes at 1 on Oct. 6; closed Oct. 7 and Oct. 13.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A large show of drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, including studies for "Vision of St. Bernard" and "Madonna della Misericordia." Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ "Renaissance Florence: Arts and Letters," drawn from the library's collection, features letters by Michelangelo and Machiavelli, an early edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy," and inflammatory pamphlets by Savonarola. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ All sorts of material culled from past Presidential elections (George Washington to Teddy Roosevelt) will be on view in "Seeking the 'Splendid Misery.'" Through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ "Treasures from the Permanent Collections." Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Columbus, sailing back to Spain in 1493, wrote a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella describing his encounter with the islands in the "western sea." Three of the earliest copies of the letter, printed in Latin, are on view. Through Nov. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Seventy-one paintings by Finnish modernist Helene Schjerfbeck (1862-1945). Through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ "The Artist's Eye," the first in a series of exhibitions that will be organized by artists who are academy members. Philip Pearlstein has done the selecting here; among the forty works on view are Ryder's "Marine" and Sargent's "Portrait of Monet." Through Jan. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Markers of Change: Documents of American History." The Declaration of Independence, Washington's Plan for the Retaking of New York, the Constitution of the United States (second draft), and Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address: these and twelve other historical documents are on view through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ "Ansel Adams: The Early Years," covering the period from 1919 to 1941, includes several of the famous Western landscapes, as well as lesser-known still-lifes, portraits, and views of New York City. Through Oct. 11. . . . ¶ An exhibition, mostly of paintings, from the collection of the Century Association. Some of the works, such as Albert Bierstadt's "Guerrilla Warfare, Civil War" (1862) and Winslow Homer's "Nurse and Child" (1868), were accepted by the association in lieu of the initiation fee. Through Oct. 11. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—In "New Worlds, Ancient Texts," more than two hundred manuscripts, maps, atlases, globes, books, and prints tell the story of the Old World and the New World—how they came to meet, their courtship, their quarrels, and their inevitable marriage. Through Jan. 9. (Gottesman Hall. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ Maps and atlases of yesteryear, as "Mapping the New World" demonstrates, were certainly more fanciful than today's A.A.A. road maps. The show reveals the fertile imagination of European mapmakers, who incorporated palm trees, double-spouted whales, cannibals, and other exotic things into their works. Through Jan. 9. (Edna Barnes Salomon Room. Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Fragile Ecologies" presents several artists' interpretations of—and suggested solutions for—various problems in the biosphere. Among those represented are Mel Chin, Alan Sonfist, Mierle Laderman Ukeles, Helen and Newton Harrison, and a group of California high-school students. Through Nov. 29. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—An exhibition of self-portraits by an artist who gave the febrile Weimar look some muscle. This selection creates the impression of a compact, brawny, chain-smoking, theatrically prodigal figure. In one picture, Beckmann looks like Picasso at his most cranially intense; in another, like Peter Lorre in the role of some aristocratic Mephisto from the nineteen-twenties. In whatever guise he appears, Beckmann presents an oversized and often domelike image of his head as a metaphor for the world. An artist as closely associated with self-portraiture as Rembrandt and van Gogh are, he is one of art history's great narcissists, as well as one of its sharpest mirrors. Through Oct. 31. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—stephen de staebler, CDS Gallery, 76 E. 79th St. (open Sundays, noon to 3, through Nov. 21); **john hoyland,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through Nov. 8); **wifredo lam,** Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (opens daily, except Mondays, at noon; through Dec. 20); **henri matisse,** La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (through Oct. 31); **irving petlin,** Kent, 47 E. 63rd St. (open Mondays, except Oct. 12, closed Saturdays, through Oct. 20); **fairfield porter,** Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (through Oct. 31); **beverly semmes,** Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (through Oct. 6).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Federico Castellon (1914-71)—A show of small Surrealist figure paintings from the thirties that are witty and entertaining but so pouffy that they seem as if they could easily float away. Through Oct. 31. (Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stuart Diamond—This skilled painter, who has not shown in several years, is now back with canvases that are his version of late Guston. Diamond's demons, however, are humdrum boy's-room fare: bombers, shark's teeth, and aggressive primitive statuary. Although his imagery is nightmarish, and though titles like "Man's Progress at Problem Solving" suggest the wholesale indictment of aggressive male rituals, the paintings themselves are more complacent than haunted. Through Oct. 10. (McKee, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Isa Genzken / Maria Nordman—Although the coldness of Genzken's industrial work makes it difficult to actually like it, her pieces do effectively evoke an urban wasteland. Most

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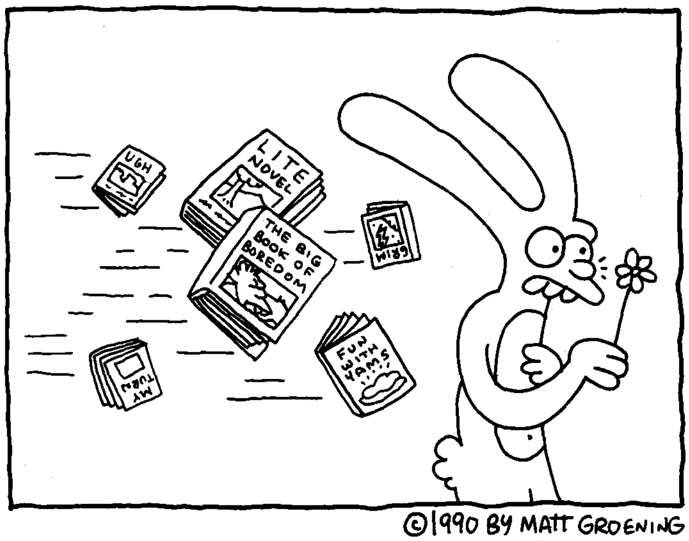

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of the work is marked by a weird relationship to functionality—she produces lean door frames and other architectural fragments out of such raw materials as concrete, resin, and steel structural rods. Also in this show are a number of more cerebral pieces—small plaster works and some photographs—that honor the impermanent aesthetics of the maquette in a lasting sculptural form. Through Oct. 17. / A pretty, if precious, series of massive yet surprisingly buoyant works comprising monochromatic paintings with such things as tables and beds attached to the backs of their stretchers. It is a show that explores, with reassuring modesty, the proverbial gap between art and life. But while Nordman has avoided the more familiar heroics of Rauschenberg and company, in her own overprotective way she has managed to deny her work the full satisfactions of both art and life. Through Oct. 10. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Milton Resnick—This show of recent paintings carries some major news: Resnick, the last of the great fugue-abstractionists, has embraced the figure! Well, not exactly embraced. These carnivalesque figure-groups and Edenic pairs seem to have been exuded by the paint itself. Resnick is a virtuoso with the color green—these small works support delicate outcroppings of shades like pea, moss, and olive. Through Oct. 17. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**daniel barrett,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 31); **vanessa bell,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Nov. 7); **katherine bowling,** Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 7); **richard crozier,** Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 28); **judith godwin,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **morris graves,** Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. (opens Saturdays at noon, through Oct. 24); **käthe kollwitz,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 7); **jane laudi,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 7); **wendy mark,** Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **henry moore,** Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 24); **claes oldenburg,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **wallace putnam,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 17); **michael tetherow,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (open Mondays), and Goldberg, 52 E. 76th St. (both shows through Oct. 17); **abraham walkowitz,** Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., and Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (both shows through Oct. 17); **george wexler,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Oct. 24).

GALLERIES—SoHo

David Bowes—Recent works, including a three-panel screen painted on both sides, that bring a spirit of gentle grandeur to the department of decorative affairs. Bowes combines an elfin lyricism with a taste for Venetian, Byzantine, Chinese, and French ornamental styles, and he works in a wonderful palette of pastel tones. Yet there is an obstinate, Whistlerian sort of courage to Bowes's melancholy and positively spiritual quest for prettiness. Through Oct. 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

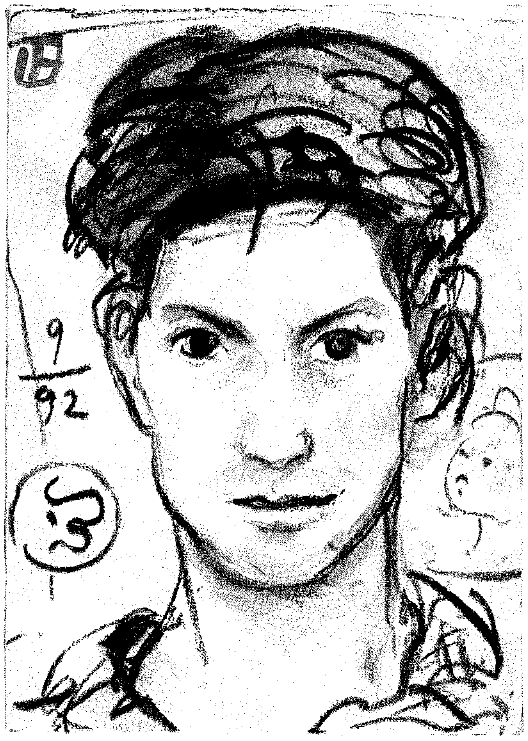
Farrell Brickhouse—Very good, painterly abstracts on deckle-edged paper—turbulent, but also resolved. Through Oct. 17. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

Robert Burke—A promising début by a stylistically flexible painter—at first glance, you might take this for a group show. The strongest paintings are deliberately unfinished—a target with incomplete outer rings, for example, or a work with wallpapery patterns à la Christopher Wool, mutilated here and there in what must have been a fit of pique. Through Oct. 10. (Theodore, 580 Broadway. Closed Tuesdays.)

Scott Burton (1939-89) / **Byron Kim**—In the early eighties, Burton's career as an artist who designed sculptural furniture really took off, but in so doing it also defined its own dilemma, its struggle between art and decoration, in works like this series of eight pairs of concrete tables. The series combined the kind of logic popular among post-minimalists with a love of fine design. It was a confusing time, when his work, as it lost its sculptural ambitions, risked becoming merely expensive furniture. Yet it was also a time that produced his first public work, a large round concrete table that represented the ultimate in democratic utilitarianism. / Reinhardtesque cruciform paintings in multiple skin tones, and a series of portraits done in facial makeup custom-blended to approximate the colors of various friends' faces. These are portraits for the Rainbow Coalition. Both shows through Oct. 17. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Larry Clark—Videotaped segments of three separate "Donahue" shows, each having to do with physical abuse of teen-age boys. The confluence of voices melds into a ceaseless barrage of television noise, while Mr. Donahue takes on the self-righteous qualities of a televangelist. Through Oct. 10. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

Francesco Clemente—These spirited watercolors, made in India and Jamaica, are darker, sadder, and more detached than Clemente's work of the late seventies and early eighties, but his phantasmagoric inventiveness has not deserted him: there is no lack of leaping dancers, contortionists, bestraddled phalluses, and leafy landscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)



Self-portrait by David Bowes

Ilya Kabakov—Kabakov, born in 1933, was for many years among the U.S.S.R.'s most celebrated "unofficial" artists. He first visited the West in 1987, and had his first American show at this gallery in 1988. For this show, the gallery's two large rooms have been transformed into duplicates of salons in the once grand, long-neglected—and entirely fictitious—Barnaul Art Museum. The works on view are by "S. Y. Kochelev," whose oeuvre—in a painterly style that coincided quite remarkably with French Post-Impressionism—was concocted by Kabakov. Through Oct. 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Silvia Kolbowski—At times, it seems as if this artist were destined to win an award for party-line formal correctness. "Once more, with feeling" is a critique of the commercial-gallery system, consisting of a wall, a mass-produced edition of posters with texts, and a bunch of mailing tubes. Why bother, the piece seems to ask. A second work, in an adjacent space, occupies similar territory, but with such freshness and aplomb that it unwittingly becomes a critique of its leaden neighbor: through a peephole, you espy the image of a pretty young maid ready to serve you. From the moment you approach the work, you are caught in the artist's lair—you are guilty of "the male gaze." Through Oct. 10. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Henri Michaux (1899-1984)—This poet and longtime mescaline user painted and drew all sorts of crawly things. A selection of the[illegible] from his last decade is on view here. Through Oct. 17. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

David Nash—Drawings for several landscape projects are on view. In "Ash Dome," the artist planted a circle of young ash trees and slit their trunks, forcing them to bend at extreme angles, as if they were props for Robert Frost's "Birches." In thirty years or so, the trees should form a single dome of green. Through Oct. 10. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Tom Otterness—New works: a heart, a fist with a chain, a pair of footprints, and other traditional Otterness images meticulously made from several layers of laminated wood. Otterness is, at heart, a public artist, and the most lively work here is a drawing for a colossal figurative statue in the works for the city of Münster. Through Oct. 10. (Brooke Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Rikrit Tiravanija—This artist has taken the gallery's entire contents—storage, staff, and all—and deposited them in the main gallery space, as if the art business itself were a relic suitable for observation. In the back room, traditionally the business center of any gallery, the artist has set up a kitchen, where he periodically prepares his native Thai dishes. Through Oct. 10. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Richard Tuttle—This is the best New York show in years by the Zen master of art. The current works—little objects, drawings, and assemblages mounted at the base of wire-like pencil lines drawn on the walls—are playful, thoughtful, and eccentric. The work's preciousness is both its strength and its downfall. Through Oct. 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Michael Venezia—Works made of 4 x 4 wood bars frosted with beautiful colors and juxtaposed in pleasing arrangements. They have a certain formal ambition that is surprisingly unegotistical—a rarity with minimalist art. But they leave the viewer wanting more. Through Oct. 10. (RubinSpangle, 395 West Broadway.)

Group Show—This three-person show includes new beach-blanket paintings by Mary Heilmann, which are attractive but a bit stiff in their deliberate informality; junked-up painted assemblages by Jessica Stockholder, which hold little interest beyond their own decorativeness; and large color photographs by Jack Pierson, the only works here with any content to speak of. These aren't Pierson's best works, but they ably give expression to his themes of longing, passion, uncertainty, and artifice. Through Oct. 2[illegible]. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Short List—**kim abeles,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Oct. 10); **jennifer bartlett,** Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (through Oct. 31); **peter h. begley,** Clasen, 470 Broome St. (through Nov. 28); **john cage,** Roeder, 545 Broadway (closed Tuesdays, through Oct. 10); **norris embry,** Snyder, 588 Broadway (through Oct. 17); **carlo ferraris,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 31); **glenn goldberg,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (through Oct. 10); **paula hayes,** Fawbush, 76 Grand St. (through Oct. 10); **felix stephan huber,** Good, 532 Broadway (through Nov. 7); **ellen kozak,** 55 Mercer

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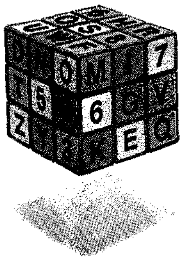

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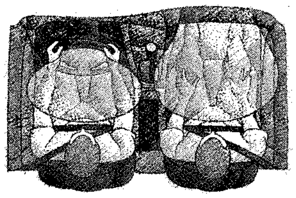

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**Seats upholstered in leather except for back side of front seats, bottom cushion side panels, and other minor areas.* © 1992 Mazda Motor of America, Inc.

ART–Cont'd

Street Gallery (through Oct. 17); **DIANE LOVE,** Phoenix, 568 Broadway (through Oct. 24); **ADRIAN PIPER,** Weber, 142 Greene St. (through Oct. 17) and Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (through Oct. 31); **ALEXIS ROCKMAN,** Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (through Nov. 28); **KENNY SCHARF,** Shafrazi, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 24); **PETER SCHUYFF,** Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (through Oct. 24); **JOAN SNYDER,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 31); **THOMAS TROSCH,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Oct. 31); **MEYER VAISMAN,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 17); **ROBERT WILLIAMS,** Cutler, 379 West Broadway (through Nov. 21); **ADOLF WÖLFLI,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Oct. 17).

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ain't Misbegotten

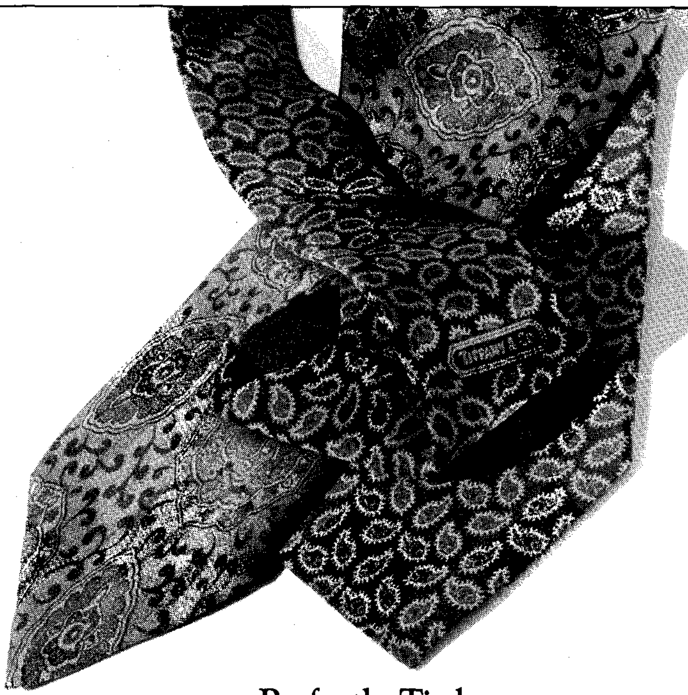
If, like most people, you're put off by anything smacking of complicated technology, "Shadows on the Moon," a show organized by Daniel Wolf, at the Gagosian gallery (980 Madison Avenue, at 76th Street; through October 31), may at first seem like weird science. But stay: you'll soon see that these photographic mosaics, which were pieced together from dozens of small images transmitted back by the Surveyor probes that NASA sent to the moon between 1966 and 1968, possess an eerie, fascinating beauty all their own.

Before the advent of the Space Age, works of art often depicted the moon in fanciful ways. These photographic objects are the opposite of that—they are utterly real. This meeting of black-and-white and all the subtle tones in between has resulted in works containing as much richness as fine chiaroscuro drawing. These moonscapes are, in their way, as stimulating as the large-scale earth art that began to be produced—was it only a coincidence?—at around the same time.

LUIS GONZÁLEZ PALMA—This Guatemalan photographer's work is contemporary, but it also has a convincingly worn look, thanks to the technical processes that he uses and to the fact that his prints are sometimes cut or otherwise distressed. His models are Mayan people, and whether he poses them with a bird's wings on their shoulders, fastens a piece of red ribbon to their image, or portrays them in plainer ways, all his prints are imbued with solemnity and beauty. Through Nov. 21. (Lowinsky, 575 Broadway.)

ANNE HALL—Photographs of sixty-three artists from *The New Yorker*, including Charles Addams, Roz Chast, George Booth, Ed Koren, and Gretchen Dow Simpson. Through Nov. 27. (Sea Cliff gallery, 310 Sea Cliff Ave., Sea Cliff, New York. Open Sundays.)

WILLIAM KLEIN—A retrospective of work by this gutsy and influential photographer. Photos from Klein's exciting photography books from the late fifties and early sixties, on New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo, are here, along with some of the most on-target fashion photographs of our time, eighties color photographs of people lazing on European beaches, and large blowups of contact sheets from the past few years. These last are marked up in the way photographers usually edit their images, except that instead of using wax pencils Klein has indicated his choices with thick, unmissable strokes of blue and red paint. Through Oct. 24. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)



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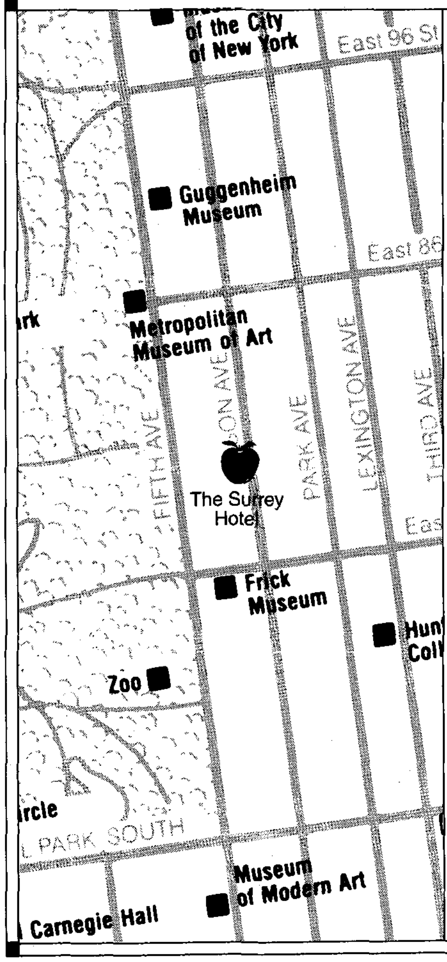

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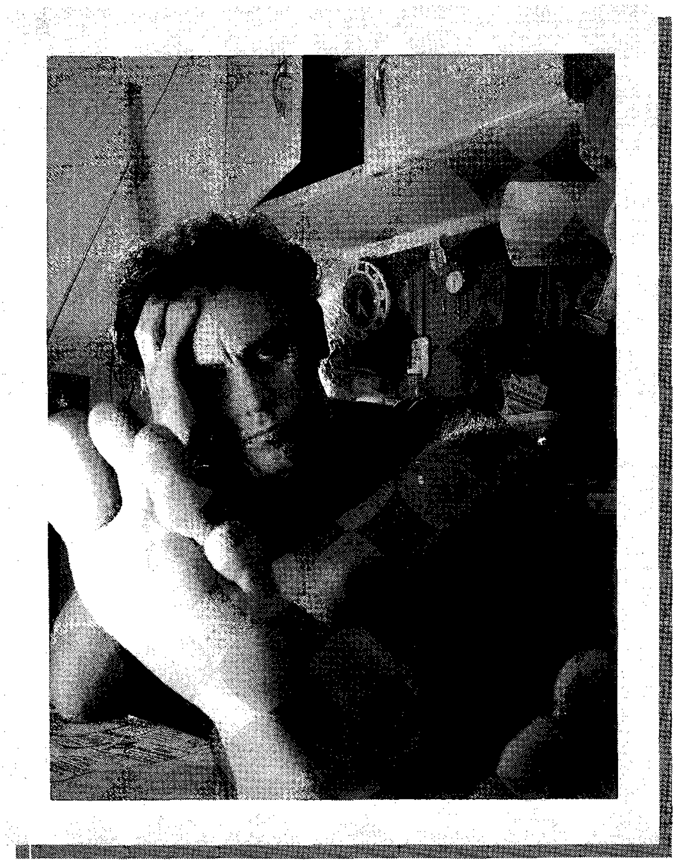
Lucas Samaras—This artist has worked for decades in such varied mediums as painting, sculpture, drawing, and photography, but this show offers only one fragment of his vision: a selection of the Polaroid pieces he made between 1969 and 1986. Like the rest of his work, these photos demonstrate his capacity to find infinite possibilities and complexities in seemingly simple things. Many of these images are about breaking through the surface to reveal the depths; in a number of the photographs he has actually worked with a knife, slicing and cutting and then putting a tableau together. Through Dec. 1. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Short List—**john baldessari,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **geoffrey biddle,** Perry, 472 Broome St. (through Oct. 24); **harry callahan,** Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 24); **john coplans,** Rosen, 130 Prince St. (through Oct. 17); **nancy crampton,** La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington Mews (through Oct. 31); **lynn davis,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 420 West Broadway (through Oct. 31); **louis lussier,** Shainman, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 10); **ralph eugene meatyard,** 292 Gallery, 120 Wooster St. (through Oct. 24); **geanna merola,** Saul, 155 Spring St. (through Oct. 14); **duane michals** and **lois greenfield,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8; both shows through Nov. 8); **sarah moon,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 24); **mario cravo neto,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 24); **eddie rollins,** Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (open Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7, Sundays, 1 to 6, through Oct. 25); **charles schenk,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Oct. 10); **sandy skoglund,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through Oct. 31); **aaron siskind,** Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (through Nov. 21), and Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (through Oct. 24).



Self-portrait by Lucas Samaras

MUSIC

Vivat Regina!

The headiest days of American opera were those when it seemed ready to absorb the language and musical virility of Broadway. "Show Boat," "Porgy and Bess," "West Side Story"—if we had fifteen works on that level of ambition and quality, we would have a workable core repertoire of American grand opera, one that stood in the same relation to the Broadway standards as Verdi's masterpieces did to the slighter of Donizetti's and Rossini's productions. This will probably never be; blame the regrettable twentieth-century cleavage between "serious" and "popular" composition, not to mention the ascendancy of the microphone, which in the sixties and seventies drove too great a wedge between the two performing styles.

Before it faltered, though, the tentative assimilation produced a handful of works—none of them exactly great, but all well worth doing—that might find a logical home in opera companies. Bernstein's "Candide," a few hybrid pieces by Kurt Weill and Marc Blitzstein, some late entries by Stephen Sondheim: here's a body of work that might be rated higher if it could find a convincing niche in the performing world. Maybe Blitzstein's "Regina" is ready to do that now. A new recording on London/Decca, under John Mauceri, is about to come out, and City Opera opens its production of the piece on October 9. The story retains much of the kick of the source play (Hellman's "The Little Foxes"), and the music is inventive, developed, accessible. Sheer melodic inspiration may fall short here; that's why this work—while worth reviving—isn't the kind of piece that can anchor a genre.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for the Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St., 854-7799.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**madama butterfly,** with Yoko Watanabe, Yun Deng, Michael Syl-

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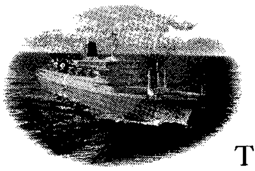

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MUSIC–Cont'd

vester, and Dwayne Croft; conducted by Julius Rudel. (Oct. 5, Oct. 9, and Oct. 13, all at 8.)... **FALSTAFF,** with Mirella Freni, Barbara Bonney, Marilyn Horne, Paul Plishka, Frank Lopardo, and Bruno Pola; James Levine. (Oct. 6 at 8 and Oct. 10 at 1:30.)... With Mirella Freni, Heidi Grant Murphy, Marilyn Horne, Paul Plishka, Stanford Olsen, and Bruno Pola; James Levine. (Oct. 14 at 8.)... **UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** with Aprile Millo, Ludmila Schemtchuk, Richard Leech, and Juan Pons; John Fiore. (Oct 7 at 8:30 and Oct. 10 at 8.)... **LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN,** with Carol Vaness (singing all the heroines), Susanne Mentzer, Placido Domingo, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. (Oct. 8 at 8.)... **THE VOYAGE,** a Columbus-inspired operatic epic by Philip Glass, in its world première, with a cast that includes Patricia Schuman, Tatiana Troyanos, Douglas Perry, Timothy Noble, Kaaren Erickson, Jane Shaulis, Julien Robbins, and Jan Opalach; Bruce Ferden. (Oct. 12 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—CARMEN, with Robynne Redmon, Christiane Riel, Antonio Barasorda, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Guido Ajmone-Marsan. (Oct. 7 and Oct. 10 at 8.)... **THE MAGIC FLUTE,** sung in English, with Amy Burton, Rachel Rosales, Richard Drews, Jeff Mattsey, and John Calvin West; Scott Bergeson. (Oct. 8 at 8 and Oct. 11 at 1:30.)... **REGINA,** with Leigh Munro, Sheryl Woods, Elizabeth Futral, LeRoy Lehr, Andrew Wentzel, and Ron Baker; Christopher Keene. (Oct. 9 at 8.)... **THE DESERT SONG,** by Sigmund Romberg, with Michele McBride, Lillian Graff, Louise Hickey, Richard White, Philip Wm. McKinley, Robert Tate, and Cris Groenendaal; Chris Nance. (Oct. 10 at 1:30 and Oct. 13 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"HANDEL'S MUZIO"—A curiosity of London's 1721 season, "Muzio" was a composite work, each of whose three acts was written by a different composer: Filippo Amadei (Act I), Giovanni Bononcini (Act II), and George Frederic Handel (Act III). Rudolph Palmer leads a concert performance that includes all of Handel's contribution, plus a fair chunk of Bononcini's (Amadei's being deemed, then and now, negligible). The performing forces include sopranos Julianne Baird and Erie Mills, mezzo-sopranos D'Anna Fortunato and Jennifer Lane, bass John Ostendorf, and the Brewer Original Instruments Orchestra. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 5 at 8.)

MILHAUD'S "CHRISTOPHE COLOMB"—The grandest of Milhaud's fifteen operas, "Christophe Colomb" evoked bemused curiosity when it was premièred, in Berlin, in 1930. But, in part because of its unusually complicated staging requirements, it has rarely been revived (though its second half, in an extrapolation by Gunther Schuller, was staged in San Francisco in 1968). In this production, the opera—all twenty-seven scenes of it, to a mythical-allegorical text by Paul Claudel—receives its first American staging. It will be performed here in English, with a cast that includes soprano Louisa Johnson and baritone David Parsons; Richard Barrett conducts. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College, near the junction of Flatbush and Nostrand Aves. 1-718 951-4500. Oct. 10 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 2.)

AMATO OPERA COMPANY—Final performances of "Rigoletto." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Oct. 10 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 2:30.)

RECITALS

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducts operatic excerpts from Rossini, Bellini, and Berlioz, in addition to Mendelssohn's incidental music for "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; with soprano Kathleen Battle, mezzo-soprano Frederica von Stade, and women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 14-15 at 8.)

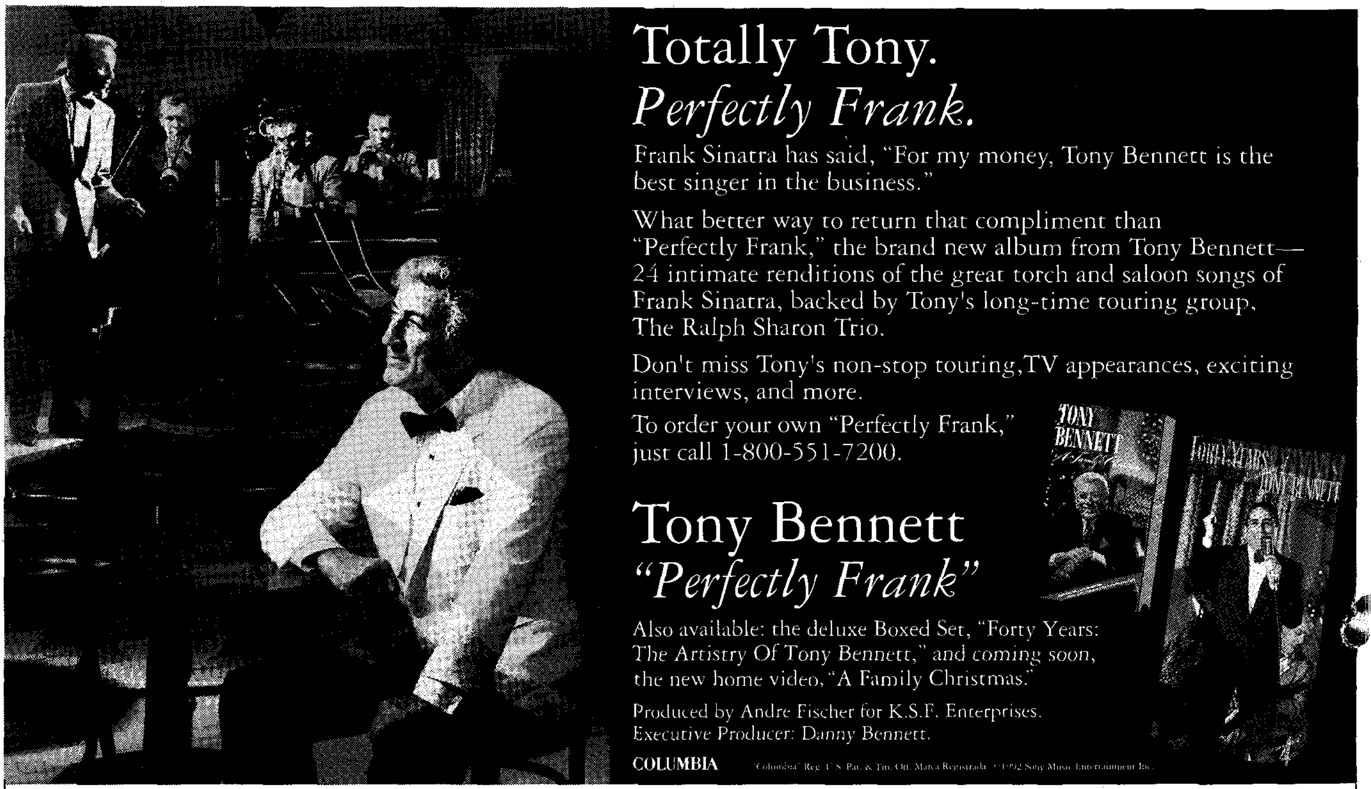
BARGEMUSIC—Violinist Ik-Hwan Bae and violist Paul Neubauer play a Mozart duo, cellist Christopher Costanza and pianist Sung-Mi Im perform Beethoven's A-Major Cello Sonata, and all join for Brahms' G-Minor Piano Quartet. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Oct. 8 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 4.)

GLENN GOULD FESTIVAL—A daylong retrospective exploring the life and works of the eccentric Canadian pianist, who died ten years ago, following many years of self-imposed hermitism during which nearly all of his dealings with the world were conducted through electronic media. Oct. 10 at 1: A lecture by Tim Page, the critic, broadcaster, and Gould anthologist. . . . ¶ At 1:30: A screening of four half-hour-long BBC/PBS television programs in which Mr. Gould talks about Bach, Beethoven, Strauss, and Schoenberg. . . . ¶ At 4: Screenings of CBC-produced television performances by Mr. Gould and colleagues. . . . ¶ At 8: A concert performance (the first ever in New York) of Gould's String Quartet, written between 1953 and 1955, followed by a film documenting Gould's 1981 rerecording of Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949.)

AMERICAN FESTIVAL OF MICROTONAL MUSIC—Music by Varèse, Hovhannes, and others—all of it employing notes that fall "between the keys." (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Oct. 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JAMES GALWAY—The flutist, with pianist Christopher O'Riley, in a recital that includes sonatas by Martinů and Prokofiev, as well as pieces by Dvořák, Debussy, and Copland. (Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 11 at 3.)

AEOLIAN CHAMBER PLAYERS—At the Miller Theatre. Oct. 11 at 3: In the years immediately following its founding, in 1962, this ensemble commissioned and championed works by such cutting-edge composers as George Crumb, Mario Davidovsky, and Ralph Shapey. A roundtable discussion will follow performances of their works. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at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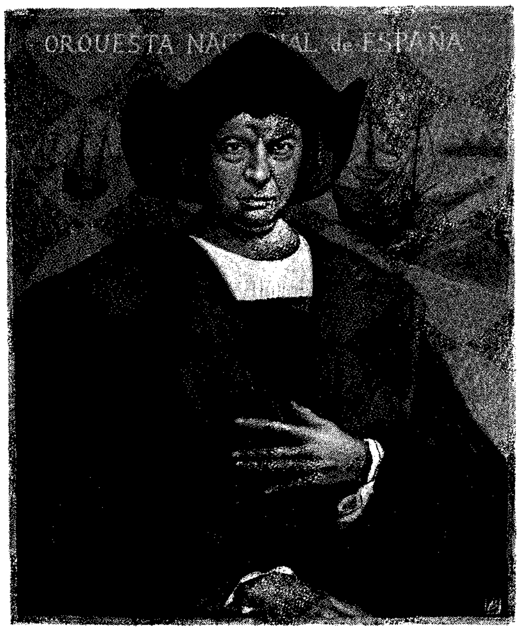
7:30: Music by Sebastian Curry, Katia Tchemberdji, Chinary Ung, and Mr. Shapey.

Santiago Rodriguez—Pianist, performing Rachmaninoff's "Variations on a Theme by Chopin," "Sonata No. 2," and Thirteen Preludes (Op. 32). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Oct. 11 at 3.)

Ensemble Project Ars Nova—The early-music ensemble offers Spanish music from the time of Columbus. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Oct. 11 at 5.)

Anne-Sophie Mutter and Lambert Orkis—The violinist and the pianist perform sonatas by Ravel and Beethoven (the "Kreutzer"), in addition to Schubert's C-Major Fantasy. (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 11 at 8.)


ORQUESTA NAC AL de ESPAÑA

Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos,
conductor of the National Orchestra of Spain

Robert Taub—It was long assumed that Alban Berg's Piano Sonata of 1908 was the composer's first and only piano work. But it turns out that it was preceded by several shorter works, including three miniatures (two Klavierstücke plus the "Kleiner Walzer") which remained unnoticed and unpublished until two years ago. Mr. Taub here presents their American premières, in addition to Berg's Sonata, Brahms' "Fantasias" (Op. 116), Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata, and two works by Milton Babbitt: his first piano piece ("Three Compositions," 1947-48) and his most recent ("Preludes, Interludes, and Postlude," in its New York première). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Oct. 14 at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—In the first of five concerts making up this fall's Sonic Boom festival (each performed by a different contemporary-music group), the Ensemble performs premières of works by William Brooks (his "Makers: a theater piece for musicians"), Charles Wuorinen, Edmund Campion, and James Dashow, in addition to Bartók's "Contrasts." (Miller Theatre. Oct. 14 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 5 at 6:45: The orchestra's first "rush-hour concert," possibly of special interest to the young professional set who want to be out and on their way while the evening is still young. In this inaugural installment, Kurt Masur conducts Kodály's "Háry János" Suite and the Mussorgsky/Gorchakov "Pictures at an Exhibition." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 and Oct. 10 at 8, Oct. 9 at 11 A.M., and Oct. 13 at 7:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducts Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "Firebird."

ARTEK Ensemble—Gwendolyn Toth leads the group in an all-Purcell concert that includes the "Come Ye Sons of Art" (an ode to Queen Mary), "Welcome to All the Pleasures" (an ode to St. Cecilia), and excerpts from "The Fairy Queen"; with Alan Tjaarda Jones dancing in the latter, and with soloists Jessica Tranzillo (soprano), Jennifer Lane (mezzo-soprano), Drew Minter (countertenor), Jeffrey Thomas (tenor), and Kevin Deas (bass-baritone). (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. Oct. 8 and Oct. 11 at 8. For information about tickets, call 873-0473.)

Juilliard Symphony—Otto-Werner Mueller conducts Mendelssohn's "Hebrides Overture" (you may know it as "Fingal's Cave"), Dvořák's Symphony No. 8, and Mozart's Oboe Concerto (featuring Emily Paas). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Oct. 9 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Philharmonia Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting. Oct. 10 at 8: Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 and Violin Concerto (with Itzhak Perlman). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 3: Mahler's Fifth Symphony and Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (in which the soloist, Michael Collins, will play a somewhat unwieldy bassett clarinet, its extra length enabling him to play low-lying passages at their original pitch).

Choir of Westminster Abbey—Martin Neary directs the English men and boys in early a-cappella works by Orlando Gibbons and Henry Purcell—both of whom were employed at the Abbey, some years ago—and more recent ones by Walton and Britten. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Oct. 11 at 4.)

National Orchestra of Spain—In a salute to Columbus Day, Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducts a Spanish (or Spain-inspired) program that comprises Turina's "La Oración del Torero" and "Rapsodia Sinfónica," de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," arrangements from Albéniz (including one by Mr. Frühbeck de Burgos), and Ravel's "Bolero." Alicia de Larrocha is the piano soloist in the de Falla and in the Turina "Rapsodia." (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 12 at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—David Zinman conducts Webern's "Im Sommerwind," Bartók's "Miraculous Mandarin" Suite, Barber's "Music for a Scene from Shelley," and Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto (with Richard Goode). (Carnegie Hall. Oct. 13 at 8.)

JAZZ/POP/ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Robert Cray Band/Sonny Landreth & the Goners—Eric Clapton, the late Stevie Ray Vaughan, and Robert Cray are largely responsible for the current commercial visibility of the blues. Cray may never have another album go platinum, as his 1986 release, "Strong Persuader," did, but his subsequent records, including this year's "I Was Warned," are just as satisfying, strong, and stinging as that earlier effort. The opening act is John Hiatt's former backup band, the Goners, led by guitarist Sonny Landreth. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Oct. 8 at 8.)

Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine—Appearing this year for the first time together onstage. MacLaine's act is an autobiographical sprint through four decades of songs, jokes, and *pensées*, a busy, high-kicking, top-speed medley-cum-monologue that leaves no time to include former lives. Old Blue Eyes is the timeless one, as opaque as the Sphinx, emoting with minimal body English and maximum vocal flair. The voice is heavier, but (still!) unflagging, and as classic as his Nelson

TIM BOWER

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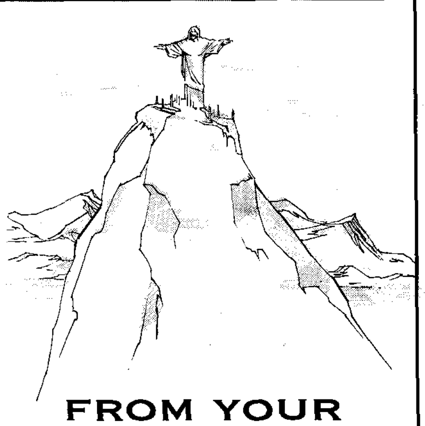

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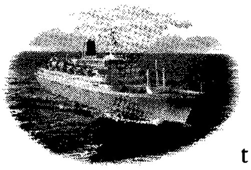

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But let us take our cue from a party of scientists whom we once invited to explore the matter. '*Magic!*' they exclaimed, swigging their drams in a most unboffinly manner. 'But magic is merely undiscovered science and we'd like to take some home *for further investigation.*'

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JAZZ/POP/ROCK–Cont'd

Riddle and Don Costa arrangements. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Oct. 8-12 and Oct. 14 at 8. Through Oct. 18.)

Tori Amos/A Man Called E—Tori Amos stands out in the crowd of post-Madonna-and-Sinéad female singer-songwriters: she's the genuine article. It wasn't always so; her début album, released four years ago, presented her as a heavy-metal Medusa singing dreadful commercial rock. But then she dug in, reclaimed her voice, and wrote the songs that appear on "Little Earthquakes," one of the best albums so far this year. The mysterious young man from San Francisco who calls himself E is the opening act. His first album, "A Man Called E," is a confectionery delight that sounds like a collaboration between Brian Wilson and Lindsey Buckingham. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Oct. 8-9 at 8.)

Michelle Shocked—"Arkansas Traveler," this Texas folk eccentric's fourth album, is the product of a cross-country trip in a Winnebago fitted out as a mobile recording studio. (Also on board were the singer's dad, her grandmother, her fiancé, and her cat.) This itinerant strategy worked beautifully. Shocked's songs, her old-timey voice, and her porch-rocking hobo insouciance fit right in with every pickup band and jam-session assemblage, and the record steps lightly from bluegrass to blues to R. & B. to country. A number of the musicians who participated will be on hand for this showcase concert, a tribute that "Arkansas Traveler" richly deserves. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 9 at 8.)

Graham Parker—As vituperative and eloquent as ever, Parker is in excellent form on "Burning Questions," his new album. Spitting insults and crooning discreditable confessions, standing up for the right to be enraged, this singer wields his clever, sharply observed lines with sneering satisfaction. The music is pretty good, too. (Town Hall. Oct. 14 at 8.)

Elton John—Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Oct. 5, Oct. 7, and Oct. 9-10, all at 8. . . . ¶ On Oct. 11 at 7, Elton will be joined by George Michael, Lionel Richie, Bruce Hornsby, and Whoopi Goldberg for a concert that benefits the Elizabeth Taylor AIDS Foundation.

"Highlights in Jazz"—Presenting the Dorothy Donegan trio and Chris Connor. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 346-1715. Oct. 8 at 8.)

Dave Valentin—Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Oct. 8 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.

Tangerine Dream—Beacon Theatre. Oct. 9 at 8.

"Jazzworks"—Presenting a concert of Charles Schwartz's music, featuring Cab Calloway (as narrator), Freddie Hubbard, Jon Hendricks, and the Vanguard Chamber Ensemble. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Oct. 9 at 8.)

Faith No More—Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Oct. 9-10 at 8.

Andrea Marcovicci—92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Oct. 10 at 8.

Uilleann Pipers—Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. Oct. 10 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan—Town Hall. Oct. 10 at 8.

Max Roach—With the Abyssinian Baptist Church Chancel Choir, the New York Boys Choir, and the Harbor Jazz Ensemble. (East Meadow, Central Park near Fifth Ave. and 100th St. Oct. 11 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

"All Nite Soul"—A twelve-hour jazz marathon, with the Harlem Blues & Jazz Band, Daphne Hellman, Carrie Smith, Jane Jarvis, and many others. The marathon starts Oct. 11 at 5 P.M. and continues through the next morning until 5 A.M. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Admission by contribution.)

David Staller—The first concert in the "Cabaret Comes to Carnegie" series. Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 14 at 8.)

Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra—In "Swinging the Blues: Coming Home to Ellington." (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Oct. 14 at 8.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Phoenix Cardinals, Oct. 11 at 1.

Rangers—The home opener is Oct. 12, vs. the Hartford Whalers. . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, Oct. 14. (Game time, 7:30.)

Devils—The home opener is Oct. 6, vs. the Islanders. . . . ¶ Vs. the Rangers, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Oct. 12. (Game time, 7:35.)

(The Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, the Beldame, the Frizette, and the Champagne are all on Oct. 10. Through Oct. 19. . . . At the Meadowlands: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Mondays through Saturdays at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; Sundays at 6:45.

CHAMPIONSHIP—BASEBALL

Playoffs—The National League Championship Series starts Oct. 6 in Atlanta, where the Braves will face the Pittsburgh Pirates. The American League Championship Series starts Oct. 7 in Oakland, where the A's will face either the Milwaukee Brewers or the Toronto Blue Jays.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

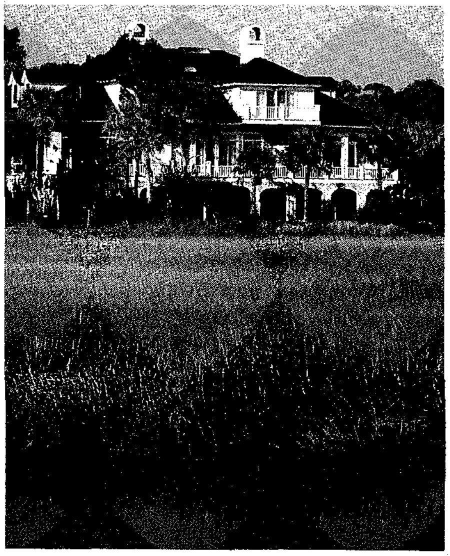
Tattoo Fest—This zany fringe event, something of a cross between a high-school dance and a Hell's Angels convention, is moving this year from Coney Island to a more accessible place: Amazon Village, in Tribeca (Pier 25, just off Franklin St.). Prizes will be awarded for tattoos in four categories; tattooed persons will get reduced admission. (Oct. 11, starting at 5. For more information, call 587-0540.)

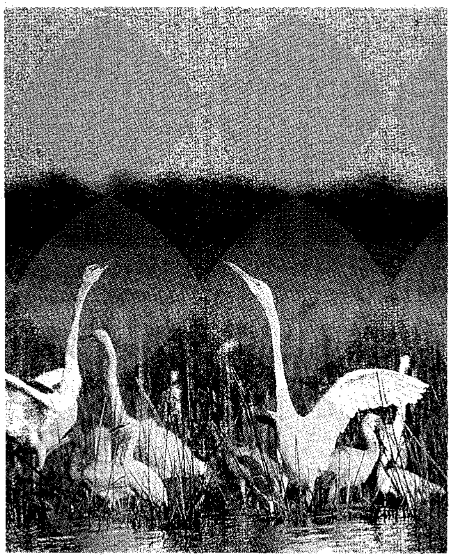
Raptors—The New York City Audubon Society presents a talk about the Hudson Valley Raptor Center, a sort of hospital for injured birds of prey. Elizabeth, a turkey vulture who was hit by a truck; Agamemnon, a saw whet owl who was hit by a car; and McKeever, an owl who hatched on a construction site in Brooklyn, will be the guests of honor. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Oct. 8 at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Oct. 8 at 8:15: Camille Paglia talks about feminism. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.). . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: Doris Lessing gives a lecture. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0571.)

Readings—Oct. 10 at 1: Richard Kennedy, Norman Friedman, Robert Creeley, William Jay Smith, and others read from the poetry of e.e. cummings. (Jefferson Market Library, Sixth Ave. at 10th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 7:30: Philip Levine and Gerald Stern read from their own poetry. (Dia Center for the Arts, 155 Mercer St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 8: Gloria Naylor reads from her new novel. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.). . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: Lynn Emanuel and William Matthews read from their own poetry. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Tickets at the door. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 7: Tama Janowitz reads from her new novel. (Brentano's, Fifth Ave. at 48th St. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 8: Ken Kesey and Robert Stone read from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

Memorandum—Columbus Day is observed on Oct. 12. What with all the hoopla, the parade will be bigger than ever.





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11	12	13	14			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 34.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enchanted April" (directed by Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright.
Theatre 2: "Light Sleeper" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Living End" (Gregg Araki).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "Jumpin at the Boneyard" (Jeff Stanzler). From Oct. 9: "Alberto Express" (Arthur Joffe).
Theatre 5: "Night on Earth" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 13: "Delicatessen" (Jean-Pierre Jeunet and Marc Caro, in French). From Oct. 14: "Simple Men" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke and William Sage.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"The Wrong Move" (1975, Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Volgeler.

Newman Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Macbeth" (see page 34). (On Oct. 8, "Hamlet," the 1920 German silent film, directed by Sven Gade, with Asta Nielsen, will be shown at 7 and 9.)

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 2: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 3: "Husbands and Wives" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Theatre 3: "Blade Runner" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser. From Oct. 9: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford), with Craig Sheffer, Brad Pitt, and Tom Skerritt.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 8: "Singles" (†). From Oct. 9: "Under Siege" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal, Tommy Lee Jones, and Gary Busey.
Theatre 6: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 7: "Bob Roberts" (†).

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: "The Player" (Robert Altman), with Tim Robbins.
Theatre 3: "Laws of Gravity" (Nick Gomez).
Theatre 4: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).
Theatre 5: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.
Theatre 6: "Sarafina!" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Refrigerator" (Nicholas A. E. Jacobs).

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Husbands and Wives" (†). From Oct. 9: "Breaking the Rules" (Neal Israel), with Jason Bateman, C. Thomas Howell, Jonathan Silverman, and Annie Potts.
Theatre 3: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).
Theatre 4: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 8: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles. From Oct. 9: "1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott), with Gérard Depardieu, Armand Assante, and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "Unforgiven" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Raise the Red Lantern" (Zhang Yimou; in Chinese).

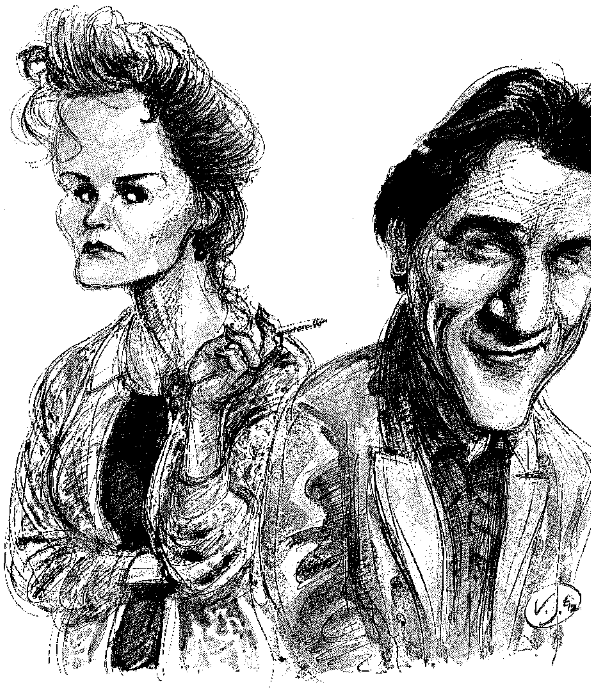
Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: "Sarafina!" (†).
Theatre 4: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles. From Oct. 9: "Under Siege" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal, Tommy Lee Jones, and Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 7: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser. Oct. 8: Theatre closed. From Oct. 9: "1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott), with Gérard Depardieu, Armand Assante, and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 3: "Hero" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Sneakers" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.



Jessica Lange and Robert De Niro in "Night and the City"

VICTOR JUHASZ

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A League of Their Own" (Penny Marshall), with Tom Hanks.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hero" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Bob Roberts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.
Theatre 3: "Gas Food Lodging" (Allison Anders).

Art East Cinema, 1st Ave. at 61st. (644-1111)
Through Oct. 8: "Light Sleeper" (†).
From Oct. 9: "Alberto Express" (Arthur Joffe).

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 3: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 8: "Storyville" (Mark Frost), with James Spader. From Oct. 9: "1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott[illegible] with Gérard Depardieu, Armand Assan[illegible] and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 8: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†). From Oct. 9: "Breaking the Rules" (Neal Israel), with Jason Bateman, C. Thomas Howell, Jonathan Silverman, and Annie Potts.
Theatre 6: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck, Ken Takakura, and Aya Takanashi.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Wind" (Carroll Ballard), with Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 8: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles. From Oct. 9: "Under Siege" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal, Tommy Lee Jones, and Gary Busey.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Husbands and Wives" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Singles" (†). From Oct. 9: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford), with Craig Sheffer, Brad Pitt, and Tom Skerritt.
Theatre 2: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Oct. 8: "Enchanted April" (Mike Newell), with Miranda Richardson, Josie Lawrence, Polly Walker, and Joan Plowright. From Oct. 9: "Johnny Stecchino" (Roberto Benigni), with Benigni.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 8: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).
From Oct. 9: "1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott), with Gérard Depardieu, Armand Assante, and Sigourney Weaver.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hero" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 2: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Theatre 4: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
Theatre 5: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 8: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles. From Oct. 9: "Under Siege" (Andrew Davis),

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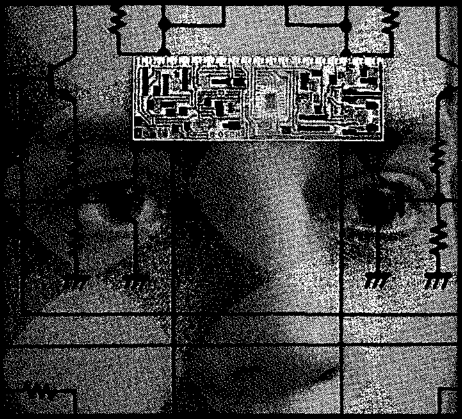

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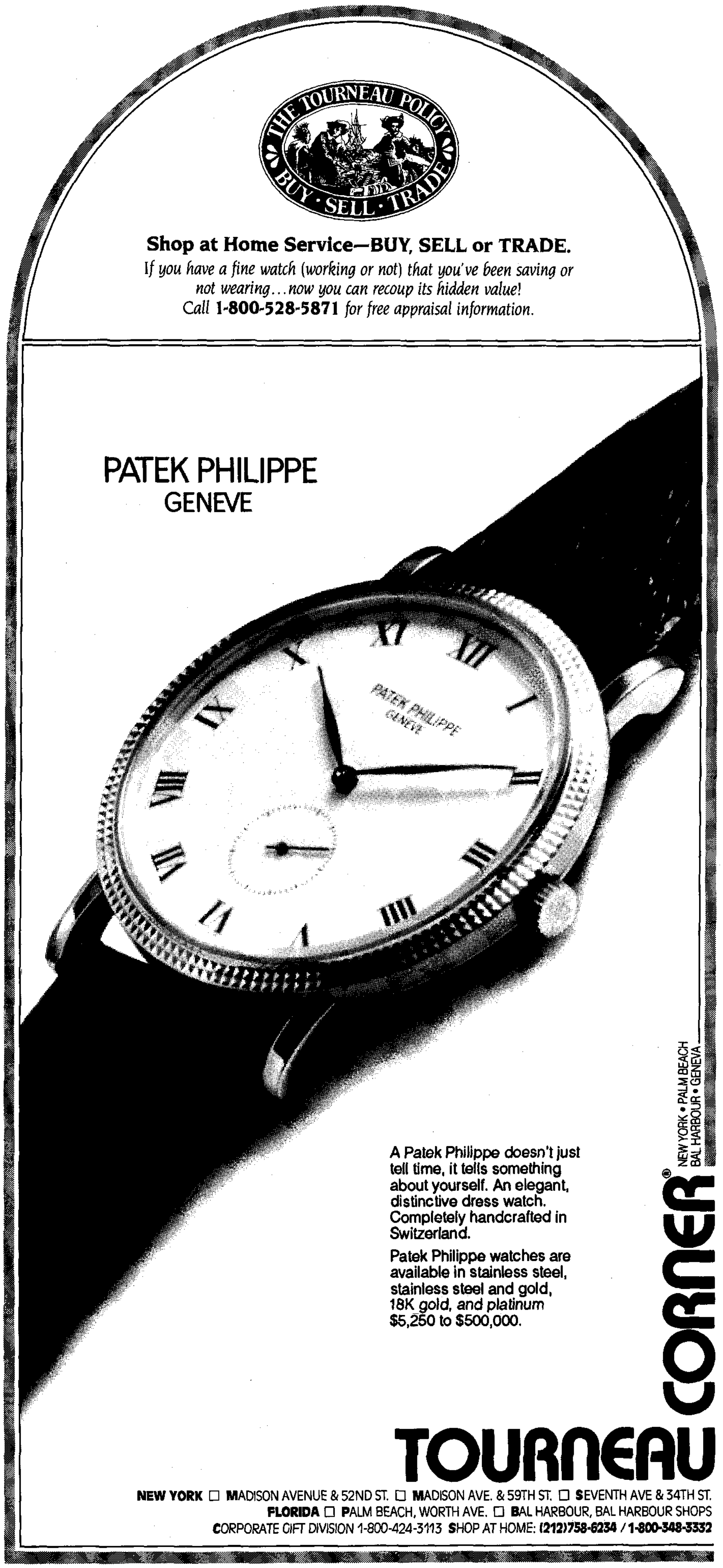
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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

with Steven Seagal, Tommy Lee Jones, and Gary Busey.
Theatre 7: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Sarafina!" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Together Alone" (1991, directed by P. J. Castellaneta), with Todd Stites and Terry Curry. From Oct. 7: "Feed" (Kevin Rafferty and James Ridgeway), a documentary.
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Brother's Keeper" (Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky), a documentary.
Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Honeymoon in Vegas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mediterraneo" (Gabriele Salvatores, in Italian).
Theatre 3: "Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.
Theatre 4: "One False Move" (†).
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 3: "Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 7: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 8: "Sarafina!" (†).
Theatre 9: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Single White Female" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 4: "Light Sleeper" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).
Theatre 6: "Double Edge" (Amos Kollek), with Faye Dunaway.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (†).
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A Fine Romance" (Gene Saks), with Julie Andrews and Marcello Mastroianni.
57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 13: "Glengarry Glen Ross" (†).
From Oct. 14: "Simple Men" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke and William Sage.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Of Mice and Men" (Gary Sinise), with John Malkovich and Sinise.
Theatre 2: "Of Mice and Men."
Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Howards End" (†).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Player" (Robert Altman), with Tim Robbins.
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 7: "Bob Roberts" (†).
Oct. 8: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 9: "A River Runs Through It" (Robert Redford), with Craig Sheffer, Brad Pitt, and Tom Skerritt.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mr. Saturday Night" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Danzón" (Maria Novaro; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "A Brief History of Time" (†).
Theatre 3: "Swoon" (Tom Kalin).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Husbands and Wives" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sarafina!" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 8: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles. From Oct. 9: "1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott), with Gérard Depardieu, Armand Assante, and Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 4: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 5: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Oct. 8: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser. From Oct. 9: "Under Siege" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal, Tommy Lee Jones, and Gary Busey.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Sneakers" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mighty Ducks" (Stephen Herek), with Emilio Estevez.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 8: "Wind" (directed by Carroll Ballard), with Matthew Modine and Jennifer Grey. From Oct. 9: "Under Siege" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal, Tommy Lee Jones, and Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: "Basic Instinct" (Paul Verhoeven), with Michael Douglas and Sharon Stone.
Theatre 3: "Unforgiven" (†).
Theatre 4: "Singles" (†).
Theatre 5: "Hellraiser III: Hell on Earth" (Anthony Hickox).
Theatre 6: "Innocent Blood" (John Landis), with Anne Parillaud, Robert Loggia, Anthony LaPaglia, and Don Rickles.
Theatre 7: "Rapid Fire" (Dwight H. Little), with Brandon Lee.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Sarafina!" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "School Ties" (Robert Mandel), with Brendan Fraser.
Theatre 3: "Captain Ron" (Thom Eberhardt), with Kurt Russell and Martin Short.

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 7: "Pet Sematary Two" (Mary Lambert).
Oct. 8: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 9: "1492: Conquest of Paradise" (Ridley Scott), with Gérard Depardieu, Armand Assante, and Sigourney Weaver.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Mr. Baseball" (Fred Schepisi), with Tom Selleck.
Theatre 2: "The Last of the Mohicans" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Oct. 7-8: "Rambling Rose" (1991, directed by Martha Coolidge), with Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Lukas Hass, and Robert Duvall; and "Poison Ivy" (1992, Katt Shea Ruben), with Tom Skerritt, Sara Gilbert, Cheryl Ladd, and Drew Barrymore.
Oct. 9-10: "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce, Kim Greist, Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson.
Oct. 11-13: "Cabaret" (1972, Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Something for Everyone" (1970, Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and York.
From Oct. 14: "The Last Picture Show" (1971,

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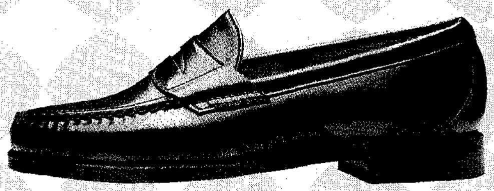

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Texasville" (1990, Bogdanovich), with Bridges, Shepherd, Annie Potts, Leachman. Randy Quaid, and Bottoms.

FILM FORUM 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)

Oct. 6-7: "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski; and "Kanal" (1956, Wajda; in Polish).

Oct. 8: "Siberian Lady Macbeth" (1962, Andrzej Wajda); and "Samson" (1961, Wajda).

Oct. 9-10: "The Young Girls of Wilko" (1979, Andrzej Wajda); and "Birchwood" (1971, Wajda; in Polish).

Oct. 11 through the afternoon of Oct. 12: "Danton" (1983, Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu; and "Everything for Sale" (1968, Wajda; in Polish).

Oct. 12 at 7:20: "A Generation" (1954, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "Korczak" (1990, Wajda).

Oct. 13-14: "The Wedding" (1972, Andrzej Wajda; in Polish); and "The Shadow Line" (1976, Wajda).

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 6: "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962, John Frankenheimer), with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, Angela Lansbury, and James Gregory; and "On the Beach" (1959, Stanley Kramer), with Gregory Peck, Ava Gardner, Anthony Perkins, and Fred Astaire.

Oct. 7: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959, Joseph K. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938, George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edward Everett Horton, Lew Ayres, and Doris Nolan.

Oct. 8: "Risky Business" (1983, Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise and Rebecca De Mornay; and "Rain Man" (†).

Oct. 9-10: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971, Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Brazil" (1985, Terry Gilliam), with Jonathan Pryce, Kim Greist, Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson.

Oct. 11: "The Trial" (†); and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

Oct. 12: "Hour of the Wolf" (1968, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann; and "From the Life of the Marionettes" (1980, Bergman; in Swedish).

Oct. 13: "Tight Little Island" ("Whisky Galore"; 1949, Alexander Mackendrick), with Basil Radford and Joan Greenwood; and "Passport to Pimlico" (1949, Henry Cornelius), with Stanley Holloway and Margaret Rutherford.

Oct. 14: "Funny Face" (1957, Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn, Fred Astaire, Kay Thompson, and Michel Auclair; and "Sabrina" (1954, Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Hepburn, William Holden, and John Williams.

TRIBECA CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2570)

Oct. 7-8: "Viva Zapata!" (1952, Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976, Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

Oct. 9-10: "Steppenwolf" (1974, Fred Haines); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and Sandra Milo.

Oct. 11: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"; 1980, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Oct. 12-13: "Miller's Crossing" (1990, Joel Coen), with Gabriel Byrne, Albert Finney, Marcia Gay Harden, Jon Polito, and John Turturro; and "Raising Arizona" (1987, Joel

Coen), with Nicolas Cage and Holly Hunter. From Oct. 14: "Niagara" (1953, Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948, Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

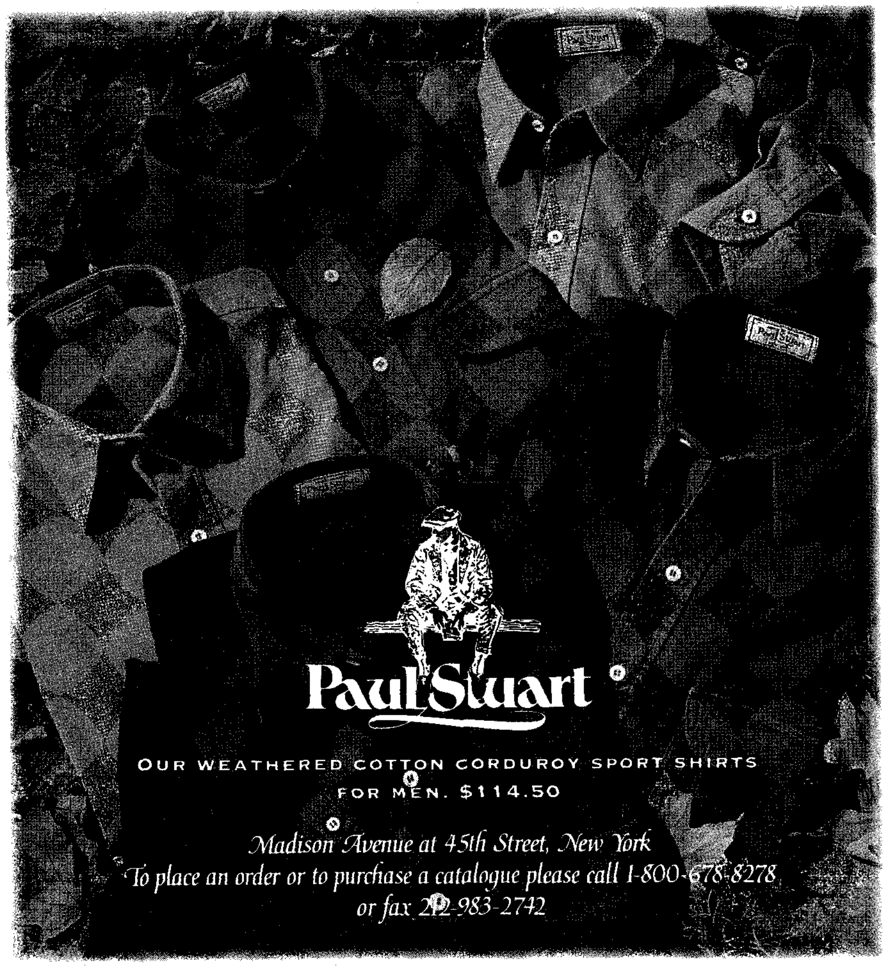
FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Oct. 6 at 2:30 and Oct. 8 at 6: "Caméra Arabe" (1987, directed by Férid Boughedir), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 3 and 6 and Oct. 9 at 2: The approximately ninety winners of the 1992 British Advertising Broadcast Awards. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Never on Sunday" (1960, Jules Dassin; in English and Greek), with Melina Mercouri and Dassin. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 3 and 6: "Troubled Paradise" (1992, Steven Okazaki), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30 and Oct. 10 at 5: "Othello" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6: "Three Brothers" (1982, Francesco Rosi; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret, Michele Placido, and Vittorio Mezzogiorno. . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:30: A program of films by Ernie Gehr. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2 and Oct. 12 at 5: "Extérieur Nuit" (1980, Jacques Bral; in French). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "Tanner '88: Parts 1 and 2" (1988, Robert Altman), with Michael Murphy and Pamela Reed. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5: "Tanner '88: Parts 3-5.". . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2: "Drowning by Numbers" (1988, Peter Greenaway), with Joan Plowright, Bernard Hill, and Juliet Stephenson. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "Tanner '88: Parts 6-8.". . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6 and Oct. 13 at 2:30: "Petulia" (†). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 5: "Tanner '88: Parts 9-11.". . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2: "Life on a String" (1992, Chen Kaige; in Chinese). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 1: "Tanner '88: Parts 1-11.". . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6: "M*A*S*H" (1970, Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, and Tom Skerritt.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The final programs in a series of international films—**ALICE TULLY HALL:** Oct. 5 at 6 and Oct. 6 at 9: "La Sentinelle" (Arnaud Desplechin, France). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 9: "Side/Walk/Shuttle" (Ernie Gehr, United States), "John Five" (James Herbert, United States), and "Short Fuse" (Warren Sonbert, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6 and Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Les Amants Du Pont Neuf" (Leos Carax, France). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6:45 and Oct. 10 at 9: "Careful" (Guy Maddin, Canada). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "Idiot" (Mani Kaul, India). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9:45 and Oct. 10 at 12:30: "Zebrahead" (Anthony Drazan, United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 6:15 and Oct. 10 at midnight: "Man Bites Dog" (Rémy Belvaux, André Bonzel, and Benoit Poelvoorde, Belgium). . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 9:15 and Oct. 10 at 3: "La Vie de Bohème" (Aki Kaurismäki, Finland/France). . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 6: "Delivered Vacant" (Nora Jacobson, United States). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Oct. 11 at 9: "Night and the City" (†). (For tickets, call 875-5050.)

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—Oct. 5-6 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9; Oct. 7 at 2, 4:15, 6:45, and 9; Oct. 8 at 2, 4:15, 6:30, and 9; Oct. 9 at 6 and 9; and Oct. 10 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: Nine different programs of videos. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2 and 6:30: "Jamon, Jamon" (1991, Bigas Luna). . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 4 and 8:30: "The Long Winter" (1991, Jaime Camino). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 2 and Oct. 13 at 4:15 and 8:30: "The Dumbfounded King" (1991, Imanol Uribe). . . . ¶ Oct. 12 at 4:15 and 8:30 and Oct. 13 at 2 and 8:30: "An Umbrella for Three" (1991, Felipe Vega).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 7 at 12:30 and 6: "Molière ou la Vie d'Un Honnète Homme: Part I" (1978, Ariane Mnouchkine; in French), with Philippe Caubère. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Molière ou la Vie d'Un Honnète Homme: Part 2.". . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Madame Bovary" (1991, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.



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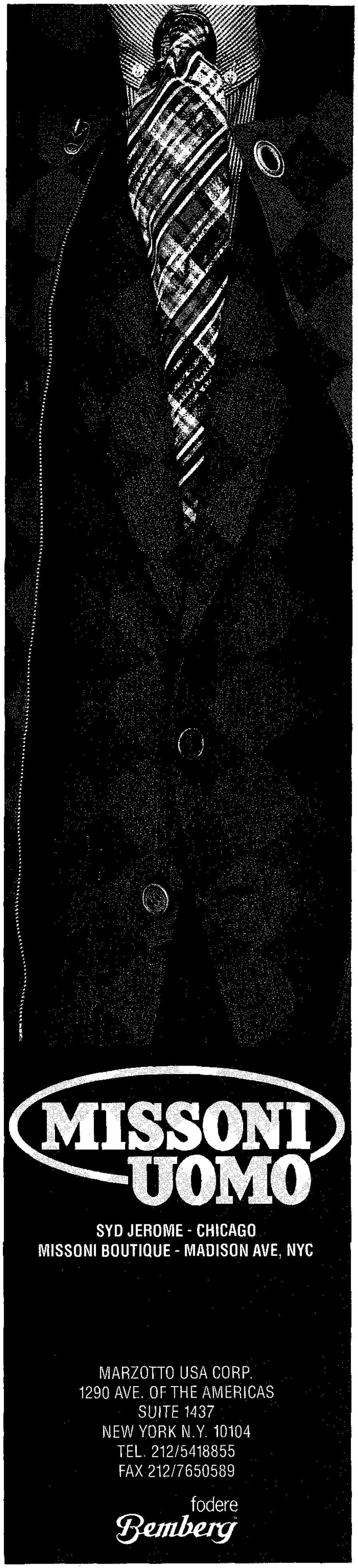

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Sound and Fury

ORSON WELLES' bizarrely magical 1948 "Macbeth" (playing at the Newman Theatre, Public Theatre) begins with a swirl of phantasmagoric effects designed to make us feel as if the tale were emerging from the cauldron of the three prophetic witches. When the producer-director-adapter-star gallops onscreen, he's in Oriental headgear, cape, and armor—he might have filched his costume from a Marco Polo movie. Partly because of his eclectic recklessness, the filmmaker's hallucinatory power gets to you even when the action and line readings go flat. Welles' audacity is easier to appreciate now than ever before, thanks to a print reconstructed by U.C.L.A. film archivist Bob Gitt. It jettisons the voice-over narration of the shorter versions (which instructed audiences that the movie pits "agents of chaos, priests of hell" against Christianity). It adds more of Jacques Ibert's turbulent music—and, of course, more of Shakespeare's poetry. It also restores Welles' original soundtrack (which was heavily rerecorded before the 1949 wide release); the players still declaim in jarring brogues, but at least they're more consistent and intelligible. In a surprisingly well-judged performance, Welles gives unusual weight and ambiguity to the aside "If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me/Without my stir." The complete movie is as much about characteristic Shakespearean concerns like hubris, predestination, and free will as it is about paganism versus Western religion.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow.)

BLADE RUNNER (1982)—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—it's Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the present. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. And the movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner—a police officer who kills "replicants," the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers, if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four of these replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann"; and the blue-eyed scenery chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toymaker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?" by Philip K. Dick; adapted by Hampton Fancher and David Peoples. The version now showing has some changes that make it more faithful to the director's intentions than the original release was.—P.K. (Village Theatre VII.)

BOB ROBERTS—Tim Robbins is the writer, director, and star of this mock documentary that chronicles, C-SPAN style, the senatorial campaign of a young radical-right demagogue. Bob Roberts is a folksinger: instead of giving speeches, he picks up an acoustic guitar and invites his audiences to sing along with his reactionary "protest" anthems. He's Pat Buchanan in Woody Guthrie's clothing, and what's scary about the movie is that this grotesque coupling doesn't even feel like a stretch. Robbins tosses off nasty satiric riffs at a reckless, headlong pace, and the movie, even at its most chilling, is hilarious; its humor is both precise enough to deflate its targets and goofy enough to feel liberating. And his performance as smiling Bob, although it's conceived as a caricature, is never tiresome: it's too finely detailed, and too gleeful. This terrifically entertaining movie represents something very unlikely and very welcome: liberal humor with sharp teeth. Also with Gore Vidal, Alan Rickman, Giancarlo Esposito, Brian Murray, and Ray Wise. The songs are by Tim Robbins and his brother, David.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/7/92.) (Village Theatre VII, and Cinema I. . . . ¶ Columbus Circle; through Oct. 7.)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME—Errol Morris's inspirational documentary essay about the physicist Stephen Hawking is a cross between a puff piece and a gee-whiz science special. The movie is even more abstract than it has to be, and it's remarkably soft-edged. In the biographical sections, Morris sketches Hawking as a wayward boy wonder who focusses his talents only after he's stricken with Lou Gehrig's disease. As far as characterization goes, that's it. There's some curiosity but no depth in the director's depiction of eccentric British intellectuals; he treats his interviewees as if he were pinning them to specimen boards, except that he doesn't name or identify them. Morris presents Hawking's ironic contrasts between human mortality and the life span of the universe with such hushed awe that he robs them of their delectability. (The familiar ripple of Philip Glass's music doesn't help.) By the end, the film disappears into its own cranium.—M.S. (9/7/92) (Lincoln Plaza.)

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS—David Mamet's 1984 Pulitzer Prize-winner—about real-estate salesmen who put the screws on hapless marks in order to keep their own ugly jobs—made ripping theatre, whatever else it was or wasn't. But the movie, set in the lean Bush years, spells out the characters' despair in cue cards, right from the start, and hammers away at the plot so relentlessly that you can feel the nails entering the back of your skull. Still, the performers provide relief. Ed Harris and Alan Arkin, as the sleek yet panicky Moss and the sad-sack Aaronow, turn their "Are we speaking or are we talking?" duet into an existential Abbott-and-Costello number. Al Pacino, as Roma, Mamet's Mr. Slick, is amusingly lordly: he's simultaneously high-handed and underhanded. And Kevin Spacey, as their steely office manager, Williamson, plants a daringly long fuse and ignites it with the smallest flicker. Only Jack Lemmon, as Shelley (the Machine) Levene, disappoints: he starts

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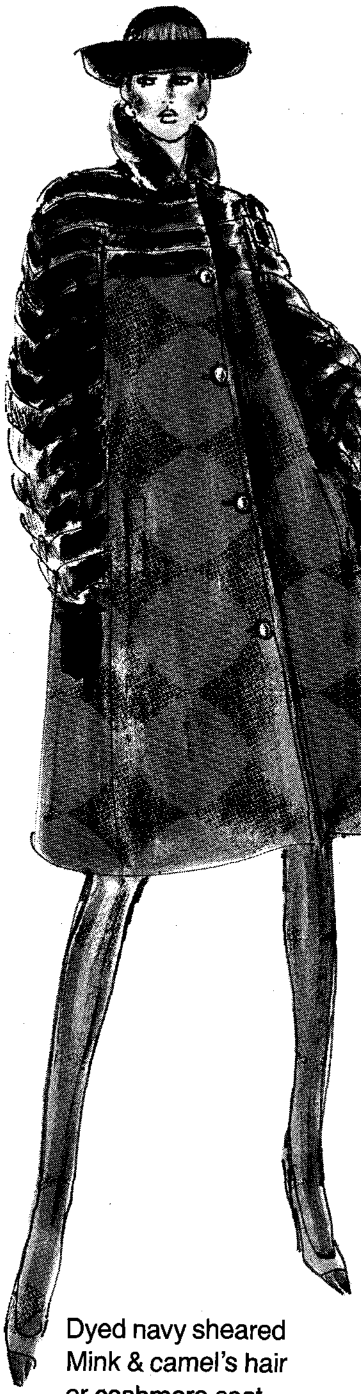

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strong, but the director, James Foley, lets him drown in unearned emotion, as if this were Lemmon's shot at "Death of a Salesman." Mamet did his own adaptation, adding another ruthless person to the melodrama: a head-office hit man played by Alec Baldwin.—M.S. (10/5/92) (Village Theatre VII, Baronet, Orpheum VII, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 13.)

Hero—Stephen Frears' new movie often feels like a remake of something from the thirties or forties. Its plot premise—an ordinary man is lionized by the media for a courageous act he didn't perform, and the actual hero can't get anyone to see the truth—provides the sort of material that Preston Sturges and Frank Capra liked to work with. And the script, an original by David Webb Peoples (who also wrote "Unforgiven"), even borrows from John Ford: in a sense, this picture is a screwball-comedy take on "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." The movie is fascinating to watch, but most of the time you're sitting there wondering why this ingeniously constructed script isn't playing better. Simply stated, Peoples hasn't written many funny lines, and Frears' attempts to create comic business visually feel strained and unspontaneous. The filmmakers fail to supply the incidental pleasures and the joyous sense of immediacy that screwball farce—even ironic, subversive screwball farce—can't do without. Dustin Hoffman, who plays the real hero, doesn't get any kind of rhythm going until the movie is almost over; and Andy Garcia, as the faker, can't quite rise above his cryptically written role. But Geena Davis, as a hot-shot TV reporter, is smashing: she strikes a lovely balance between warmth and satiric precision, and holds it in the midst of the general chaos. Also with Joan Cusack, Kevin J. O'Connor, Stephen Tobolowsky, Tom Arnold, and (unbilled) Chevy Chase.—T.R. (10/5/92) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

Honeymoon in Vegas—A comic zephyr that tickles the back of your neck as it whisks by. Andrew Bergman's ninety-five-minute screwball idyll zigs and zags from New York to Las Vegas to Hawaii as Nicolas Cage and Sarah Jessica Parker lurch from the brink of matrimony to splitsville. James Caan, a pro gambler, shellacks the would-be groom in a welcome-to-Vegas poker game and takes a weekend with Parker as his prize. The movie is about learning how much you want something just when it looks as if you might lose it forever. Bergman's cast keeps the romantic triangle spinning like a gyroscope. Cage's amorous anxiety gives the film a charge, Caan epitomizes male hubris, and Parker is a great all-around responder. It's weirdly right that the music of Elvis Presley comments on the action, not only in a Vegas crawling with Elvis impersonators but in Kauai, too. (Willie Nelson sings "Blue Hawaii.") America's pop god of self-creation belongs in a movie about lovers bopping their way to the altar by trial and error. With a risible cameo by Peter Boyle.—M.S. (9/7/92) (19th Street East 6, and Art Greenwich Twin. . . . ¶ First & 62nd Cinemas; through Oct. 8.)

Howards End—James Ivory's movie version of the 1910 E. M. Forster novel is a handsome and intelligent piece of work: a faithful, well-paced, and carefully crafted dramatization of a very good story. The heroine, Margaret Schlegel (Emma Thompson), is a thirtyish Englishwoman of German ancestry who lives with her sister and her brother in a London town house. The plot brings the cultured and rather high-minded Schlegels in contact with a very different sort of family, the Wilcoxes, who appear to represent English values at their most infuriatingly solid and complacent. The emotional core of the movie is the brief, unlikely friendship that develops between Margaret and conservative Ruth Wilcox (Vanessa Redgrave), a woman who inhabits a narrow world so profoundly, and with such enormous feeling, that she transforms it. Redgrave is at her most radiant in this role. And Thompson, whose character is meant to be seen as the heir to Mrs. Wilcox's thoroughly English kind of spirituality, comes through with a thrilling, original performance; she carries the movie. These luminous performances go a long way toward putting Forster's ambitious ideas across on the screen. (Anthony Hopkins, as the no-nonsense businessman Henry Wilcox, is awfully good, too.) The story holds us for the full two hours and twenty minutes that the movie takes to tell it; Ivory and his screenwriter, Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, have done a skillful and sensiti[illegible] job of adaptation. All that's missing, really, is the elusive quality that makes Forster such a brave, moving writer: his constant striving to see beyond the story, to see through it, to transcend it. Also with Helena Bonham Carter, Samuel West, James Wilby, Nicola Duffett, Prunella Scales, and Adrian Ross Magenty.—T.R. (5/4/92) (Fine Arts.)

Husbands and Wives—Woody Allen's uncomfortably personal new movie renders the dissolution of a marriage in a style that's meant to look raw, rough-edged, truthful. He uses jump-cutting and wobbly hand-held camerawork to create the illusion of immediacy, of lifelike spontaneity and muddle. But the movie's vision of life isn't really very persuasive, and Allen isn't saying anything that he hasn't said before. The only thing that has changed since his late-seventies explorations of romantic futility (such as "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan") is the tone, which is now sour, dispirited, almost vindictive. The *cinéma-vérité* surface feels like a con, a razzle-dazzle cover for imaginative exhaustion. Both the style and the substance of this picture have a curdled quality, the air of things that have gone bad but haven't been thrown away. Except for Judy Davis's ebullient performance as a friend of the central couple, Gabe and Judy Roth (Allen and Mia Farrow), the movie's humor is surprisingly flat. Allen's gags and situations no longer betray even a trace of delight at the absurdities of human behavior: his bemused vision of romantic folly has turned, over the years, into a bilious take-my-wife-please routine. It's tempting to think of this bleakly nihilistic film as an expression of its creator's weariness with his own ideas. The most disturbing, and angering, thing about the picture is that Allen has transformed his disappointment in himself into disgust for other people: he's going down, and he's determined to take the rest of us with him. Also with Liam Neeson, Juliette Lewis, Sydney Pollack, Lysette Anthony, and Benno Schmidt.—T.R. (9/21/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Beekman, Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Last of the Mohicans—In Michael Mann's version of James Fenimore Cooper's improbably durable tall tale, everybody looks great: the movie seduces us with haircuts and landscape. The hero of this melodramatic story of pre-Revolutionary America is Hawkeye (Daniel Day-Lewis), a rugged but sensitive individualist who roams the forest of the Hudson Valley in the company of the Indians, Chingachgook (Russell Means) and Uncas (Eric Schweig). The three men serve as guides and bodyguards for Cora and Alice Munro (Madeleine Stowe and Jodhi May), the maidenly daughters of a British officer. The Brits are at war with the French, but the greatest danger to Anglo-Saxon life and limb is posed by a band of bloodthirsty Indian guerrillas, led by a wily Huron named Magua (Wes Studi). The setup pretty much guarantees thrills, and Mann delivers the action-movie goods, but with a sort of abstract, lyrical pictorialism. Day-Lewis's Hawkeye—a cultured white man's dream of virile primitivism—is almost entirely a vi-

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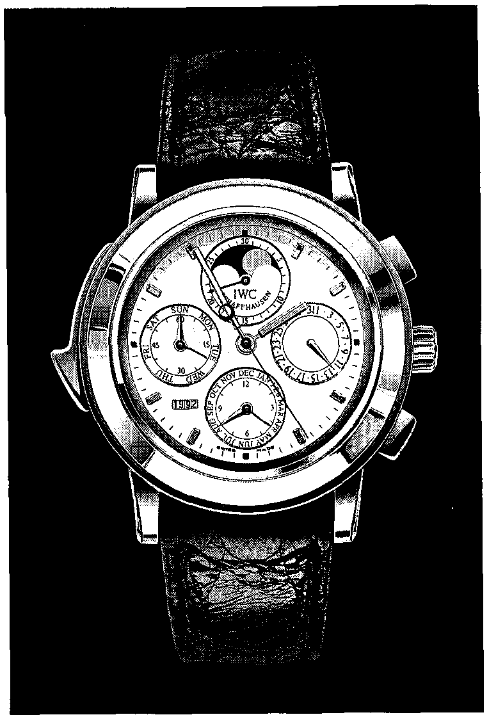

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sual phenomenon, and it works. (He runs well, and sports a terrific mane of straight, stringy alternative-rocker hair.) The picture is awfully, solemnly silly, but it's enjoyable and even rather stirring. Mann has polished up a not very profound myth with skill and conviction, and given it a fetching new look; that's what Pop filmmakers do. Also with Maurice Roëves and Steven Waddington. The lush cinematography is by Dante Spinotti.—T.R. (10/5/92) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, Regency, and National Twin.)

LIGHT SLEEPER—John LeTour (Willem Dafoe), the main character of Paul Schrader's dream-like but tough-minded new film, is a forty-year-old New York drug courier who knows he has to change his life, yet doesn't quite know how. He glides through the night streets in the back of a limo, carrying small amounts of cocaine to upper-middle-class customers and then carrying their money back to his employer, a chic dealer named Ann (Susan Sarandon), who pays him a modest salary. It's an unexciting, shockingly routine existence. The movie is anything but routine. This is an absorbing, superbly confident piece of filmmaking, and the acting—by Dafoe, Sarandon, David Clennon, Victor Garber, Mary Beth Hurt, and a radiant newcomer named Jane Adams—is sensational. (Only Dana Delany, in the pivotal role of LeTour's ex-girlfriend, is uninteresting.) Schrader's theme is the role of chance (sometimes called fate, or fortune, or providence, or plain luck) in contemporary life, and for most of the picture his writing and direction daringly embody the idea of unpredictability. Every scene is built around some sort of surprise: a disorienting visual twist; a reversal of narrative expectations; an unanticipated reaction by one of the characters. Up to the final minutes, when Schrader borrows one motif too many from his earlier "American Gigolo," the picture keeps the audience as well as the hero in a constant state of uncertainty: we don't know what we'll see when we turn the corner. We drift pleasurably, borne by the film's mordant wit and its rigorous, unfakable honesty. (The score, by Michael Been, consists of songs that comment directly on the action; if the music were better the device might be less annoying.)—T.R. (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas. . . . ¶ Art East Cinema; through Oct. 8.)

MR. SATURDAY NIGHT—Having your joke and eating it, too—that's what Billy Crystal manages to pull off, repeatedly, in this sprawling, laughing-through-tears extravaganza (his directorial début). As Buddy Young, Jr., whom he created almost ten years ago and developed on "Saturday Night Live" and HBO specials, Crystal pays homage to the Borscht Belt masters of disrespect who brought their tumultuous brand of vulgar, irreverent clowning into the American mainstream during the Golden Age of Television. The Buddy of this movie is sharper and funnier than his previous incarnations: at times, he's a showcase for Crystal's own crack wit and inventiveness. Crystal and his co-writers (Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel) aim to get behind the ironic mask of this Yiddish harlequin and reveal the fierce ambition and bitterness that fuel his put-downs. Crystal is fairly tough about Buddy's self-destructive drive and his parasitic relationship with his brother and right-hand man, Stan (David Paymer). But he also wants to honor Jewish roots, building to a family-reconciliation finish. What saves the film from terminal mawkishness is the chemistry between Crystal and that remarkable actor, Paymer. Crystal's Buddy is always pitching, sometimes wildly. Paymer's Stan is always catching, and, in a subtle, self-abnegating way, calling the shots. With Julie Warner, Mary Maya, Helen Hunt, and Ron Silver.—M.S. (10/5/92) (Village Theatre VII, Bay Cinema, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and 62nd & Broadway.)

NIGHT AND THE CITY—With Jessica Lange and Robert De Niro, directed by Irwin Winkler. (See illustration on page 26.) (New York Film Festival, Avery Fisher Hall; Oct. 11.)

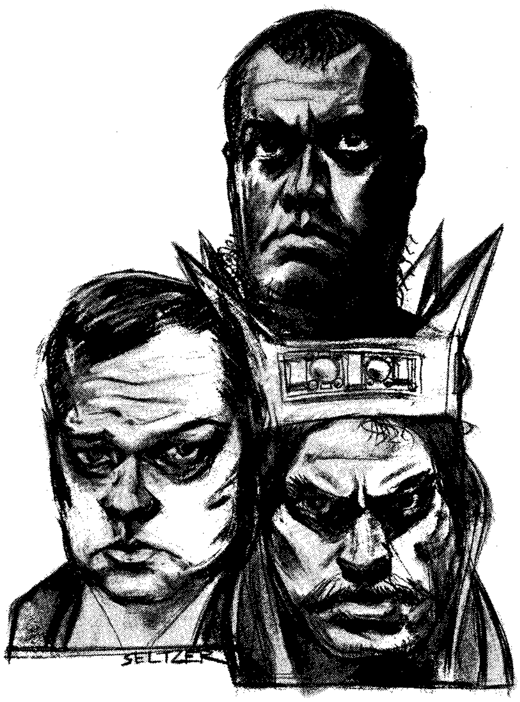
ONE FALSE MOVE—Skillfully performed and welcomely unpredictable, this low-budget crime film, made by actor-turned-director Carl Franklin, starts out as a herky-jerky exploitation piece, then turns into something better. After a jolting series of execution-style killings, a trio of crooks go on the lam from Los Angeles to Star City, Arkansas, where two L.A. lawmen and a local sheriff lie in wait. What saves the opening sequences is the inspired pairing of a black sociopath (Michael Beach) and a white psychopath (played by Billy Bob Thornton, who co-wrote the script with Tom Epperson). Beach's inhuman brilliance and Thornton's edgy earthiness make them deadly companions. Cynda Williams, as Thornton's African-American lover, hits on marvellous combinations of ingenuousness and amorality, even when the script plays peekaboo with motivation. Meanwhile, Star City's sheriff (Bill Paxton) tries to persuade the visiting metropolitan cops (Jim Metzler and Earl Billings) that he's ripe for big-time law enforcement. Paxton lays on the hick ingratiation, but midway through he shows how this good ole boy grows into a good ole man. Like Paxton, the movie improves as it goes along; it leaves hokum as well as wholesale carnage far behind.—M.S. (7/27/92) (Quad Cinema.)

OTHELLO (1952)—By choosing to begin this pulsating movie with the lifting of Othello's and Desdemona's caskets—and the caging of Iago—Orson Welles does more than declare his independence from Shakespearean custom. He plunges the audience into a world where feelings and events have an afterlife, and sets a slashing, heightened tone for the whole seat-of-the-pants production. Welles edits the text ruthlessly (the film runs ninety-one minutes), using narration to bridge gaps; the cutting brings out the primal nature of the Moor's jealousy. Welles' Othello is so caught up in his warrior's pride that he can't abide any chink in his armor. Michael MacLiammoir's drily brilliant Iago is like an impotent stage manager. Suzanne Cloutier makes a strong and dignified Desdemona, and Fay Compton is a stirring Emilia; together, they tap the drama's feminist current. But what electrifies this "Othello" is Welles' lightning strokes of moviemaking genius. To unify a production that spread out over two continents and four years, he hit on a dynamic visual style. With involuted camera movements and abrupt, dizzying contrasts, he exposes the cankers of envy and suspicion. (The new print's modified soundtrack synchronizes the abysmally dubbed dialogue with the performers' lip movements—a major relief—while sacrificing some of Welles' original aural effects.)—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 9-10.)

PETULIA (1968)—This harsh, tender, and whimsical romance about a divorced surgeon named Archie (George C. Scott) and a married "kook" named Petulia (Julie Christie) is one of the most enduringly controversial movies to emerge from the swinging sixties. It's not just a love-it-or-hate-it kind of film. You can disagree with its fatalistic attitude toward marriage and still be moved by the mixed emotions that flood the faces of Scott and Shirley Knight (who plays his ex-wife); you can cringe at its heavy-handed portrayal of urban anomie and still respect its willingness to condemn the self-absorption of hippies and bourgeoisie alike in San Francisco around the time of the Summer of Love. Even if you're initially put off or confused by the flashy, kaleidoscopic techniques of the director, Richard Lester, the cinematographer, Nicolas Roeg, and the editor, Antony Gibbs, you're apt to be excited by their command of the medium and involved in the way they use sharp contrasts and time-hopping cuts to express the characters' mood swings. The movie is about a couple stirred to break through the clutter and distraction of their lives and share some moments of authentic feeling. That's what the filmmakers do, too. The cast includes Richard Chamberlain as Petulia's frustrated, pretty-boy husband, Joseph Cotten as her father-in-law, and members of San Francisco rock, comedy, and theatre groups. Lawrence B. Marcus wrote the often witty script, from Barbara Turner's adaptation of the novel "Me and the Arch Kook Petulia," by John Haase.—M.S. (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 11 and 13.)

RAIN MAN (1988)—Dustin Hoffman is Raymond, an autistic savant who lives in an institution in Cincinnati, and Tom Cruise is his huckster brother Charlie, an L. A. car dealer, who kidnaps him, hoping to get hold of some of the three million dollars that their father has left in trust for Raymond's care. Hoffman keeps his actor's engine chugging and upstages the movie; Cruise's performance consists of not smiling too much—so as not to distract his fans from watching Hoffman. The director, Barry Levinson—it's his temperament—stretches out the scenes until they yawn. But the picture has its effectiveness: people cry at it. Of course they cry at it—it's a piece of wet kitsch. With Valerie Golino; Ronald Bass was the principal screenwriter.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 8.)

SARAFINA!—It promises to adopt a daring street-cabaret approach to the Soweto children's rebellion in 1976. But after a couple of big numbers shot and cut in the ragged, grabby style of "Fame," the movie version of Mbongeni Ngema's musical drama settles into a conventional coming-of-political-age story. Inspired by an idealistic teacher (played by Whoopi Goldberg, who can't overcome the coy virtuousness of the role), the lead schoolgirl, Sarafina (Leleti Khumalo), unites her reverence for Nelson Mandela and her dreams of school-show stardom, eventually joining the mass youth demonstrations against apartheid and the official curriculum. The writers, William Nicholson and Ngema, and the director, Darrell James Roodt, take admirable positions against violence as well as op-



Orson Welles in
"The Trial," "Othello," and "Macbeth"

ISADORE SELTZER

pression. But their film is caught between stylized protest and messagey melodrama. The incidents of carnage—especially a young black mob burning a loathsome black constable to death—are more numbing than revelatory. The best shot: Sarafina, dazed and exhausted after incarceration and torture, making her way past a white lawn party to visit her servant mother (Miriam Makeba).—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Julie Christie in "Petulia"

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES

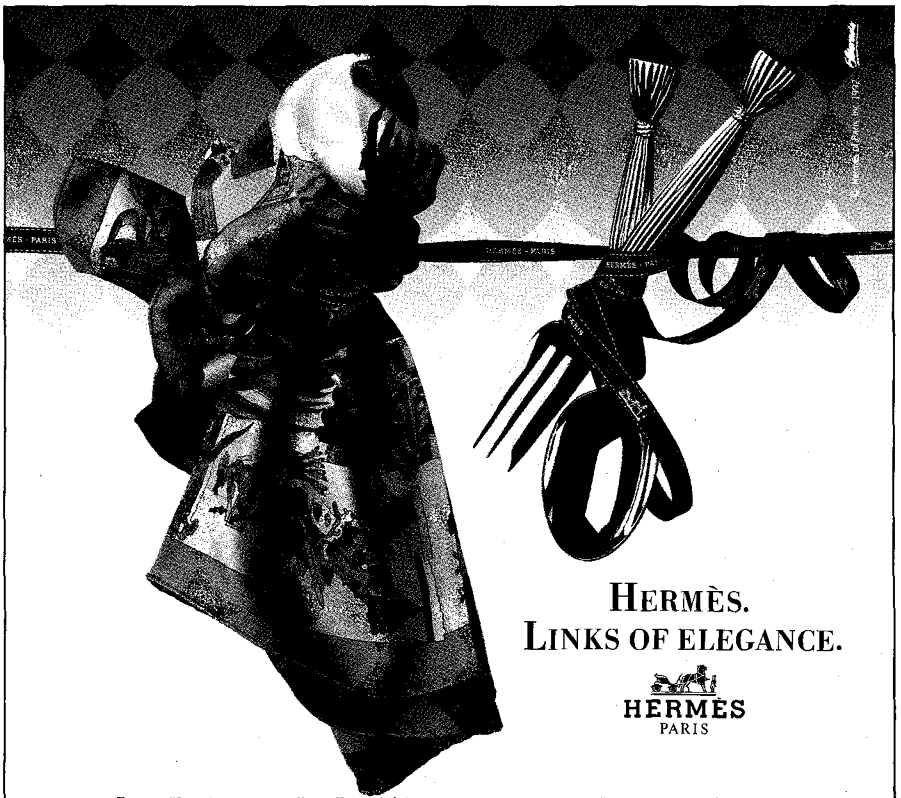
Singles—Cameron Crowe's second film as a writer-director (the first was the lovely 1989 teen comedy "Say Anything") is a buoyant, sweet-tempered little picture about the romantic confusions of some young Seattle apartment-dwellers. It's an ensemble piece, the sort of movie that flits from character to character like a hummingbird. Crowe's touch is so light that you may, in the end, feel a bit unsatisfied—disappointed that the movie's buzzing comic vitality starts to lose its resonance the moment you leave the theatre. This is romantic comedy of the wispiest kind, but the picture is generous, graceful, and consistently funny. The director, in his airy way, has really created a world here: he turns the urban Northwest into a Forest of Arden for young professionals and hopeful grunge-rockers. Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick play Steve and Linda, idealistic yuppies in love, and both prove to be wonderfully deft comedians. And Matt Dillon, as Cliff, the rather dim leader of a band called Citizen Dick, is hilarious. But the standout in Crowe's energetic cast is Bridget Fonda, who plays Janet, a bubbly underachiever inexplicably smitten with Cliff. Fonda is a true original: she brings such reckless, joyous abandon to Janet's pursuit of the unlikely object of desire that she transforms this desperate-love story line into something exuberantly optimistic. This movie shows that Cameron Crowe is a rare bird, too: a sunny realist.—T.R. (Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII, and New York Twin; through Oct. 8.)

Single White Female—The movie collapses so thoroughly between its promising introduction and its Grand Guignol conclusion that the audience exits muttering about stupidity and waste. Mainly, what's wasted is the talent of two fresh, still-growing stars, Bridget Fonda and Jennifer Jason Leigh, in the roles of twentyish out-of-towners scrambling to survive in New York City. Leigh answers Fonda's ad for a roommate and immediately charms her way into a rent-controlled Upper West Side apartment. Virtually from the start you guess that Leigh's character plans to become Fonda's identical twin. It's merely a matter of time before this unformed young lady tries on Fonda's clothes, bearing, and hairdo, and wipes out any competition for Fonda's attention. The actresses are compelling; Leigh is particularly adept at furtive, inchoate emotions. But when the climax of a movie is inevitable, the director shouldn't delay it as long as Barbet Schroeder does. The movie is mostly just a tiresome tease.—M.S. (8/24/92) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Quad Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Sneakers—The director, Phil Alden Robinson, attempts to fashion a liberal thriller-comedy about a group of high-tech security analysts, led by Robert Redford. Under pressure from the National Security Agency, Redford agrees to steal a device that can decode any computer program in the private and public sectors. His character is a sixties survivor (one of the first computer pranksters) who has teamed up with four other overgrown, misfit boys: Sidney Poitier as a canned C.I.A. agent, River Phoenix as an ethereal computer-age juvenile delinquent, Dan Aykroyd as an ex-con gadget freak, and David Strathairn as a blind master of sound tracing. The filmmakers haven't given them the distinctive interplay and kicky gimmicks that can make a comic-book ensemble tickle the fantasy bone. They're a liberal dream team as neutered alternative family, with Redford's love interest, Mary McDonnell, as den mother. The film's smug anti-Republican humor won't win any crossover votes. "Sneakers" exploits an audience's fear of the microchip revolution, then ends up celebrating computer sabotage in the service of progressive causes. It plays into the hands of its enemies; it says that left-wingers *are* a self-righteous élite. With Ben Kingsley, who glowers malignantly in the role of a mysterious genius.—M.S. (9/21/92) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

The Trial (1962)—Orson Welles' theatricality and bravado would seem to be especially unsuited to the matter-of-fact comic horror of the Kafka novel, but he manages some striking effects that aren't at all jarring. This little-seen film has effective passages; it's more than an honorable try, though the hollow sound (that is, of the English-language version) is sometimes off-putting.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)

Unforgiven—Set in eighteen-eighties Kansas and Wyoming, this engrossing, moody Western is the sixteenth film Clint Eastwood has directed, and by far the best. The canny script, by David Webb Peoples, revives the old story about the retired gunfighter (Eastwood) who picks up his firearms again for one last score. But there's no easy resolution, and the movie is stronger because of its loose ends: the filmmakers acknowledge that the bloody chaos of an outlaw's life can't be settled in two hours and eleven minutes. The action begins when a cowboy slashes the face of a prostitute, and her co-workers pool their money to offer a reward for the murder of him and his partner. Jaimz Woolvett is the upstart who enlists Eastwood in the bounty hunt. Morgan Freeman plays Eastwood's longtime partner, Gene Hackman a megalomaniac sheriff, Richard Harris a flamboyant English gunslinger, and Saul Rubinek a dime novelist. This is the finest set of performances ever to grace a Clint Eastwood movie, and this time Eastwood even does a good job directing Eastwood. Every bullet in this movie matters; under its leathery hide is a genuine compulsion to deromanticize Western gunfighting.—M.S. (8/10/92) (19th Street East 6, Manhattan Twin, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)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THE NEW YORKER

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SOCIAL ENGINEERING

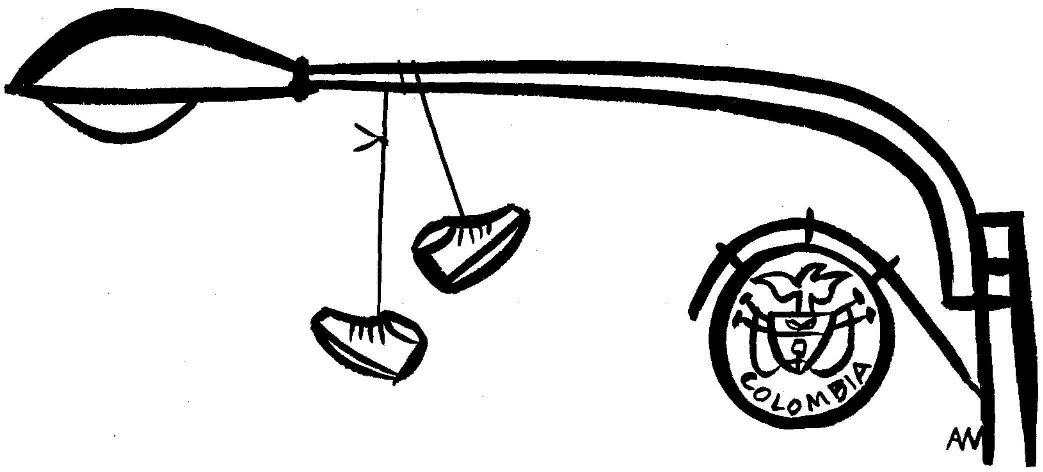
SURVEILLANCE is a favorite theme of the video artist Brian Springer. As he puts it, "a lot of what I do examines how the boundaries of public and private are being redefined by new technologies." A few years ago, for example, he spent some time eavesdropping on cellular-phone conversations, which were easy—and, at the time, legal—to monitor. "It was very interesting when cellular phones first came out, because you had to have a lot of money to buy them, so it was usually wealthy businessmen," he says. "So, you know, you hear some guy, he'd be having an affair, and he'd be talking to his mistress in his driveway while he watched his wife do the dishes."

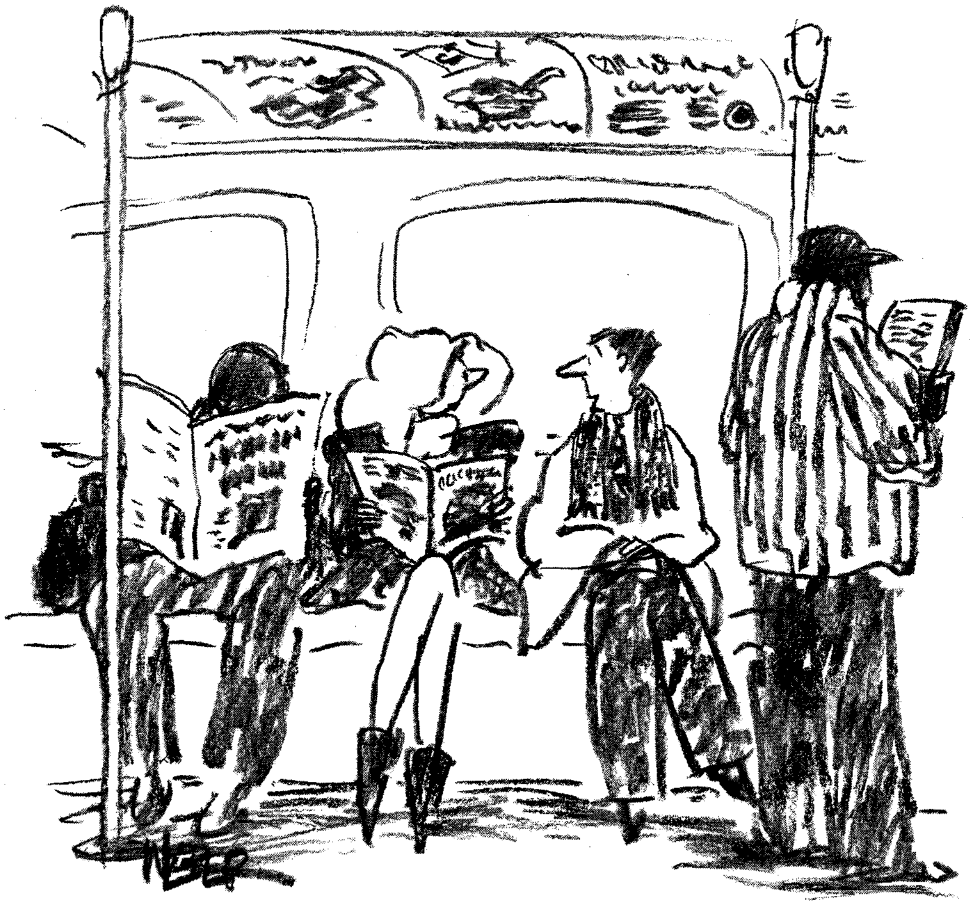
In another project, Springer held impromptu conference calls. "You know, technology was driving people apart, so I did a project where I kind of wanted to bring them together. I'd look in the phone book, you know, like John Smith, Jr., and John Smith, Sr., who were living on the same street, I would call both their homes. The phone would ring in John Smith, Jr.,'s house and in John Smith, Sr.,'s house, and they'd go 'Hello?' 'Hello?' 'You called me!' 'No, no, you called me!' 'No, no, I was just sitting here and the phone rang.' 'I was just sitting here and the phone rang, too!' It was trying to bring families back in touch with each other. Then, there was social engineering, where you'd try to do things like call, maybe, the Army and a funeral home—you know, hook them up. Or try to put together the Buddhists with the Methodists."

Springer's latest project is videotaping the Presidential candidates during uninhibited moments before they go on the air. This is known in satellite-dish parlance as catching backhaul. Using two eight-and-a-half-foot spun-aluminum dishes installed on the roof of a Buffalo warehouse, where he has a studio, Springer has caught Bill Clinton coughing something up into a handkerchief, and he also has a beautiful shot of Jerry Brown using nasal spray. A sample of his work can be seen in "Feed," a new documentary, by Kevin Rafferty and James Ridgeway, that is showing at Film Forum from October 7th to October 20th.

"It's so boring," Springer says of backhaul. "I don't know of anyone else who's done anything with it. I get up at six-thirty in the morning and then it's, like, I'm sitting down, Pat Buchanan sits down. Pat drinks from his cup of coffee, I slurp from my cup of coffee. He's reading the paper, I'm reading the paper. He looks at the camera, I look up at the TV. That goes on for forty-five minutes and then he leaves."

Nevertheless, Springer plans to remain hunkered down in his warehouse for the next thirty days or so, until the campaign ends. "It's time-intensive," he explains. "Because you do the morning shows—NBC 'Today,' or CBS 'This Morning,' or the ABC show. That's from, like, seven to nine. Then, around nine-thirty, if there's a guest on Pat Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network, that feed becomes available. Then, from, say, ten to twelve, there may be interesting corporate television, or live camera feeds from an engagement with the candidates, and from one to three it's still electronic news-gathering feeds. Then, around five-thirty, 'MacNeil/Lehrer' guests, local news anchors. About five-fifty-five, it's amazing—all you see is these people with microphones, staring. They're standing in front of houses that are blown down, in front of City Hall. They're waiting for the local news anchor, who's doing their stories, and they might be mumbling, or





"Your magazine smells fabulous. May I kiss you?"

• •

primping themselves. And then, at six, they all *go.*"

BIG SHOES

LAST July, when Alistair Cooke announced that he would retire this fall as the host of "Masterpiece Theatre," after twenty-two seasons, Rebecca Eaton, his executive producer, told him he couldn't—not without finding his own successor. Cooke, always quick with a joke, suggested Johnny Carson, who had recently stepped down as host of the "Tonight Show." Actually, whoever is chosen to replace Cooke is apt to find himself in the same position as Jay Leno—stepping into shoes that are just too big to fill. There are more than a hundred and fifty names on the list of replacements for the inimitable Cooke, and Eaton isn't identifying any of them. The search is being conducted by WGBH, the Boston public-television station responsible for "Masterpiece Theatre," and few in the Public Broadcasting Service are being apprised of the details. At the July press conference announcing Cooke's departure, helpful reporters suggested that Charlton Heston and Tony Randall be considered, and later Eaton had to squelch an in-house rumor that Heston had been tapped for the job. Meanwhile, would-be candidates are stepping forward in droves, sending letters, résumés, and even home videos to WGBH. "Any number of people who live on my street have been revealed to harbor a secret ambition to be the next Alistair Cooke," says Eaton, who has also heard from a number of journalists and actors, including one actor who starred in a famous "Masterpiece Theatre" production.

Cooke is mum, too. He has been inundated with requests for interviews and has declined them all. Eaton called him at home on the day his retirement was announced, and found he was attempting to foil particularly determined members of the press by answering the phone, in his unmistakable voice, with "Special Surgery." In his letter of resignation, Cooke, who will turn eighty-four in November, said that he wants to work on a book he owes his publisher, and he added, "The rest of my declining energies I want to devote to the thing I most love doing: the weekly BBC 'Letter from America.' " In forty-six years, Cooke hasn't missed an installment of the "Letter," a fourteen-minute radio report that is broadcast to dozens OF countries. One week in 1990, after undergoing prostate surgery, he used a wheelchair to get to a makeshift studio set up in a New York City hospital's boardroom, and afterward he remarked to the Associated Press, "What a pity we didn't have a photographer with us. It's the first time in forty-four years that I've broadcast with a catheter bag."

Cooke made his TV début in the nineteen-fifties as the host of "Omnibus." "I was a neophyte about as innocent as a choirboy being asked to conduct a solemn mass in the Vatican," he wrote later in the *Times.* "I assumed that I would be required to bone up on unfamiliar bits of knowledge and then stand in front of a camera and think aloud. There was never a suggestion that my commentaries would be transcribed onto a Teleprompter." By the time he joined WGBH as the host of "Masterpiece Theatre," taping technology had improved, but he decided to stick with his old method. "The producer readily granted that I was too old to learn new tricks and agreed to let me stay with my comfortable habit of writing the script, memorizing it and then playing with it in performance in the sense of improvising an adjective here, giving a new turn to a phrase there," he said in the *Times.* "It is an old-fashioned prescription, it is tougher on the memory and the nerves, but until I am conspicuously overwhelmed by Alzheimer's I intend to stay with it and with the implied conviction that an emcee ought to be at all times a person thinking aloud about something which at the moment interests or absorbs him."

Eaton couldn't say which moments Cooke might consider the highlights of his career at "Masterpiece Theatre," but the host once wrote, "More than any other series I can think of, 'Upstairs, Downstairs' gave me the opportunity to pretend that the Bellamys were in the thick of the real events of their time. . . .

I like to believe that the interweaving of fact with the fictional life of the players gave body and verisimilitude to the characters and the plot they were enacting. That has been the main, the cunning, pleasure of commenting on so many great authors and so much social history: The attempt to convince the viewing audience, subliminally, that the characters they were watching were, indeed, the real inhabitants of Tolstoy's Russia, Thomas Hardy's Dorset, the First World War, the suffragette movement and so on."

On September 16th, Cooke's last day at WGBH, Eaton and her cohorts secretly assembled members of Cooke's family to witness his final performance, which included a goodbye to viewers that will appear after the last episode of Joseph Conrad's "The Secret Agent," on the last Sunday in November. "It's pretty much of a showstopper," Eaton says. Besides the surprise audience, Cooke was given a party, and gifts, including a portrait of him by Al Hirschfeld, a bound poem that incorporated the names of "Masterpiece Theatre" dramas into a celebration of his tenure, and twenty-two bottles of Dewar's scotch—one for each of his seasons.

FLASH

THIERRY W. DESPONT is a French-born architect, based in Manhattan, who wears watches with at least two analog faces, so he can mentally coexist in the different time zones where he has projects under way. Not having to compute the difference in his head, he says, helps fend off jet lag. He divides the world neatly into professional corners—this summer found him shuttling between New York, Paris, Rome, Riyadh, Los Angeles, and Columbus, Ohio—and has the fastidiously appointed look of a man who contains passion the way he wears a pocket handkerchief. He believes, he says, in "balance in everything."

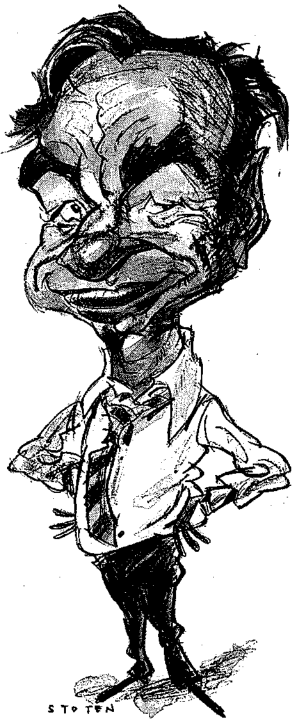
Over the past year and a half, whenever Despont wasn't travelling he would rise at four in the morning, drive from his New York apartment to a barn studio in rural New Jersey, and—for three or four hours, to music by Schubert, Chopin, and Ministry, an industrial-rock band—draw furiously on three-by-five-foot pieces of illustration board before heading for his office in the city.

SEDUCTION

LESS than two years after his empire nearly died under him, Rupert Murdoch is cheerful. He has started a new career, as a Hollywood mogul at Twentieth Century-Fox. The ratings for his Fox Broadcasting climb ever upward, and his satellite television station in Britain, after losing hundreds of millions of pounds, is now breaking even. The net profits of his News Corporation rose by sixty-five per cent this year. Most gratifying of all, he has found his Boswell.

In the past, Mr. Murdoch was unusually careless of his reputation. While other tycoons hired press agents or brandished libel writs, he seemed not to mind what writers said about him. He never sued; he never even complained. Toward the end of the nineteen-eighties, however, he decided to settle a few scores. His plan was to write an autobiography, and he was paid the first installment of a million-dollar advance by Random House. But in the fall of 1990 he abandoned the project and turned to an English journalist, William Shawcross, who was already at work on an unauthorized biography. Mr. Shawcross, who had previously been rebuffed by Mr. Murdoch, suddenly found himself wooed and flattered and given every kind of assistance. In return, he has written a remarkably sympathetic study of the much vilified media baron.

Although the book didn't go on sale until the end of September, word of the *trahison de Shawcross* had been spreading through London for months. How, people are asking, could Willie Shawcross, who made his name in the seventies with "Sideshow," an indignant exposé of Henry Kissinger's destruction of Cambodia, become Murdoch's hagiographer? Some say that Shawcross's turnabout is genetically programmed: his father, Sir Hartley Shawcross, was a socialist politician who veered off to the right in the fifties and earned himself the nickname Sir Shortly Floorcross. Others point to the influence of the woman Mr. Shawcross has been escorting for the past couple of years—the Honourable Mrs. Olga Polizzi, an heiress who sits on the Westminster City Council as a Conservative and is a friend of Mrs. Thatcher. But the main culprit is probably Rupert Murdoch's charm, which has beguiled Mr. Shawcross just as it beguiled many others.



Sly fox: Rupert Murdoch

Shawcross's book has also provoked some head-scratching in newspaper offices, as editors ponder how to notice it. Few denizens of Grub Street are neutral on the subject of Mr. Murdoch: many of them write for his papers, have their books published by him, appear on his television channels, and, from time to time, are sacked by him. Stranded in the middle is Mr. Shawcross's London publisher, Carmen Callil. She is known to dislike Murdoch, and when she commissioned the book she had no reason to suppose that it would be any kinder to him than "Sideshow" was to Dr. Kissinger. Now that Mr. Shawcross has gone over to the enemy, what can she do? Her solution is ingenious, if eccentric: she vehemently maintains that the biography is hostile. "I hate Murdoch, too, you know!" she yelled the other evening. "And I hated him all the more after I'd finished reading Willie's book!"

—FRANCIS WHEEN

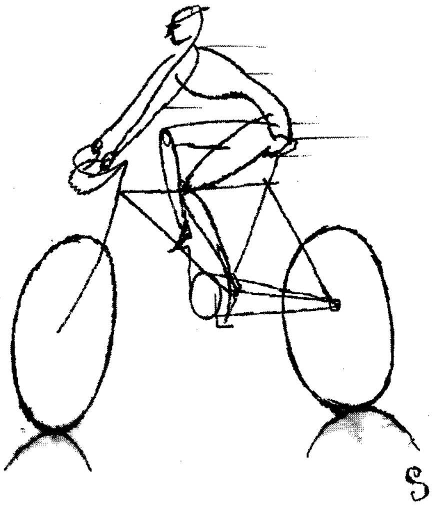
The results of these labors, now on view at the French Embassy on Fifth Avenue, were inspired by a work by a poet for whom balance was never a watchword—"Le Bateau Ivre," the visionary chronicle of rebellion written in 1871 by the sixteen-year-old Arthur Rimbaud. Prints of the drawings—there are twenty-eight—will be released by Thornwillow Press this December, in a limited-edition portfolio. As Despont puts it, "it is not a paperback," and it will sell by subscription for five hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"I love the poem more than I dare to say," says Despont, who pounds the air like a lycée student at a soccer match when he describes it. Ten days before the show's opening, Despont was in his office—in a converted nineteen-twenties bank on lower Greenwich Street—and the drawings were still all over the office's reception area and studios. They were drawn in Conte crayons—a midnight-black mixture of oil and graphite—and with varying degrees of abstraction, showing the phases of the sea change experienced by the narrator in the poem's twenty-five stanzas: fragmenting boats, naked torsos, and dissolving faces floated behind inky washes and swirls. The drawings presided over white, precisely scaled models of mansions for apparel and publishing magnates; over the test cast of the tip of the flame of the Statue of Liberty, whose restoration Despont supervised in the eighties; and over a framed letter from the Prince of Wales, who has named Despont a visiting faculty member of his new architecture school, and who wrote praising hardworking architects "hidden away in obscure corners of the world."

At forty-four, Despont has as his personal heroes men who realized their great work by concentrating their efforts and momentarily transcending "habits or rules that do nothing but limit this tremendous power of creativity." Such people, he says, embody the "flash of someone who, having achieved his dream, then has the strength to leave it at that." He is now writing a book on Nicolas Fouquet, the seventeenth-century French superintendent of finance under Mazarin, who squandered his fortune and his political career on Vaux-le-Vicomte, a château of then unparalleled extravagance, and he hopes next to write about Alexander the Great. "People say, 'Oh, a shame, he died so young.' What could he possibly have done if he'd lived? Become like Louis XIV, an aging and boring monarch who lived like a bishop?"

Rimbaud completed his known oeuvre before he was twenty-one. Despont fell in love with him when most people do, in adolescence. As a teen-ager, he would take hundred-mile walks through the south of France during the summers, shouting "Le Bateau Ivre" from the cliffs of the Lubéron. What appealed to him then was "the notion of rebellion and escape," he says. "Now, when I think of Rimbaud and Fouquet and Alexander, what fascinates me is their creativity and their willingness to push it to the limit when everybody is saying, 'Calm down, relax, take it easy.' "

With offices in Paris as well as New York—and with current projects that include, in addition to the book, a royal palace in Saudi Arabia and the interior of the decorative arts galleries for the new J. Paul Getty Museum in Los Angeles—Despont is not a man anyone can accuse of taking it easy. Still, he admits, a little regretfully, that Andrea Palladio, the sixteenth-century Italian architect, who achieved his first fame only in his forties, is a far more realistic role model. "I'm probably always on the safe side," he says. "Unfortunately, I'm fascinated by these other people, but I don't see myself at all in their league. That's the privilege of *l'homme de culture*. It's to know about that—to know history, to take pleasure in poetry, in literature, in music. I think culture is the escape of an intelligent man without genius, and that's me."



SUCCESS

"I CAME to New York City to write," says the filmmaker Michael Moore. "Too many distractions in Flint." Moore flashes his now familiar smirk, but he's only half joking. He's in New York, all right, in the dismal common room of the posh Upper West Side apartment building where he lives. Outside, sirens shriek, cabbies beep, and boom boxes thump, but no matter. Here he ca[illegible] work. In Flint—well, Flint, Michigan, is not only his home town but the desolate setting of his comic 1989 documentary, "Roger & Me," which raged at General Motors for plant closings and layoffs that, according to Moore, destroyed Flint's economy. The movie achieved the largest box-office gross in documentary history (if you don't count concert films), and it made Moore famous. Too famous. "I was shopping in Flint, and one of the employees got on the phone: 'Attention, K mart shoppers. Michael Moore has entered the store.' Know what I'm saying? And I'm hiding, you know, behind the Valvoline."

Having to blend in with auto supplies is a mark of celebrity by any standard, but Moore's troubles were only beginning. "Pets or Meat," his twenty-three-minute sequel to "Roger & Me," was shown on PBS last week, and the next day Moore's Voicemail was blitzed; he had, rather foolishly, revealed his office phone number in the film. "Three hundred and fourteen calls!" he says. "And that's just the first day. Eighty per cent were people who lost their jobs and wanted to talk to me, but there were some— Well, one guy needed help because he said there was a conspiracy against him involving the government and Sigourney Weaver."

Seeing him again in "Pets or Meat," in his usual bedraggled windbreaker and geeky baseball cap, one realizes that whatever Michael Moore the private citizen once was, he is now Michael Moore the comic character: corpulent, funny, smart-alecky, defiantly working-class. He's been on nearly every major talk show in America, always in the same schlumpy outfit, and people whisper when he trundles into a restaurant; they hound him for autographs. It's not hard to imagine his becoming a kind of left-wing Oliver Hardy, a guerrilla-theatre Groucho—the inspiration for celebrity-look-alike contests and film-school masters theses ("The Myopic as Comic Hero: Harold Lloyd, Woody Allen, Michael Moore").

Except that "Michael Moore" isn't a uniform he dons, the way Chaplin donned the Little Tramp or Paul Reubens slips into Pee-wee Herman. He readily admits that his class-clown persona is something of a coverup. "Underneath all this is a tremendous amount of anger," he says. "The humor part of my personality exists as a way to make sure that I don't play too much with the nitroglycerin. I mean, sometimes I'm frightened to think what I would do if I didn't make these films. I don't know. I don't want to know. Aren't we all just on one side or the other of that line that separates socially acceptable behavior from, you know, long prison terms? I'm just lucky I'm so afraid of group showers."

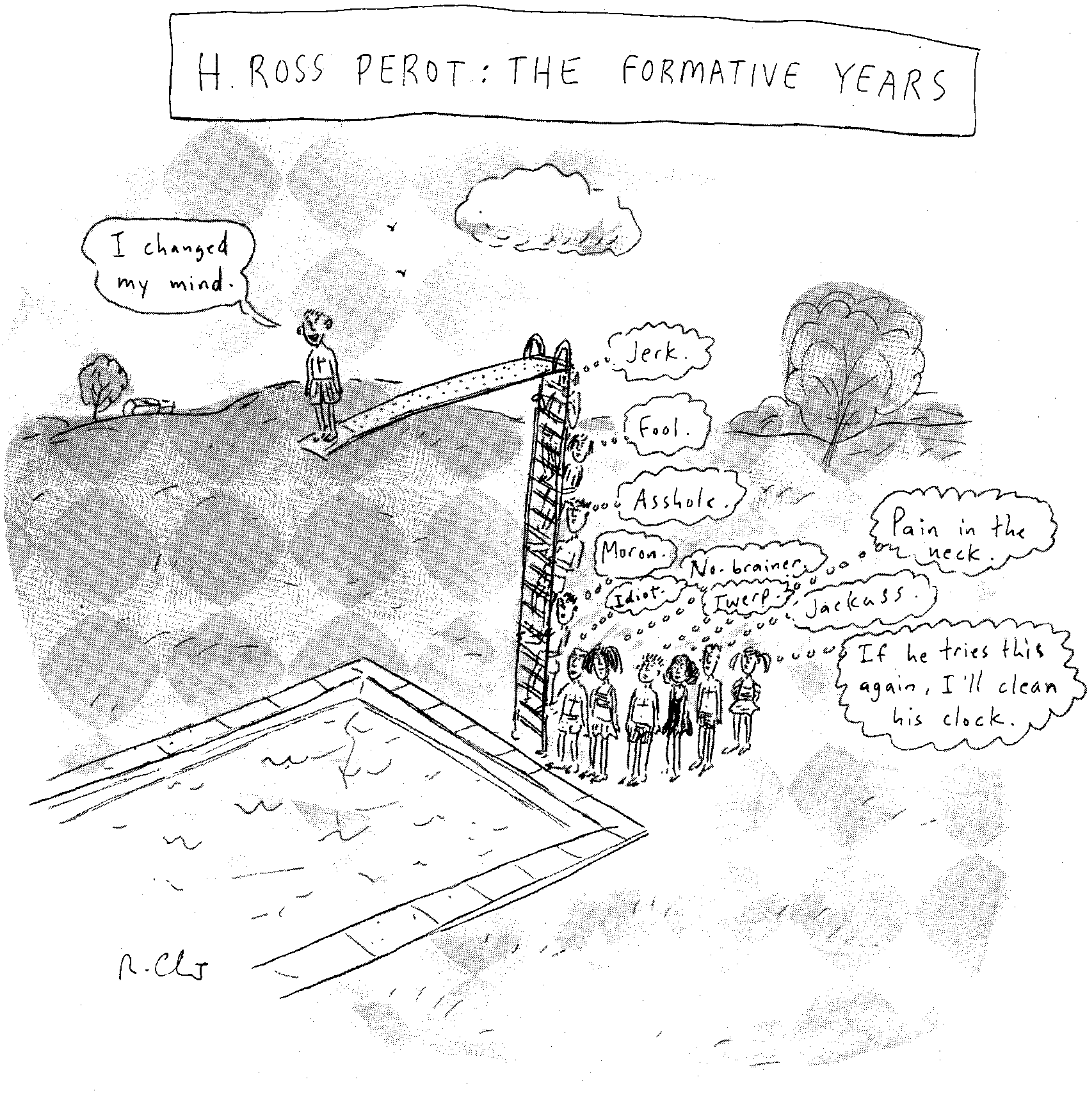
Roger Smith, the General Motors chairman whom Moore pursued throughout "Roger & Me," retired in August of 1990. But General Motors reduced his pension, and one of the running gags in "Pets or Meat" has Moore sympathizing with Smith's loss—so much that he thinks about sending his old adversary a hundred-thousand-dollar check. Nowadays, of course, Moore can afford to, but he's not quite as well off as everyone seems to think. "I'm not a millionaire," he says. "I sold 'Roger & Me' for three million dollars to Warner Brothers. A million went to Uncle Sam in taxes. And of the two million left—well, I set up a foundation. I put a million two in it. The money goes to Flint, to social-change organizations, and to independent filmmakers. In the first eighteen months of the foundation, we've written checks totalling over a quarter of a million dollars—everything from bail money for ACT UP members to financing for two or three films that were in the Telluride and Toronto festivals. The eight hundred thousand that didn't go into the foundation went to fund our film-production company, Dog Eat Dog Films, and also I was two hundred thousand dollars in debt from 'Roger & Me.' Hey, do you know I can't get a credit card to this day? I ruined my credit making 'Roger & Me,' and American Express still won't give me a credit card!" With that, he's off and fuming.

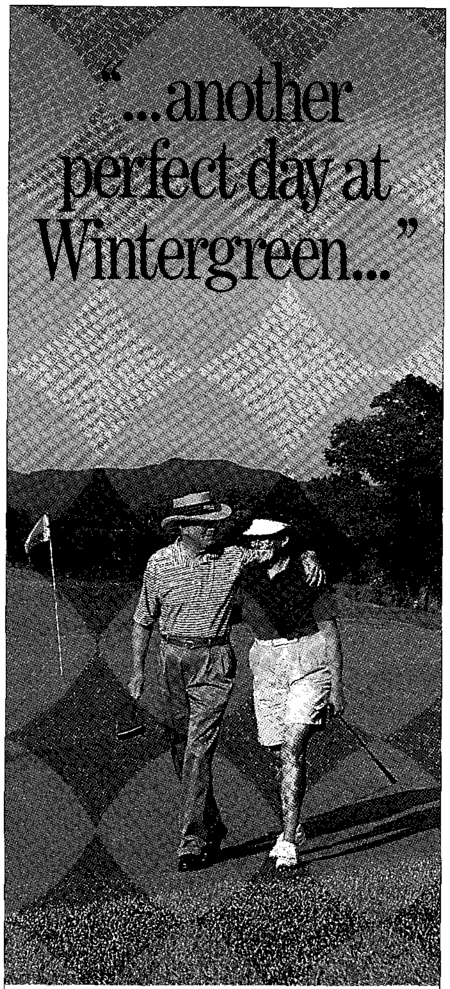
Moore gets angry about a lot of things—about the critics who said that "Roger & Me" played fast and loose with chronology; about what he perceives as cowardice on the part of the TV networks in hesitating to air confrontational documentaries; and, above all, about the depredations of corporate America. "Why shouldn't I be angry?" he says. "Why can't we look at these corporations who in the eighties and nineties have got filthy rich at the expense of millions of people losing their jobs? Why shouldn't I use every device I can to go after them? I mean, what's this objectivity thing about? I don't believe any news you see or read is objective anyway."

But Moore cools down as quickly as he steams up. "Wait a second," he says. "I don't want to come off like that. If you hang out with me, I'm not sitting around the table yelling, 'Yeah, I hate the God-damned corporations!' I really have a much happier view of life. I don't take things too seriously, and I certainly don't take myself too seriously. I have the same friends I had before—I go back to Flint about once a month and I hang out with them. We go to movies a lot, go to the bar. Bowl."

Might his newfound fame strain those friendships?

He shrugs. "It doesn't mean anything. You just gotta bowl later, when the place is empty."

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

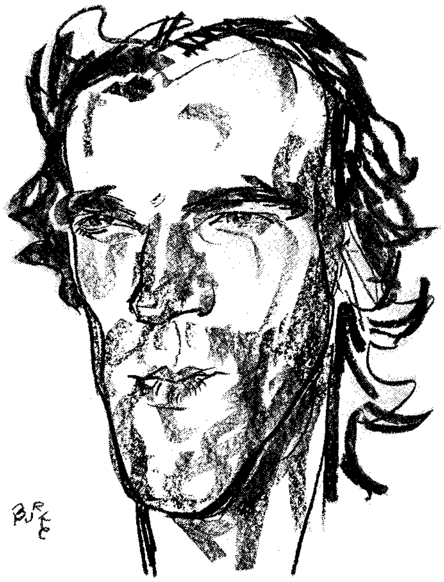
ACTOR FROM THE SHADOWS

by Joan Juliet Buck

WHEN Daniel Day-Lewis was born, on April 29, 1957, his father, the poet Cecil Day-Lewis, greeted him with a poem. "The Newborn" is pastoral, with, as in much of C. Day-Lewis's work, an underlying dread. The second stanza ends:

> this speck of clay
> And spirit shall begin
> To feed on hope,
> To learn how truth blows cold and
> loves betray.

The father was fifty-three years old, and Daniel was the second child of his second marriage, to the actress Jill Balcon. The elder Lewis had been a Communist, part of that circle of British poets satirized as MacSpaunday, for its members: Louis MacNeice, Stephen Spender, W. H. Auden, and C. Day-Lewis. When Daniel was ten, his father became the Poet Laureate of England. When he was fifteen, his father died. "This speck of clay" has since become one of the most startling actors of his generation, astonishing critics in 1986 when he appeared in two films that opened on the same day, playing a gay punk in "My Beautiful Laundrette" and a constricted upper-class turn-of-the-century twit in "A Room with a View." On that same day, the actor was in London, playing Vladimir Mayakovski in Dusty Hughes' "Futurists" at the National Theatre. He told one of the many interviewers who descended upon him, "If I weren't allowed this outlet, there wouldn't be a place for me in society."


Daniel Day-Lewis: The impression he gives is of transition, flux.

PHILIP BURKE

A tall, skinny, athletic man, who runs a couple of miles every morning, he seems to thrive on his own oddness: he owns a house in London but is of no fixed address, undertakes each of his roles as an alchemical transformation, and has perfected the trick of vanishing. He disappeared for nearly a year before the script of "My Left Foot" found its way to him, and for almost two years after his controversial Hamlet at the National Theatre. He emerged from that eclipse to play Hawkeye in Michael Mann's "The Last of the Mohicans," which opened last month, and has recently completed Martin Scorsese's version of Edith Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," in which he plays Newland Archer, who gives up Ellen Olenska, the thing he wants most in life, for the sake of duty.

"Mohicans" actually marked an unusual departure for Day-Lewis. "I'm generally interested by people who don't understand the rules, who don't understand what's happening to them, to their lives, who are confused by the signposts around them," he says. "For once in my life I was fascinated by someone who knew how to read the signs: Hawkeye doesn't suffer from uncertainty. I found the absence of contemporary neurosis fascinating, and highly desirable."

The world that Day-Lewis inhabits is, by contrast, a little like one of the mysterious places in C. S. Lewis's Narnia chronicles, an island that gives off darkness. He seems to exist in bright flashes against a gloom that could be existential despair, Celtic twilight, or deep

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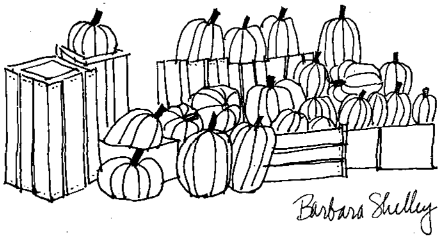
depression. He turns up the darkness by spending large amounts of time alone, often wandering throughout Europe with a small, ancient watercolor set. With it all, he exhibits the charm of an overbright schoolboy on whom influences of an emotional, literary, or poetic nature will make lasting marks. He is concerned, says his sister, Tamasin, with "absolutes, large moral dilemmas"; back in London, he materializes on a racing bike, clad in slick black racing gear, to sit with his friends and discuss, they say, "the important things." He shows regard for and empathy with younger people, such as Matthew Tynan, who was nine when his father, Kenneth Tynan, died; the common ground, unexpressed, is that of children of artists, geniuses, writers, who grow up with a set of strict abstract standards, a lack of material directives about success, and a dead father who lives on as a body of work.

In America, Daniel Day-Lewis is glimpsed in hotel lobbies, fleeting and uncomfortable, with a diffident smile and hair to his shoulders. He checks in under pseudonyms, keeps to his room, occasionally disappears into huge studio cars. When he is in this country, it is either to become someone else or to receive awards for having done so. The impression he gives is of transition, flux. "I always prefer to leave before I feel unwelcome," he said recently. "I feel the urge to escape, but I'm taking a lot of herbs for it," he added, cracking a small glass vial containing a brown liquid. "If I haven't done a runner in six months, we'll know they've worked." His personal life, which he keeps as secret as he can, has thus far failed to jell into marriage or children. He has been involved in long relationships with women whose names he prefers to keep to himself. For the last three years, he has been involved quietly, intermittently, but apparently intensely with the French actress Isabelle Adjani; rumors of a marriage and rumors of a breakup routinely surface, usually at the same time.

In London, what separates Day-Lewis from his contemporaries—even from the skeptical, ironic milieu of Notting Hill Gate life, which was the locus, in the last decade, of a renaissance of films, made mostly for England's Channel Four—is his Irishness. Ireland, says the National Theatre's artistic director, Richard Eyre, is important to Daniel, because "the Irish identity is a release for him, away from the surface English middle-class identity; being Irish releases his inhibitions." Under a magnolia tree at the Hotel Bel-Air in Los Angeles, with desert boots on his feet and a small Navajo silver necklace, along with a Tibetan silk cord, around his neck, he talks about Ireland. His father was born in County Laois, but he never took his children there; the family spent holidays farther west, at the Errisaesk Guest House, in Connemara, for two years, and later at Old Head, County Mayo. There were horse races on the beach at low tide, "with two poles stuck in the sand and the tinkers setting up illegal betting booths," Day-Lewis recalls. "One year, Tamasin rode in the race, and one year I fell in love with a girl from the town on a beautiful chestnut horse, with her black hair flying." He talks in an Irish accent, which dips slightly into the flat tones of Southeast London. "The connection is to do with the nature of the place, not only the cultural heritage. My father wrote a book of poems called 'The Whispering Roots' about his connection, and I understand, from my point of view through him, all the feelings he has about that place, so it feels like home":

And still the land compels me; not ancestral
Ghosts, nor regret for childhood's fabled charms,
But a rare peacefulness, consoling, festal,
As if the old religion we oppressed all
Those years folded the stray within a father's arms.

Day-Lewis wears a Claddagh ring, the Irish friendship ring, on which two hands meet at a crowned heart. His is gold. His next project, a film set to begin in January, is Irish. But he remains a traveller in the homeland. It is Tamasin—she is an independent documentary filmmaker married to John Shearer, the BBC's head of broadcasting for the south of England—who bought a house in Mayo, the purchase of which whipped the local population into great excitement, because the name Day-Lewis, since his Academy Award for "My Left Foot," has achieved heroic resonance in Ireland. "I've got the house, he's got the passport," Tamasin says.



C. DAY-LEWIS, true to his socialist principles, had sent his young son to a state primary school in South London, near their home, a Georgian house in Greenwich. There Daniel acquired his yob accent, a group of disreputable friends, and the habit of knocking around in the streets and coarse fishing in the Thames. He was sent to his first boarding school after his parents realized what a poor education he was getting, and eventually he joined his sister at Bedales, a progressive school in Petersfield, Hampshire, founded in 1893 as an alternative to the conventional public-school system.

By then, he and Tamasin had put on plays in London at the home of their grandfather Michael Balcon, the head of Ealing Studios. "I did a one-boy show of Pinter's 'The Dumb Waiter' when I was about ten. I don't think I ever learned the play, exactly—just bits, and I made up the rest. But for me it *was* 'The Dumb Waiter.' " While at Bedales, Daniel briefly joined the National Youth Theatre, which left him with "bad thoughts about the theatre," he says. "Having been completely convinced that theatre was the only plausible life for me, I decided there was something intrinsically very seedy and distasteful about it." He describes himself at the time as "very spotty, very spotty, quite morose, quite sullen. I met up with a friend of mine years later, and he said, 'What I remember about you is your saying, "Want to come down the Edgware Road to get a flick knife?" ' I think my father was preoccupied with whether I'd survive as a human being, because the last couple of years before he died I got into a lot of trouble: usual stuff, shoplifting—*that* was the end of the world—and smoking and drinking and messing around with girls."

His mother's best friend was Elizabeth Jane Howard, the novelist, who was married to Kingsley Amis, and when C. Day-Lewis was dying of cancer of the pancreas, the Day-Lewises went to live in the Amis house, where a nurse was already in residence for Elizabeth

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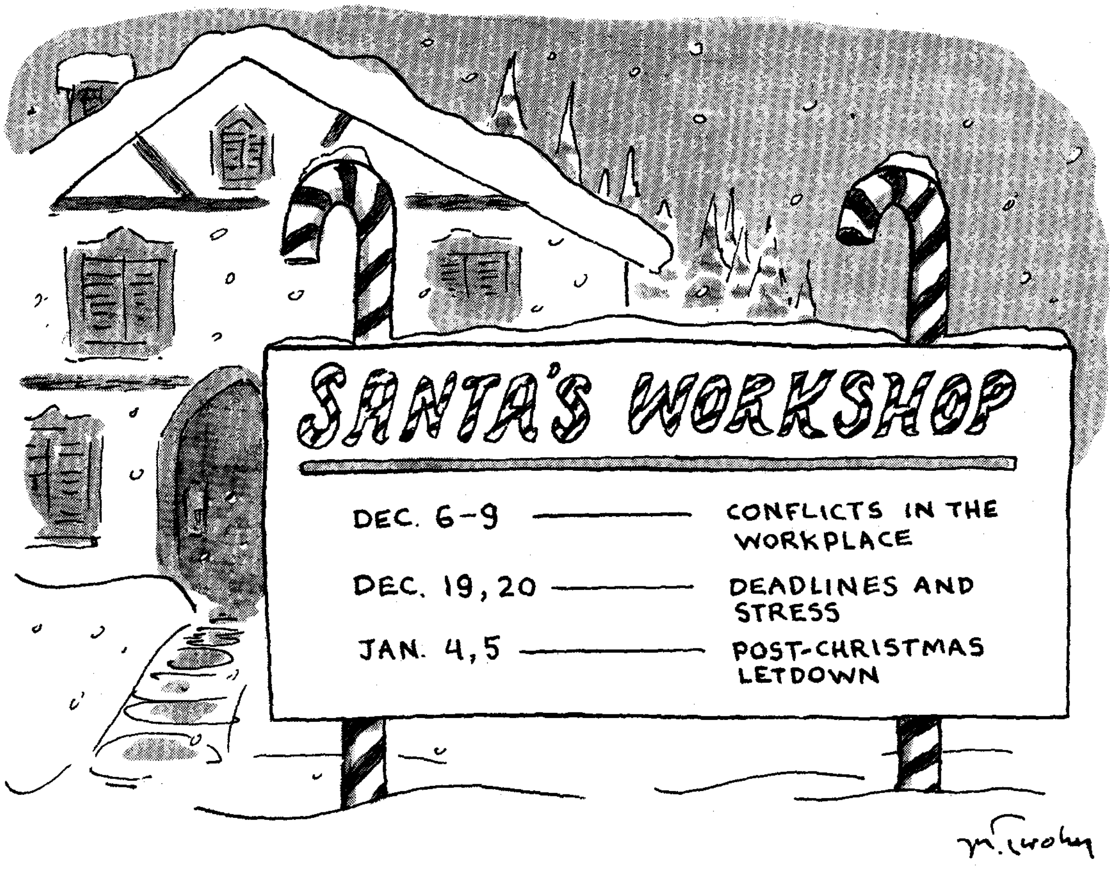
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"For righteous indignation, no one can match Henry Kissinger."

Jane Howard's mother. Daniel was awed by "the ferociously high-powered banter between Kingsley and Martin," he says. "They had a severe wit that made you feel like a cockroach in the corner, made me not want to do anything that would announce my presence in the room." Martin Amis remembers Daniel as "tall and skinny and spotty, with a very strong positive charge, the way some people can also have a negative charge. I have a clear visual memory of him loping, sidling around with his head in the air, not cowed by the situation."

C. Day-Lewis died on May 22, 1972. Daniel was brought in from Bedales at the very end. "I was brutal about my father's death," he says. "I thought, He's not alive anymore, life goes on—and I didn't think about it for a couple of years." Last spring, in a piece he wrote for the London *Observer*, he described the moment thus: "I sat grandly at his death bed amidst a circle of bright-eyed, attentive women that Lorca might have arranged, poised in their preparation for an imminent death, ravenous for grief, on the cusp of mourning. I was holding his right hand, which had been presented to me with absurd gravity and which remained the only recognizable part of a wasted, prematurely cadaverous body. Since that bizarre, alienated, emotionless first encounter with the great scythe, which left me reeling from my own indifference, my sense of loss has grown, soured, devoured, belched and finally purified into what it is now—the eternal certainty of grief, ignorance and the mystery of love."

Back at Bedales, it was woodworking that he chose to throw himself into. He was, in the school parlance, "Select," one of the élite—a position he valued. He did not return to the National Youth Theatre after his first summer there. "I decided I wanted to load lorries instead," he says. "That corresponded with a misconception about another way of life—that of the craftsman who lives peacefully, in touch with his work, with that tactile relationship, every day. It wasn't entirely unfounded, because all the craftsmen I'd met had been wonderful people, and it seemed an obvious connection between them and the work and the things they touched, the tools and the wood. The workshop was a sanctuary, and when it came time to leave school I was in a dilemma. I applied for an apprenticeship with John Makepeace, the cabinetmaker. I didn't want to be a designer, I wanted to be a craftsman. I wanted to be subservient; wanted to see through the ideas of somebody else. I was terrified of the responsibility of creativity. I probably felt my mind wasn't a place where I was comfortable."

At sixteen, he took a huge dose of migraine pills. "I didn't know that I was messing with hallucinogenics, or that they had a cumulative effect. I took enough to keep me hallucinating for a fortnight. They're probably still in my system. I haven't had a migraine since." In a severe state of disorientation, he ended up in a mental hospital, and was treated there as a heroin addict. "I had to give my greatest performance of sanity" in order to get out, he says. He then applied to just one theatre school, the Bristol Old Vic, so that if he didn't get in "it would be a sign from the gods it was not meant to be." He was accepted at Bristol just as John Makepeace found a place for him, and he chose Bristol. His doubts were temporarily resolved: "Acting was the only acceptable alternative to being a real person."

In three years at Bristol, he learned to get on with people, and after the embarrassment of ballet class and the shock of "being encouraged to make a complete jerk of myself" he did interesting work: Nigel Williams' "Class Enemy," in which six lower-class schoolboys excoriate everything within reach, and "Funny Peculiar," by Mike Stott. "I played a strange boy named Stanley who's always getting in the way and saying things like 'Where I go for training there's a lad sold his head.' He had greasy, lank hair, vacuum-formed Corfam shoes with elastic sides, and slightly short polyester-mix gray trousers." He also played the more compelling parts of Jimmy Porter in John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger" and the lead in Chris Bond's "Dracula." "But 'Look Back in Anger' looked so tame after 'Class Enemy,' which was the ultimate expression of working-class rage."

He recalls, "I had a misconception about theatre, as about cabinetmaking. One by one, the veils were lifted, and I began to see what the possibilities

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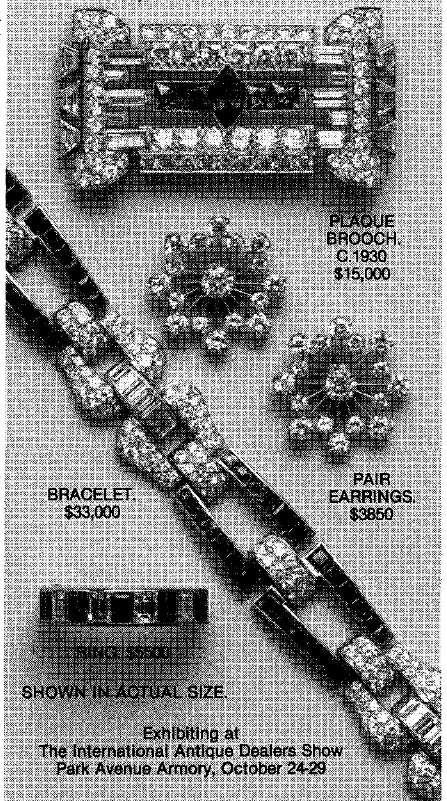

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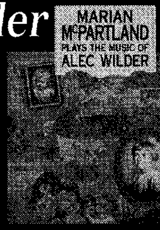

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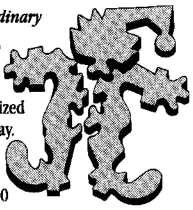

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there was hair on his arms, his feet looked big and scuffly in their brown boots. In New York, he checked into a small hotel that approximated, within the limits of architecture and the difficulty of finding good help these days, a grand house of the nineteenth century. For a while there, he was himself. His shoulder-length hair was now just below his ears, and on his cheeks grew impressive Bismarck whiskers. Then, abruptly, he was gone. A little later, it turned out that he had never left but was now registered as Newland Archer.

His suite had two smallish rooms, the more public one set with dark polished furniture; a small bronze of a horse pranced on the coffee table. Soon his hair was short and shaped, and the whiskers had retreated to the size of civilized sideburns. His limbs, which only recently had seemed made for striding across great wildernesses, now moved with the constraint of one used to dodging velvet portières hung with fringe and tassels. Martin Scorsese was leading him and the cast—Michelle Pfeiffer as the Countess Olenska, Winona Ryder as May Welland, Richard E. Grant as the slimy Lawrence Lefferts—in rehearsals, but Day-Lewis had gone ahead, already almost Archer. The Tibetan silk cord and the Navajo silver necklace were no longer visible; instead of denim he wore a white shirt buttoned to the top, and a tie, and a vest, and a jacket. In the umbrella stand in the suite's tiny foyer rested a walking stick, and on it a homburg, with the thick rolled rim that you see on no other hat. In a mahogany chest of drawers were arranged his tapes and CDs: Irish folk music, Irish jazz, Irish singers in one drawer, and, in another, requiems. He was playing Fauré's "Requiem," and the infinite repetitive sadness of the piece hung low in the room, like a particular kind of weather.

The suite seemed to be the chambers of a faintly aesthetic and very stiff gentleman of Old New York, who leafed through a thick book of poems, found one called "Stephanotis," and produced from the next room some fourteen little bottles of cologne, which he arranged on the low table. Some had been sent from Paris by Isabelle Adjani. One smelled of hay, another of herbs, another of after-shave; there was Blenheim Bouquet and Floris's Stephanotis. He was concerned, in a playful yet entirely serious way, with finding Archer's scent. The surfeit of odors made one giddy.

The book was the first complete edition of C. Day-Lewis's poems, published in England on the twentieth anniversary of his death. It was just the galleys, but Daniel hadn't seen it before. He kept opening it to look for specific things—poems or something else. First, he found "Walking Away," written for one of C. Day-Lewis's two sons by his first marriage—the eldest, Séan. He read the end aloud:

> How selfhood begins with a
> walking away,
> And love is proved in the letting
> go.

Then he found the one written for him and Tamasin. He held the book open and talked about his father, glanced at the page again, and then read it aloud:

> Forgive my coldnesses, now past
> recall,
> Angers, injustice, moods contrary,
> mean or blind;
> And best, my dears, forgive
> Yourselves, when I am gone, for all
> Love-signals you ignored and for
> the fugitive
> Openings you never took into my
> mind.

"How could we?" he asked. "How did we know they were there?" And he put the book down and paced, and mentioned Britten's "War Requiem," which led to a long story, but a story that was never finished, because then he was talking about Wilfred Owen, an edition of whose collected poems his father had edited. He quoted the poem called "Futility." And he talked about death, and said, "Did we have the chance to take those openings? I don't think we did."

In parting, he said, "Another day, another death," and it was a sort of joke; but the willed lugubrious atmosphere of the room had taken over, a flirtation with misery that had become just misery. Not quite Newland Archer, not even an actor preparing. Something else.

"He will never be cynical," Richard Eyre said a short time afterward. "He's remarkable, because there's a lot of pain. You wish him less pain, but it seems cruel to wish anything for him that would make him less himself."

"Fauré's 'Requiem'?" Tamasin said, weeks later. "I love it. They played it at our father's memorial." ◆

THE SKY LINE

ENDANGERED SPECIES

by Brendan Gill

A TAWNY fortress fashioned of brownstone, glazed brick, terra-cotta, and cast iron, 700 Broadway is one of the handsomest loft buildings in the city. Standing at the northeast corner of East Fourth Street and Broadway, it was built by members of the Schermerhorn family in the early eighteen-nineties, to designs by the celebrated architect George Browne Post. At first glance, the style of the building strikes one as being somewhat archaic for its day; indeed, it closely resembles, though on a smaller scale, the red brick, Romanesque New York Produce Exchange building, which Post designed in the eighties, and which, occupying a prominent site on Bowling Green, was knocked down in the nineteen-fifties, before the enactment of our present landmarks-preservation laws. Post was often adventurous—he was a pioneer in the development of the skyscraper—and 700 Broadway may owe its *retardataire* appearance to the fact that the Schermerhorns, an old Dutch family, were inclined to equate the newfangled with the frivolous. Nevertheless, Post was permitted an inconspicuous gesture of playfulness on the building's cornice: it is decorated with a band of grimacing terra-cotta gargoyles (including one that may be a mischievous portrait of the architect himself).

SCOTT MENCHIN

Like many another Broadway building, 700, as it aged, suffered declining revenues and diminished maintenance; its upper floors were filled with illegal sweatshops, and its ground floor was occupied by retail shops that came and went. Even the boom in old-loft structures which in the past two decades has transformed and enriched SoHo, a few blocks to the south, left 700 mostly empty and approaching a state of ruin. Then, in 1990, it was bought by the National Audubon Society, to serve as the Society's headquarters, and the task of turning it into an office building was handed over to the Croxton Collaborative, an architectural firm headed by Randolph Croxton and Kirsten Childs. The Collaborative specializes in what it describes as ecologically informed design, "embracing all environmental concerns from energy conservation to recycling to preventing sick-building syndrome."

Architects and city planners have come to use "sustainability" as the umbrella word under which ambitious urban goals are commingled. Sustainability can be defined as a dynamic balance between the needs of an urban population and the flow of resources required to support it. Most of the great cities of the world, including New York City, are in this sense plainly not sustainable. They are mindlessly profligate, depleting their assets at a rate that will sooner or later reduce them to beggary. Could New York City be made sustainable? If it could, then what are the means already available to us and what would it cost us to make use of them? Having asked these questions, the National Audubon Society hopes that its new headquarters building will supply some answers.

THE National Audubon Society once concerned itself only with birds; in recent years, under the presidency of Peter A. A. Berle, it has broadened its range to include a militant defense of our natural environment wherever it is threatened. At the moment, the Society's high-priority campaigns include protection of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge from development by the oil industry; protection of the forests of the Pacific Northwest from the lumbering industry; protection of the Platte River

The talk of Paris

◆

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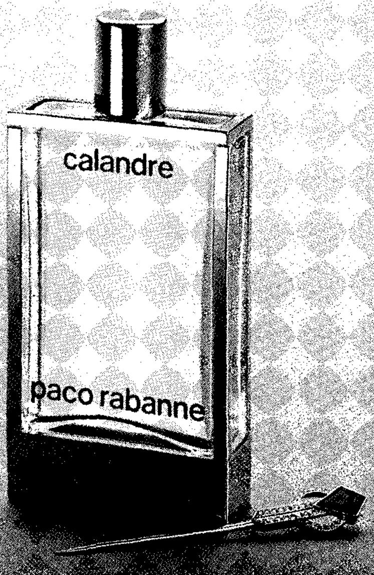

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from development by sponsors of hydropower and irrigation projects in Colorado, Wyoming, and Nebraska; and protection of innumerable wetlands that speculators in real estate are eager to buy, drain, and cram with housing developments.

A couple of years ago, when the Society decided that it needed larger quarters, Berle saw the coming move as an opportunity to create a model environment not only for the employees of the Society but also for the public at large, here in New York City and throughout the country. To Berle and his colleagues it seemed appropriate for the Society to proceed from protecting the natural environment to protecting the urban environment as well. If many birds are in the category of endangered species, so, in a sense, are many city dwellers. Not that, with the population of our cities constantly on the rise, we are in danger of outright extinction; but we *are* in danger of a number of illnesses, mental as well as physical, that emerge from the circumstances in which we work and pass our leisure time. A seemingly immaculate new office building may manifest what has come to be called sick-building syndrome—a clinical condition traceable in part to the materials of which a building is constructed and in part to the means employed to heat and cool it. A sick building becomes an occasion for sickness in its occupants: the Environmental Protection Agency asserts that such sicknesses cost the national economy roughly sixty billion dollars a year through worker absence and reduced productivity. Old office buildings, especially when they have undergone a series of hit-or-miss remodellings over the years, are similarly apt to be unhealthy places for *civis urbanus* to pass his days in.

The Schermerhorn building offered a particularly appealing challenge. Because of its dilapidated condition, it could be bought cheap—for ten million dollars, or approximately what the land alone was thought to be worth—and this low price permitted the Society to spend a considerable sum—fourteen million dollars—on the building's restoration and improvement. The over-all cost of what would then amount to a brand-new structure would be considerably less than the cost of an equivalent structure built from scratch. The amount saved—in this case, estimated at many millions of dollars—is a critical aspect of the project. Both the Audubon Society and the Croxton Collaborative are of the opinion that the cost of an ideally efficient building must be seen to be competitive with that of a conventionally inefficient one. Otherwise, it will fail as a model—will, in fact, prove counterproductive, demonstrating to commercial-minded businesspeople that "eco nuts" are nuts.

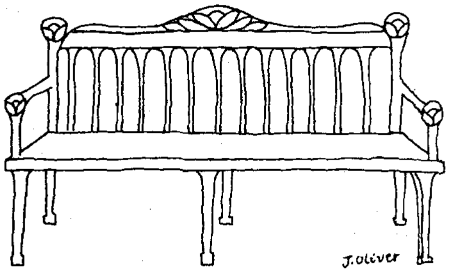
When the Croxton Collaborative received the commission for the Audubon building, it had already established a reputation for combined idealism and hardheadedness in its remodelling of three floors of offices in a building on West Twentieth Street to serve as the headquarters of the Natural Resources Defense Council. The Council's own published estimates state:

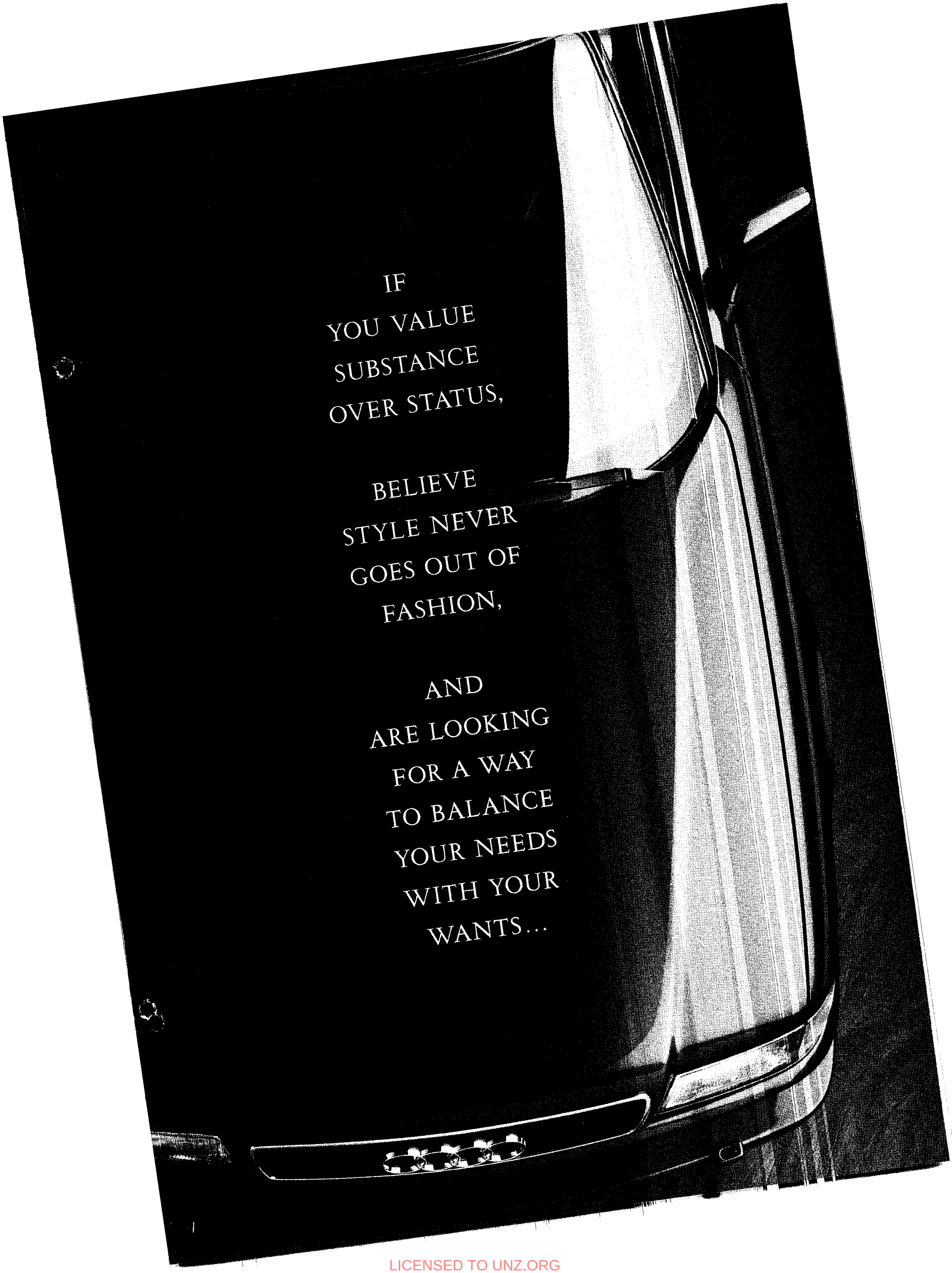
> If the heating and air-conditioning systems in every American office were as efficient as N.R.D.C.'s, we could save sixty billion dollars in avoided power-plant construction costs. We could also reduce the amount of ozone-depleting CFCs (chlorofluorocarbons) used for air-conditioning by twenty-five per cent. . . . If N.R.D.C.'s lighting improvements were duplicated nationwide, we could avoid the generating capacity equivalent to all the nuclear power plants in the country. . . . If N.R.D.C.'s "thermal envelope" of ceiling and wall insulation, window coatings, and other strategies for reducing oil consumption were duplicated nationwide, we could reverse the environmentally destructive "greenhouse effect" by directly reducing the level of carbon dioxide and other gases that contribute to global warming. . . . If all offices adopted N.R.D.C.'s office recycling program and use of recycled paper, we could save thirty million trees each year.

The means of achieving these astonishing results are not as exotic as one might think: the Croxton Collaborative prides itself on making use only of building materials and furnishings that are already available in the marketplace and that therefore add to the initial cost of a project a sum so small that it can be recovered within three to five years.

The National Audubon Society headquarters project, though larger and more complex than the N.R.D.C. project, is using similar methods to achieve efficiency and preserve the physical well-being of its employees. To begin with, the building itself may be said to be an example of successful recycling: remodelling it instead of demolishing it has preserved three hundred tons of steel, nine thousand tons of masonry, and five hundred and sixty tons of concrete, to say nothing of the energy and the raw materials that would be required for the erection of a new building. (And many of the products used in the remodelling contain recycled materials.) It may also be said that certain architectural details of the building are being recycled: having a high regard for natural light, the Croxton Collaborative has taken advantage of the ample windows in the Schermerhorn building—windows that, in the blessed old-fashioned way, still open and shut—to conserve energy by sandwiching a transparent Heat Mirror between double panes of glass, which will keep out the sun's heat rays in summer and retain interior heat in winter.

In addition, because the walls and roof of the building have three times the amount of insulation customary in contemporary office buildings, the amount of air-conditioning and heating required is greatly diminished. By making use of a gas-powered heating and cooling unit instead of an electric one, the building will not only save money but also emit sixty per cent less carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide, the principal gases responsible for the greenhouse effect. The system provides six changes of filtered air per hour—twice the usual number—with a much higher than usual ratio of fresh air to filtered. A high-speed airflow system is designed to prevent a buildup of moisture in the air ducts, which is known to create a breeding ground for disease-bearing bacteria and fungi. The worn wooden floors of the building are being covered with sheets of Homasote, a product that is manufactured from recycled newsprint and is both sound-absorbent and comfortable underfoot; the Homasote is covered with dye-free, nontoxic padding and carpet. (Plywood has been avoided as much as possible throughout the interior, since the manufacturing of it gives off toxic formaldehyde gas.) It has been calculated that

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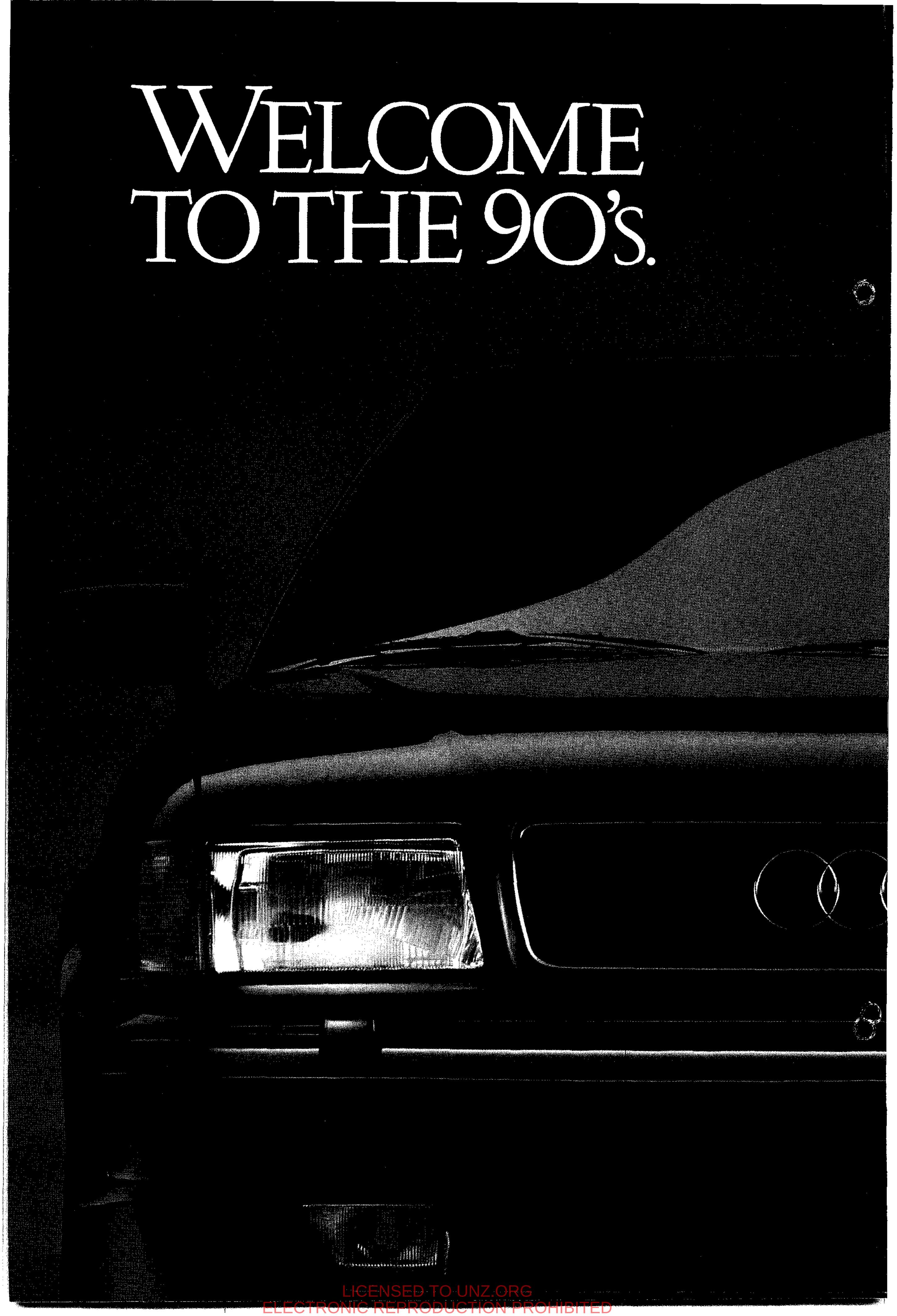
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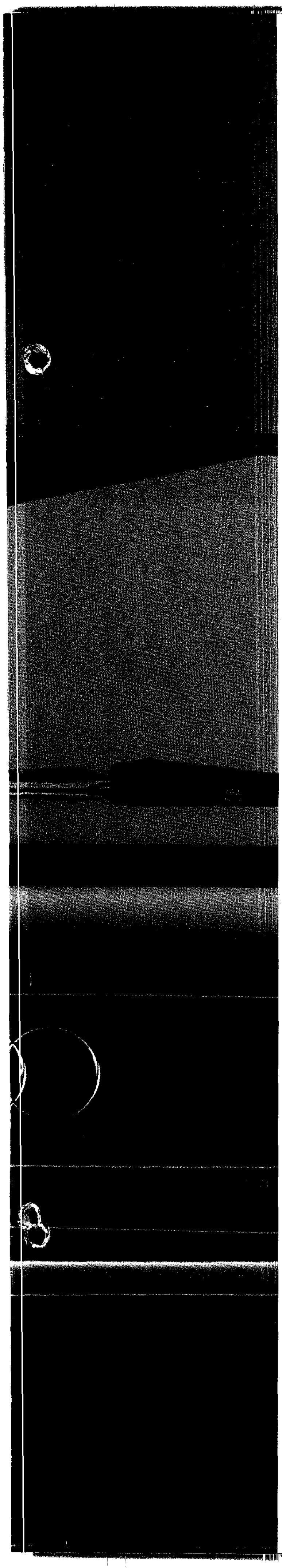

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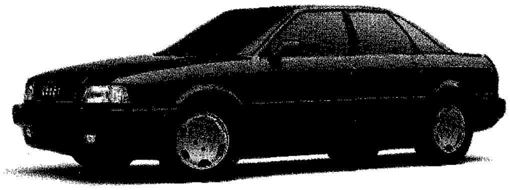

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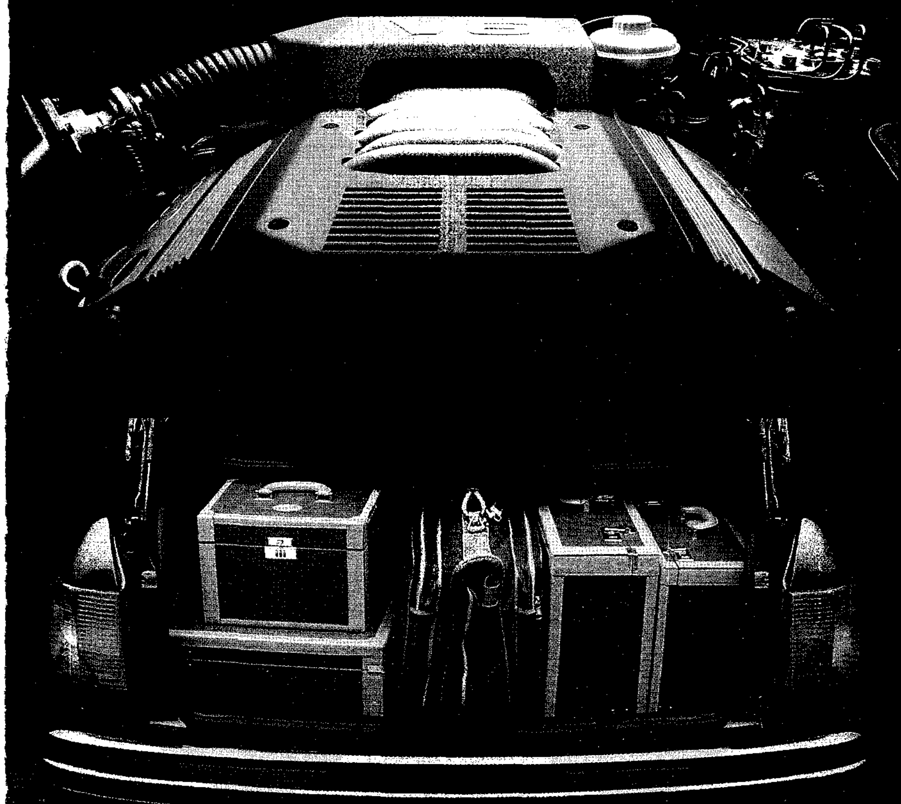

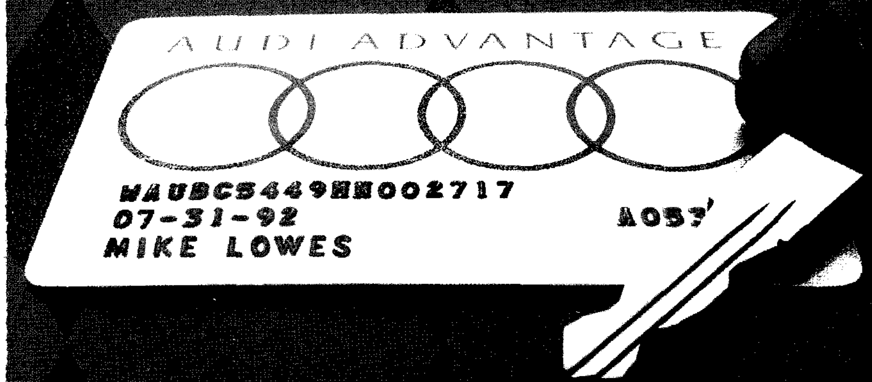

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most American offices waste eighty cents of every dollar spent on lighting. The over-all, or ambient, lighting in the Audubon offices is much less intense than that in most office buildings and is supplemented by so-called task lighting, employed at close range. With the help of sensors, lights in individual offices go on and off automatically, depending on whether the offices are occupied.

Perhaps the most ambitious of all the Audubon's ecological goals is its internal recycling system. The intention is to recycle eighty per cent of the waste materials that accumulate daily from all the products that enter its headquarters. Four steel chutes descend from floor to floor, with each chute devoted to a particular waste material: high-quality white paper, mixed paper, food waste, and aluminum and plastic waste. Other materials—newspapers, glass, and hazardous items—are collected on each floor, where desks are equipped with three-slot wastepaper baskets for separating such refuse by type. The chutes terminate in a recycling center in the sub-basement, where waste is processed and packaged for transport to the appropriate destination. Cans and plastic bottles are crushed; newspaper and cardboard are bound; hazardous waste is securely enclosed for pickup; and food and other biodegradable waste is composted and used in potted plants throughout the building and in a terrace garden on the roof.

We New Yorkers have reason to be grateful to the Natural Resources Defense Council and to the National Audubon Society for demonstrating the means by which at least the *beginnings* of sustainability can be achieved. What if, in some future boom, the tens of billions of dollars that would be spent on gaudy, gimcrack, totally inefficient new office and apartment buildings could be spent on retrofitting the host of aging but still largely intact office and apartment buildings that we already possess—billions that would be recovered within a handful of years by the reduced costs of operating the renovated buildings? Here in the heart of our city stands the old Schermerhorn fortress, newly aglow with the promise of a hundred or more years of useful life. What kind of city administration, apprised of the facts that it embodies, would not immediately set about drafting a program based on them? ♦

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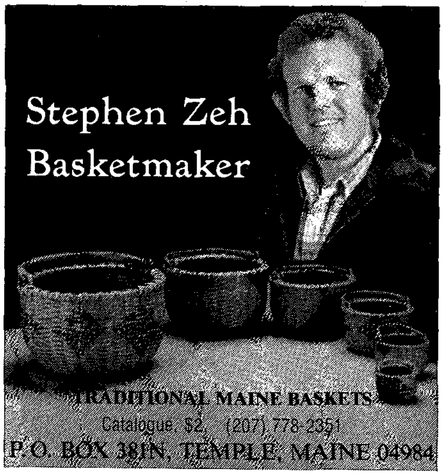

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REFLECTIONS

THE CHILDREN OF MALCOLM

by Marshall Frady

"Do you know *why* the white man really hates you?" Malcolm X would ask his black congregations in the nineteen-sixties. "It's because every time he sees your face he sees a mirror of his crime—and his guilty conscience can't bear to face it." In the midst of what seemed the high moral adventure of Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s nonviolent civil-rights campaigns, Malcolm appeared as some marginal shadow-figure of wrath, always paralleling King's progress. A ghetto street hustler turned grimly austere evangelist for a racial subsect of Islam known as the Black Muslims, he became one of those unnerving black figures who periodically rise up before the eyes of white society as an image of its own systematic dehumanization, at once a casualty of and a judgment upon America's racism. In ghostly black-and-white news footage from that time, he can be glimpsed at street rallies of inner-city blacks—a long, lank, sober-suited figure, hatted and bespectacled—excoriating the white man in a level, measured tone with rapid licks of scorn: "We don't want to have anything to do with any race of dogs." Spearing his forefinger in the air, he cries, "Two-legged white dogs sicking four-legged dogs on your and my mother!"

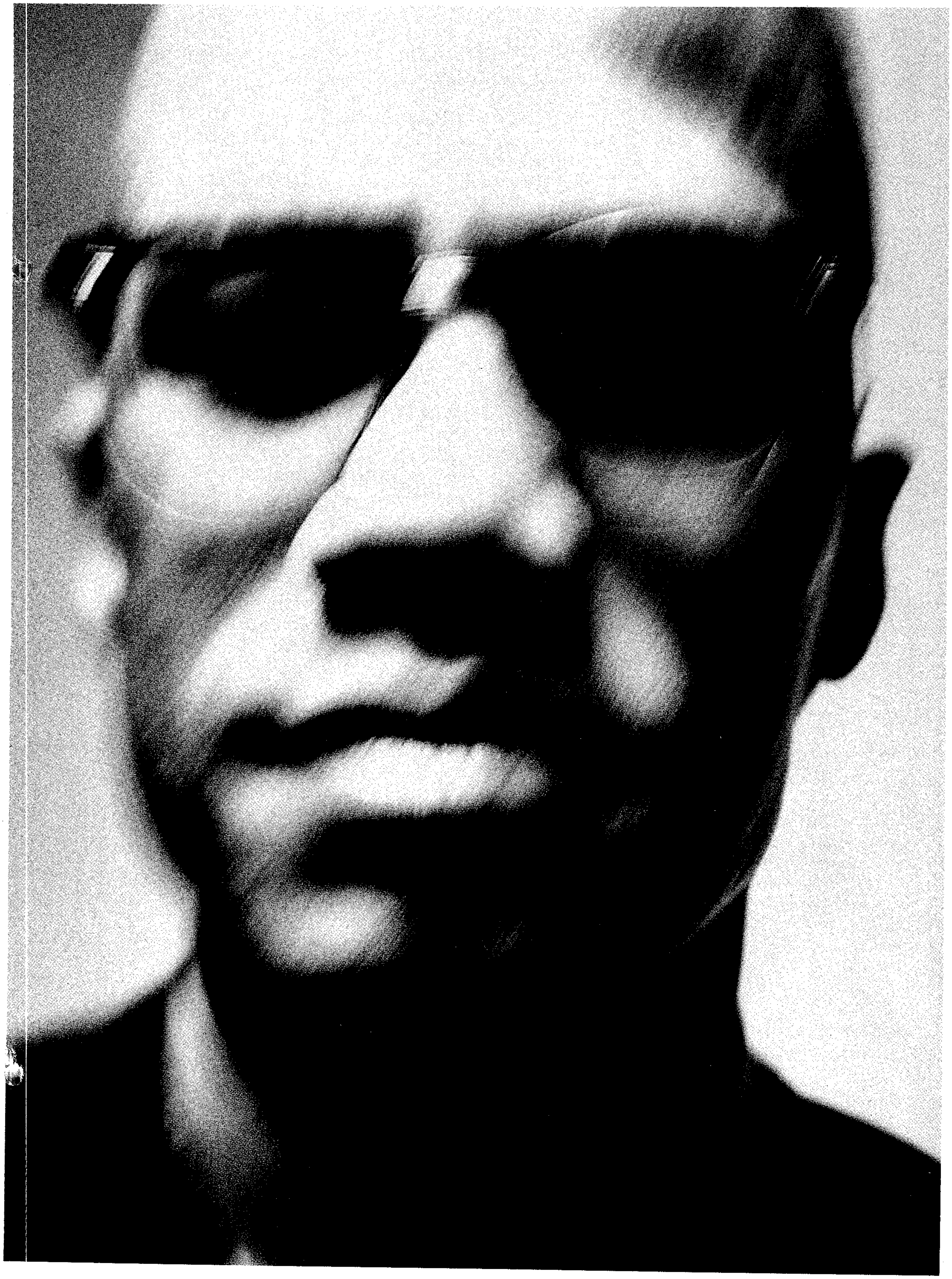
Twenty-seven years after his sudden death, in a bedlam of gunfire in a Harlem auditorium, his presence still hangs palpably among us. It's not merely in the speckling of "X"s on caps and T-shirts which one now sees everywhere (even on Bill Clinton's jogging cap)—a ubiquitous pop rash that has anticipated the film biography by Spike Lee. In this cinematic Second Coming, Malcolm promises finally to pass, in one form at least, into the mythology of America. Of course, such theatrical reconstructions, like "JFK" and "Mississippi Burning," can work their own polemically simplistic vandalisms on the past, coarsening the collective memory from which our understanding of our own times is formed.

Beyond his ascension into the pop firmament, though, Malcolm abides among us in a far more elemental sense. From the turbulent black awakening of the sixties, two lines of descent—two temperaments, two potentials—have contended for the spirit of black Americans: a tension between the children of Martin and the children of Malcolm. Though King's perspective was far more radical than the eventual sentimentalism about him would lead one to suppose, it was suggested even in his day that his vision—of a transcendent, nonviolent struggle of moral confrontation that would shame a racist and essentially barbarous society into redemption—could never be more than a dream. But if it could be said that King's vision expected too much of the species, Malcolm's seemed a vision of humankind's nature reduced to the basest, most minimal terms of anger and retribution for abuse. Malcolm proclaimed to his black audiences that only fools "could love someone who had treated them as the white man has treated you." He demonized the abuser as a "blue-eyed white devil," genetically beyond any moral appeal, who would never consent to admit blacks into his company and was unworthy of such ambitions anyway—a predator who could properly be handled only with contempt and threat.

To no small degree, Martin and Malcolm were projections of two separate black cultures. King, the son of an eminent minister, had grown up in the comfortable insulation of Atlanta's black gentility—part of that black establishment eager to join in a civil-rights coalition with the nation's white liberal community. Malcolm, on the other hand, arose from the lowest reaches of the black urban underclass. In "The Autobiography of Malcolm X," narrated shortly before his death to Alex Haley, Malcolm acknowledged, "I know nothing about the South. I am a creation of the Northern white man and of his hypocritical attitude toward the Negro"—an attitude closer, actually, to that of the nation as a whole.

It is now clear that Malcolm was in communion with submerged heats of anger far more widespread in the black community than most whites ever suspected. Peter Goldman, in his discerning 1973 biography, "The Death and Life of Malcolm X," reports that when he was a newspaperman in St. Louis in the early sixties "a bewildered cop told me that even the hookers and boosters were calling him a blue-eyed devil and would only talk to his black partner." Concurrent with King's nonviolent campaigns in the South was the emergence around the country of such guerrilla militants as the Black Panthers and radical young activists like Stokely Carmichael and H. Rap Brown, with their cries for "black power!" What disturbed some observers about this new phase of the movement was a contraction of its moral terms to a bitter cynicism that saw the human lot as one of hopeless racial alienation. I was covering the civil-rights movement in the South then, and one summer night in Greenwood, Mississippi, as King was conducting a mass meeting of fifteen hundred blacks in a local church, I sensed Malcolm's effect even there. King's voice pealed over the gathering, "We have a power that's greater than all the guns in Mississippi, greater than all the bombs and armies of the world—we have the power of our *souls!*" From several young partisans of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee scattered around the back of the church, there arose a counterpoint of derisive hoots: "Oh, de *Lawd!* De *Lawd*, now!"

If, all these years later, the tensions between the visions of Martin and Malcolm have endured in the black community, it can sometimes appear that Malcolm's flat, blank anger has carried the day—and not merely in a certain style of attitude, as evidenced by the swagger and bluster of many rap artists. How Malcolm's presence far more deeply lingers among us was illuminated by the recent upheavals in Los Angeles, after the acquittal of the policemen tried for the beating of Rodney King. But if the lasting racial alienations in America would seem to put King's high moral



Malcolm X, photographed by Richard Avedon in New York City, 1963.

proposition in doubt, the irony is that at the time Malcolm was slain he had begun to move away from the fierce, implacable persona to which his mystique and his children have now fastened. He had broken with the Black Muslims, and in the last year of his life he had been venturing, however tentatively and unevenly, beyond the insular racial delirium of their doctrine and was approaching a more open and conciliatory vision—a vision closer, if still only in certain nuances, to King's own. James H. Cone, in his recent book "Martin & Malcolm & America," writes that "they *complemented* and *corrected* each other." Malcolm, in fact, was killed in the midst of a kind of metamorphosis. Just three days before his death, he confessed to a reporter, "I'm man enough to tell you that I can't put my finger on exactly what my philosophy is now." Charles Kenyatta, one of his followers at the time, recently told me, "All this hype now, they're trying to give the false image that Malcolm had come to be the Saviour of black people. But he didn't know himself who he was." In the end, he was groping, alone, for some different purpose, some different self-definition. Indeed, at no point in his life could Malcolm cease struggling, as if by dim but resistless instinct, for more light.

As Malcolm tells it in the "Autobiography," he was born into rage and despair, in the spring of 1925, in Omaha. His mother, Louise Little, was from Grenada—a lithe, erect woman of somewhat finely strung nerves, whose own mother, Malcolm claimed, had been raped by a white man, and who was herself pale enough to be taken for white. His father, by contrast, was an oil-black roisterous colossus of a man, named Earl Little—a one-eyed construction laborer and part-time Baptist preacher from Reynolds, Georgia, who had struck out on his own after finishing either the third or the fourth grade. A brooding, disappointed man, full of turbulence, he had become a disciple of Marcus Garvey, who, in flamboyant plumed uniforms with gold braid, was Harlem's aspiring black-nationalist Moses in the early years of the century. Garvey was imprisoned for mail fraud the year Malcolm was born.

From prison, Garvey had promised his believers, "I shall come back to you. . . . Look for me in the whirlwind or the storm, look for me all around you." Earl took young Malcolm to fevered meetings of Garvey's faithful, where such messages were regularly invoked. Because of Earl's devotion to Garvey, according to a somewhat melodramatic account of Malcolm's, Klan night riders with torches swept down on the family's house in Omaha shortly before he was born. Certainly, as Malcolm later liked to cast it, white harassment had pursued Earl Little in his migratory struggle to scrap out a living for his family; he moved them briefly to Milwaukee, then to Lansing, Michigan, where their home was burned—by white racists, Malcolm would claim. Earl Little finally moved his family to a rural plot two miles out of East Lansing.

There, in a drab and wintry countryside, in a tar-shingle house of only four rooms, each with a single naked light bulb dangling over a rugless board floor, Malcolm passed his boyhood—a shabby and cheerless one, utterly unlike King's. His autobiography contains almost no mention of holidays like Christmas and Thanksgiving. His father ruled the family with frequent beatings, exempting only Malcolm, the fourth of seven children. Earl was particularly infuriated by his wife's scruples about diet: she disdained pork and rabbit. Once, Malcolm related to Haley, his father took a rabbit from the pen outside and ripped its head off with "one twist of his big black hands," then flung the body at his wife's feet, ordering her to cook it, and stormed out of the house. It was the last time any of them saw him alive. Late that night, police brought word that he had been found, mangled and dying, beside some streetcar tracks, where he had apparently fallen under the wheels. Malcolm was then six years old. He later insisted that his father's death had also been the work of white racist vigilantes.

If Earl was gentler with Malcolm than with his other children, Malcolm surmised in his autobiography, it was because "he was subconsciously so afflicted with the white man's brainwashing of Negroes that he inclined to favor the light ones, and I was his lightest child." Of a brassy hue—"bright," it was sometimes called—he seemed tortured by the whiteness in him. He later told his followers, of the man he claimed had raped his mother's mother, "Yes, that raping, red-headed devil was my *grandfather!* That close, yes! My *mother's* father! . . . If I could drain away *his* blood that pollutes *my* body, and pollutes *my* complexion, I'd do it! Because I hate every drop of the rapist's blood that's in me." There were moments, Malcolm said, when that most intimate of helpless outrages to his person left him "so choked up" that he would stalk the streets, solitary, late into the night.

After his father's death, his mother struggled on in a Depression poverty so stark that sometimes she had nothing to feed her family except stale surplus bread and boiled dandelion greens, and the children would be "dizzy" with hunger. Malcolm, at school, would huddle off by himself to eat a wild-leek sandwich. Before long, the remnants of the family began to disintegrate. "Some kind of psychological deterioration began to eat away our pride," Malcolm later said. At the age of nine, he began pilfering from stores in town. And his mother, sitting alone in a rocking chair chattering to herself with all window shades drawn, began to drift into insanity. The Christmas of Malcolm's thirteenth year, according to Bruce Perry's "Malcolm," a formidably researched biography that appeared in 1991, his mother was found wandering barefoot along a snow-dappled road, dirty and unkempt and clutching a baby, her eighth, this one illegitimate. Shortly afterward, she was delivered into a state mental hospital. Her children were scattered about as wards of the state, and Malcolm was briefly in a detention home.

Such hurt does not readily permit the inward grace for any sort of transcendent understanding like King's. Its only gift is, perhaps, a certain icy unsentimentality, a terrible bleak clarity of consciousness. At any rate, Malcolm never forgave white society for what had happened to him. By that time, he had reached the seventh grade, and was a tall, gawky youth, preternaturally bright and quick, but he was resentful even of being elected class president by his white fellow-students: as he told Haley, "I was unique in my class, like a pink poodle." Not unaware that he held a special promise, he speculated to his English teacher that he might like to become a lawyer; the

NUTTY, YET WITH A HINT OF OAK.
John O'Brien

teacher advised him, amiably, "You've got to be realistic about being a nigger. . . . Why don't you plan on carpentry?" Withdrawing into a sullen and wordless isolation, he dropped out of school after finishing eighth grade and went to live with a half sister in Boston's Roxbury section.

There he swiftly moved into a night world of black bars and pool halls and dance halls, where, he recounted in his autobiography, "I met chicks who were fine as May wine, and cats who were hip to all happenings." He conked his hair to a sleek russet straightness with a scalp-scorching compound of lye, eggs, potatoes, Vaseline, and soap, and arrayed himself in billowy zoot suits of Crayola colors, with a long gold chain looped at the waist, a rakish wide-brimmed hat, orange bulb-toed shoes, and a pint flask in his inside coat pocket. He became something of a sensation on the ballroom floors for his abandon in dancing the Lindy. Before long, he was peddling dope, shooting craps, playing the numbers. After a time, he began keeping conspicuous company with a blond white woman, who regularly made expeditions to Roxbury's dance halls. He was then still in his mid-teens.

He managed to get a job as an attendant on Pullman trains between Boston and New York, and wound up staying in Harlem, which was, he remembered in his autobiography, "like some technicolor bazaar. . . . This world was where I belonged." There, as he recounted it, he became one of the snazziest of hustlers. He was called Red, or sometimes, because he came from Michigan, Detroit Red. Running numbers, steering men to prostitutes, selling dope, using dope. He carried automatics now, which he would flourish in random stickups.

Before long, sensing that the police and, more important, a gambling enforcer were closing in on him in Harlem, he returned to Boston, and set up a small burglary ring, enlisting the white woman there whom he was still dating, and her sister, to scout promising residences from their base, a rented apartment in Harvard Square. "Sometimes the victims were in their beds asleep," the "Autobiography" tells us. "In stockinged feet, we'd go right into the bedrooms. Moving swiftly, like shadows, we would lift clothes, watches, wallets, handbags, and jewelry boxes." It was as if he were exacting from all white society his own form of reparations. But a certain lunging recklessness had set in to his operations by now. It was only a matter of time before he was apprehended. And in February of 1946 he began serving an eight-to-ten-year sentence for burglary. He was not quite twenty-one.

Confined in Charlestown's Dickensian prison, whose closet-size cells had no plumbing, he kept himself in a constant rage, he told Haley, coming to be called Satan by his fellow-inmates, and spent much of his time pacing "like a caged leopard," railing aloud to himself. He had, he later reflected, "sunk to the very bottom of the American white man's society." And it was there that the Nation of Islam found him.

It came through the intercession of Malcolm's brothers and one of his sisters, who, in visits and letters to him in prison, told him they had converted to a faith they called the "natural religion for the black man." Its creed was that the white man was, quite literally, the devil—a pale, blue-eyed race genetically predisposed to a systematic devastation of "every race of man not white." It was an illumination that Malcolm compared to that of Paul on the road to Damascus—a blazing revelation that it was whites who had visited on him all the mortifications and torments of his past. He was so overcome by this discovery that, he recounted in the "Autobiography," he resolved to spend the rest of his life informing white people about their true natures, and he began by scrawling letters to the mayor of Boston, the governor of Massachusetts, and President Truman.

In that enterprise, he came to realize that he had lost to the streets what little schooling he'd had: "I didn't know a verb from a house." He began studying ferociously, copying out with a pencil on a blue-lined school writing tablet every word in the prison dictionary. He had taken a correspondence course in English, even one in Latin. In his cell at night, in the glow of the corridor light, he read digests of world history by H. G. Wells and Will Durant. He read commentaries on Herodotus and Socrates, and he read Schopenhauer, Kant, and Nietzsche, volumes on linguistics and etymology. He later told Haley, "I didn't know what I was doing, but just by instinct I liked books with intellectual vitamins." In this prodigious exertion, he acquired the con's kind of enormous but eclectic, unproportioned learning.

This isometric amassment of scholarship was marked, particularly in its racial obsession, by odd gaps. In later life, he informed his audiences that blacks had been mistaken about their true enemies ever since they were brought captive to Jamestown "in the year 1555." In a 1958 newspaper article (included in Clayborne Carson's "Malcolm X: The FBI File"), he referred to "this Jesus who preached in Palestine, which is on the Arabian Peninsula." He once explained to Haley that Homer was among the Moors—"Homer and Omar and *Moor*, you see, are related terms"—who had been abducted from Africa by Europeans, blinded so they couldn't return, and forced to "sing about the Europeans' glorious accomplishments." He argued that Shakespeare's plays were written by King James I, the same King James "who poetically 'fixed' the Bible—which in itself and its present King James version has enslaved the world."

RIO DE JANEIRO

Too good to be true—a city that empties
its populace, a hundred shades of brown,
upon its miles of beach in morning's low light
and takes the bodies back when darkness quells
the last long volleyball game: even then
the sands are lit for the soccer of homeless children.

A city that exults in nakedness:
"The ass," hissed to us a man of the élite,
"the ass has become the symbol of Rio."
Set off by suits of "dental floss," girls' buttocks
possess a meaty staring solemnness
that has us see sex as it is: a brainless act

performed by lumpy monkeys, mostly hairless.
Still, the herd vibrates, a loom of joy
threaded by vendors—a tree of suntan lotion
or of hats, or fried snacks roofed in cardboard—
whose monotonous cries in Portuguese
make the same carnival mock of human need.

Elsewhere, chaste squares preserve Machado's world
of understated tragedy, and churches
honored in their abandonment suspend
the blackened bliss of gold. Life to the living,
while politicians dazzling in their polish,
far off in Brasília's cubes, feign impotence.

—JOHN UPDIKE

All this came to be mixed in with the Nation of Islam's racial theological history, which Malcolm earnestly subscribed to until almost the last year of his life. It was a kind of intellectual "Fantasia" that rivalled, in its fabulous loopiness, the racial anthropology of "Mein Kampf." Original humankind was black, appearing about seventy trillion years ago. A sublime civilization, which founded the city of Mecca, and even exercised dominion over Mars, it was presided over by twenty-four wizards, or "wise scientists," who created the animals and made the mountains, and even "deported" the moon from the earth. One of the wizards, a malcontent named Mr. Yacub, born about sixty-six hundred years ago and known as the "big-head scientist," because he had an oversized cranium, learned how to breed races scientifically. When, for his seditious agitation, he was exiled from Mecca to the Isle of Patmos—later famed for the Book of Revelation—he contrived as revenge, Malcolm explained, a means of creating a "bleached-out white race of devils." Mr. Yacub knew that black men contained two germs, black and brown, the lighter being the weaker. Through an eight-hundred-year process of genocidal culling—by means of needles inserted into the brains of unsuitably darker infants—that progressed from the black race to a brown, a red, and then a yellow race, the project at last produced a blond, pale-skinned, blue-eyed devil race, which wound up in the caves of Europe. In time, Malcolm reported, Moses was chosen by Allah to "civilize" these devils, the first with whom he succeeded being the Jews. But all the pallid devil race eventually gained ascendancy, through "tricknology," and finally seized into slavery a portion of the Original People, the tribe of Shabazz, who had been led into Africa fifty thousand years earlier to harden and toughen them for their predestined ordeal.

This entire historical panorama had been disclosed, in Detroit, in 1931, to the future Messenger of the Lost-Found Nation of Islam in the Wilderness of North America, Elijah Muhammad—then still Robert Poole, a slight young migrant from rural Georgia, with only a fourth-grade schooling. The source of the revelation was an enigmatic figure known as Mr. Fard, a small, beige man who was a peddler of silks and yard goods. Mr. Fard, whose real name, according to Bruce Perry, was Wallace Dodd Ford, described himself generally as a "brother" from the East, but at one point he confided to Robert Poole that he was "the Mahdi." In any case, after setting up the new Islamic sect in Detroit, he mysteriously disappeared. Some adherents believed he had returned to Mecca; others suspected he had been disposed of by the disciple into whose hands leadership of his little religion fell: Robert Poole, now calling himself Elijah Muhammad.

IN 1952, after serving about six and a half years of his sentence, Malcolm was released on parole. He emerged from prison with his hair shorn close to his skull, in the Muslim fashion, and with only a ten-dollar suit; on his first day of freedom, he bought a new pair of eyeglasses, a wristwatch, and a suitcase. He passed more or less directly from prison into the community of the Nation of Islam, which must have seemed to him, after the ferocities of his life up to that point, like arriving in a paradise of calm and order.

Its leader might have appeared, at first glance, a somewhat improbable mighty messenger of Allah. An elfin man of a delicate amber hue—a fragile bronchial asthmatic—Elijah had a peculiar daintiness of manner, with prim tightenings of the mouth, and he was usually dressed in a dull black suit with a black rubber-shiny bow tie and, on his head, a pillbox cap twinkling with a scimitar moon and radiant orbs and stars. But behind his wistful little demure smiles there lurked an unmistakable wiliness, and a cool deadliness of purpose: he reigned, after all, as the source and center of the Muslims' radioactive field of racial menace. Nevertheless, his message of a black Islamic elect of righteousness had effected wonders of regeneration among numerous souls lost, like Malcolm, in the spiritual desolation of America's ghettos. For his part, Malcolm would insist up to his end that he "believed in Mr. Muhammad more than [Mr. Muhammad] believed in himself." His slave name of Little was now replaced by a symbol for his long-lost and unknown African family name: he became Malcolm X.

Owing to his own rapt, consuming intensity, Malcolm was soon inducted into the Muslim ministry, and he was ultimately anointed by Elijah Muhammad to serve as a kind of peripatetic national missionary for the Muslims. Under his unflagging evangelism, the Nation of Islam swiftly expanded from a baroque and tiny variant of Islam, confined to about four hundred faithful who gathered mostly in storefront mosques, into, by 1960, a truly national congregation, of perhaps ten thousand registered followers, with some forty temples and missions spread across the country and a network of more than thirty radio stations. It formed a separate interior culture, with its own school system, its own economic complex of shops and service businesses, and its own religious militia of solemn, dark-suited centurion guards, called the Fruit of Islam.

In Harlem alone, where Malcolm now presided over the Nation's major mosque, he was addressing street rallies of fifteen thousand for up to four hours. One of his converts from the early years, Benjamin Karim, recalls, "He held me spellbound. Listening to him, I began to understand how empty I was. And he put in me, in place of that emptiness, knowledge. And out of that came self-discovery, and pride." Malcolm moved ebulliently along Harlem's teeming sidewalks, a rangily tall, overcoated figure, talking with everybody—one of Harlem's own now returned, purged, to prophesy to his people. There was, indeed, with his glinting eyeglasses, a certain priestly quality about him. He lived modestly, in a succession of residences in Queens (they were provided him by the Muslims), drove a blue Oldsmobile, and dressed in staid funeral-director suits, with a tie clip of a leaping sailfish, and unfailingly polished plain black shoes. He was scrupulously—almost fanatically—punctual, and ceaselessly entered notations with a red ballpoint pen in a red pocket notepad. He had about him a tightly machined self-containment. His only betrayal of excitement or anger, at some moment of confrontation, was a rosy tinge rising, under his brassy hue, from neck to face. "I was with him for seven or eight years," Karim, who became one of Malcolm's assistant ministers, told me. "I was as close as anybody could get to him without burning up. But it was impossible to really know him. Nobody could really get close to him." When one of Malcolm's brothers—the very one who had first introduced him to Islam in prison—later defected from the faith and then lapsed, like his mother, into insanity, Malcolm commented, with a strangely chill detachment, that "it was meant, for Reginald to be used for one purpose only: as a bait, as a minnow to reach into the ocean of blackness where I was, to save me."

Indeed, he could take on at times the grimness of a Torquemada. He fervently observed the Muslim strictures against not only the common carnal vagaries like fornication but also dating, dancing, smoking, drinking, movies, gambling, sports, and eating more than one meal a day. He usually slept just four hours a night. About the only indulgences he allowed himself were coffee and, late at night, tea. He permitted himself to watch only newscasts on television. There was a fastidious priggishness about him. He abstained from profanity and also from slang, once reproving Alex Haley for referring to children as "kids": "Kids are *goats!*"

He was yet more forbidding when it came to the daughters of Eve. "All women, by their nature, are fragile and weak: they are attracted to the male in whom they see strength," he declared in the "Autobiography." Moreover, "you never can fully trust any woman. . . . Whatever else a woman is, I don't care who the woman is, it starts with her being vain." Karim remembers that Malcolm would admonish women about how to dress, telling them, "If you walking down the street with a piece of fresh meat in your hand, you can't blame a dog for snatching the meat. If you exposing meat, you either selling it or giving it away." At the same time, though, he would assure the women in his audiences that "the black man never will get anybody's respect until he first learns . . . to shelter and protect and *respect* his black women!"

For that matter, Malcolm kept himself an ascetic bachelor until, in 1956, he began to notice in the congregation at his mosque in Harlem a tall, dark-brown young woman named Betty Sanders. Born in Detroit, she had been an education major at Tuskegee Institute, in Alabama, and was now studying nursing at a New York hospital. She had not yet converted to Islam, but what struck her about Malcolm, she told me recently, was "his intensity." She said, "I thought, You can't play with this guy—he's serious." He also had what she calls "a high civility," and, she recalls, "When he used this high civility, a lot of girls took it to mean that he was interested in them. I was not going to be one of those fickle-hearted little females." She carefully maintained a sober tone in their first encounters, at a nearby restaurant. "However, there came a time when I thought"—and here she gave a girlish flip at the back of her hair with her hand—"I was *on*to something." When she indicated that she might do a lot of partying after graduating from nursing

BUT, YOUR HONOR, YOU ASKED US TO APPROACH THE BENCH.
RIGHT, BUT YOU DIDN'T SAY "MAY I?"
MANKOFF

JUVENILE COURT

school, Malcolm reacted with an instant, visible alarm. When she eventually introduced him to her parents, who were Methodists, he struck them as "a marvellous young man—clean-cut, and he *knows* so much," but when she asked them if they would like him as a son-in-law "it was a little different," she says. In fact, they were horrified by the possibility that he might take her, their only child, away from them forever into the mysterious and alien world of the Muslims. Just over a year later, after Betty's conversion, and in accordance with a carefully and gravely deliberated arrangement sanctioned by Mr. Muhammad, they were married. Malcolm was then thirty-two. Betty's parents became estranged from her, and reconciled themselves to Malcolm only after she began bearing his children. "They finally accepted his 'difference,'" she says.

But marriage hardly mellowed the fury of Malcolm's obsessive pentecostalisms against America's devil rule: that mission had become the total meaning of his life. According to F.B.I. files, he declared, with an air of celebration, "We, the black men of the world, created the white man and we will also kill him. . . . Only in this way can there be peace on the earth." He named his first daughter Attilah, he later explained, for the Hun who "sacked Rome."

With the narrowed stare of his eyes giving Malcolm himself a vaguely Tatar aspect, he took on, for many whites, a sulfurous malevolence. Indeed, it does no service, either to the reality of Malcolm or to history, to try to moderate in memory the racial vituperativeness of his oratory then. "We don't want to integrate with that ole pale thing!" he would cry to black audiences, light flashing blankly off his glasses. "The dog is their closest relative. They got the same kind of hair, the same kind of skin, and the same kind of *smell*. Oh, *yeaaah!*"

It was a racial invective that was only an inverse, in fact, of that to be heard whinnying from the flatbed loudspeakers at any cow-pasture Klan rally of the time. Malcolm insisted this was only reflexive to four hundred years of white racism, but it captured him in the same cramped, bleak mentality, which placed a racial construction on all life. Malcolm readily professed that he shared the Southern whites' aversion to integration, as a sure prelude to miscegenation. As he declared, integrationists "want your wife and your daughter and your sister and—and your *mother*."

It is not, then, quite so bizarre as it might first seem that one night in 1961 Malcolm held a clandestine meeting with Klan chieftains in Atlanta to solicit their support for the Muslim ambition to establish a separate country within the United States. He told the assembled Klansmen that the Muslims were as deeply committed to segregation as they were, and, according to an F.B.I. report, assured them that "the Jew is behind the integration movement, using the Negro as a tool."

Two years earlier, he had pronounced the Jews "one of the worst of the devils," claiming, "He does more to take advantage of the so-called black people than any other and yet poses as being a friend." He averred at one rally, Peter Goldman reports, that "everybody talks about the six million Jews. But I was reading a book the other day that showed that one hundred million of us were kidnapped and brought to this country—*one hundred million*. Now everybody's wet-eyed over a handful of Jews who brought it on themselves."

In general, his fulminations seemed to carry an unappeasable malignance, which impossibly outraged white sensibilities. He declared that because of the genetically determined iniquity of all whites, in any race war it would be imperative to slay even their children. In 1962, not long after seven unarmed Muslims were shot, one of them fatally, in an altercation with the Los Angeles police, it happened that at Orly Airport, near Paris, a chartered jet bearing many of Atlanta's cultural élite crashed during takeoff. "I would like to announce a very beautiful thing that has happened," Malcolm told a Muslim rally in Los Angeles, according to the F.B.I. "As you know, we have been praying to Allah. . . . And I got a wire from God today." Allah "really had answered our prayers . . . in one whop," he went on. "He dropped an airplane out of the sky with over one hundred and twenty white people on it." And "we will continue to pray and we hope that every day another plane falls out of the sky." He could be just as pitiless about the deaths of white civil-rights workers. Goldman reports that when a white minister perished under the tracks of a bulldozer during a demonstration at a construction site in Cleveland, Malcolm told an audience in

New York, "What he did—good, good, great. What he did—good. Hooray, hooray, hooray. . . . It's time some white people started dying in this thing."

In all, Malcolm was still operating from his old, street hustler's cynicisms. He contemplated the gathering civil-rights struggle, and its leaders, with the deepest disdain. The whole appeal for integration seemed to him craven, a spectacle of the abused who, out of some perverse compulsion, were "trying to unite" with their abusers. All that the movement was achieving anyway, as in Birmingham, was "promises that they will be able to sit down and drink some coffee with some crackers in a cracker restaurant," as an F.B.I. report quoted him. "Now, what kind of advancement is that. They still don't have a job." He particularly deplored the principle of nonviolence. "I believe it's a crime for anyone who is being brutalized to continue to accept that brutality without doing something to defend himself," he told Haley. "If that's how 'Christian' philosophy is interpreted, if that's what Gandhian philosophy teaches, well, then, I will call them criminal philosophies." He held a special contempt for King. Charles Kenyatta, who is now a Baptist minister in Harlem, remembers that, in private, "Malcolm had always said, when he met King, he was gonna hit him in the jaw and see just how nonviolent he really was."

Although, as some have pointed out, Malcolm never directly urged in public the initiation of any specific act of outright violence, his oratory fairly reeled with exultant anticipation of an impending racial Armageddon, some "maximum retaliation against racist oppressors" in a "racial conflict . . . that could easily escalate into a violent, worldwide, bloody race war." Kenyatta recalls, "I thought, the way Malcolm was talking, just had to be some unhidden guns and armies somewhere. He preached once, 'Anybody lays a hand on you when you go out of here, think five times.' And I told him, 'You done brought me all the way up here ready to kill somebody, what you mean 'Wait five times'?"

King, for his part, in an interview with *Playboy* did not conceal his misgivings about Malcolm's "demagogic oratory," saying of Malcolm's "litany of articulating the despair of the Negro without offering any positive, creative alternative" that he felt that "Malcolm has done himself and our people a great disservice." It was as if they were talking two different languages. While King refused to engage Malcolm in any open confrontation, he did occasionally indicate privately that he might like to have a conversation with him at some point. In fact, they encountered each other only once, and only glancingly—when both happened to be in the corridors of the Capitol during the debate on the 1964 civil-rights bill. Malcolm pounced to King's side. They exchanged amenities and briefly clasped hands, King's smile faint and tentative, Malcolm's a wide grin, in a flaring of flashbulbs. But that was it. They quickly parted and returned to their separate realms.

WHEN Malcolm's startling separation from the Nation of Islam came about, in late 1963, the pretext initially given was that Elijah Muhammad had been dismayed by remarks of Malcolm's about the assassination of President Kennedy. Kennedy's slaying was "the chickens coming home to roost," Malcolm had said, and it made him "glad." He maintained that he had in mind, among other things, Kennedy's allowing the death, in a coup, of South Vietnam's dictator Ngo Dinh Diem. At the headquarters of the Nation of Islam, in Chicago, the day after he made these remarks, he was told by Elijah Muhammad, "That was a very bad statement. . . . I'll have to silence you for the next ninety days—so that the Muslims everywhere can be disassociated from the blunder." Malcolm initially submitted to this discipline, but he later asserted in his autobiography, "I hadn't hustled in the streets for years for nothing. I knew when I was being set up."

Charles Kenyatta, who was given the name Charles 37X, recalls, "Malcolm had become the money-maker. He had taken them out of the wilderness and brought them into the Promised Land, where all of a sudden they were being looked on as a very powerful organization." But tensions had been developing for some time, among those around Messenger Muhammad, over Malcolm's growing national conspicuousness. To be sure, Malcolm did seem to have become fascinated by his reflection in the media, white devils' instrument or no. He would willingly sit for three-hour interviews with the press. While he grumbled in the "Autobiography" that the media had "somehow" managed to filch his home phone number, he had actually slipped it to journalists himself. Kenyatta later lamented to Goldman that the media's bright mirror "really destroyed him," and went on to say, "He got drunk off it. He used to sit by the TV set and watch himself, and you could see how much he liked it." Increasingly, in the national eye, Malcolm himself became the Muslims. He had first attracted the attention of the F.B.I. in 1953, when it was informed that he might be a Communist sympathizer. But what sustained the Bureau's continued surveillance was a curiosity about him as an exotic racial incendiary. In any case, according to one F.B.I. undercover report, Elijah Muhammad finally complained to Malcolm that he had been constantly "hearing about MALCOLM this and MALCOLM that and even MALCOLM being called leader." Malcolm must never forget that he was "ELIJAH'S property."

Meanwhile, Malcolm, as his engagement with the world around him expanded, had been growing restive within the confines of the Black Muslims' righteous ghetto, the isolation of its millennial racial mythos. Despite all his berating of the civil-rights movement, he

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MAILBOX

To the Editor:

Predictably, the predictability of Talk of the Town's derogation of the Republican Convention (September 7th) raised the hair on the back of my neck. Point is, it is possible for George Bush to admire Harry Truman the man, and disapprove selectively of his policies. I don't know how Bush voted in 1948, nor do I care. But fair is fair, and if it is proper to ask him the question, truth in labelling should require writers like you to volunteer the same information. Pardon me if I suspect that only President Bush will be forthcoming.

JAMES W. BUTCHER
Professor Emeritus, Michigan State University
St. Augustine, Fla.

found himself increasingly stirred by the spectacle it presented, as the most powerful mass drama then unfolding in the black community. As many blacks saw it, he said, "Muslims *talk* tough, but they never *do* anything."

But there was more to his restiveness than that. Elijah Muhammad, he had heard earlier in 1963, had engaged in dalliances with a succession of young secretaries, and some of them were pregnant or had already borne what members of Muhammad's court delicately referred to as "divine babies." This news left Malcolm profoundly stunned. "I had discovered Muslims had been betrayed by Elijah Muhammad himself," he told Haley, and he described its effect on him in almost Shakespearean terms: "I felt as though something in *nature* had failed, like the sun, or the stars."

When word of Malcolm's reaction got back to the Muslims' inner councils, he was called to a session with Elijah Muhammad, beside the swimming pool of Muhammad's home in Phoenix, which had been acquired for him out of solicitude for his bronchial disorder. An implausibly frail and wheezy gnome to have disported himself so briskly with teen-age nymphs, Elijah explained that these activities had been an exercise Biblically imposed upon him. "You recognize that's what all of this is—prophecy," he said, according to Malcolm. "I'm David. When you read about how David took another man's wife, I'm that David. You read about Noah, who got drunk—that's me. You read about Lot, who went and laid up with his own daughters. I have to fulfill all of those things." Charles 37X was with Malcolm at this last session with Elijah Muhammad. "The old man told Malcolm"—at this point, Kenyatta stood and wagged his forefinger—" 'Son, go back and put that fire out. Or my followers are gonna hurt you.' But Malcolm had too much pride to do that."

Malcolm still viewed a final excision from the Muslim faithful with considerable reluctance and trepidation, however, and for some months he kept up a kind of furtive scrimmaging to ease himself back into a family whose elders had already effectively disowned him. Yet, at the same time, he began industriously distributing word of the Messenger's indecorous frolickings to others within the Nation of Islam, among them the future Louis Farrakhan, a natty and bright-eyed former calypso singer who was then presiding over the Boston mosque. He, along with others, relayed the tidings of Malcolm's betrayal back to Chicago. Then Malcolm, in escalating desperation, disclosed the matter publicly. Journalists hesitated to run the story at first, because of libel considerations. (One reporter told him, though, according to an F.B.I. wiretap, that he "wished to God he could print the bit about the divine babies.") Finally, Malcolm managed to persuade three of Muhammad's former secretaries to furnish affidavits, and two of them to file paternity suits.

In due time, Malcolm received a telegram from a captain of the Fruit of Islam in Chicago, stating, "Mr. Malcolm: We hereby officially warn you that the Nation of Islam shall no longer tolerate your scandalizing the name of our leader and teacher the Honorable Elijah Muhammad." A few months earlier, an F.B.I. wiretap had picked up a call to Malcolm's home by an unidentified person who instructed the woman who answered, "Just tell him he is as good as dead." Malcolm himself was confident that someone in the Muslim ranks would "take it upon himself to kill me as a 'religious duty,' " as he put it to Haley. But, he declared, what to him was worse than death "was the betrayal." Even at that point, "I could conceive death. I couldn't conceive betrayal." Indeed, when it became plain that he was now permanently cast out from the Muslims' midst, he wept.

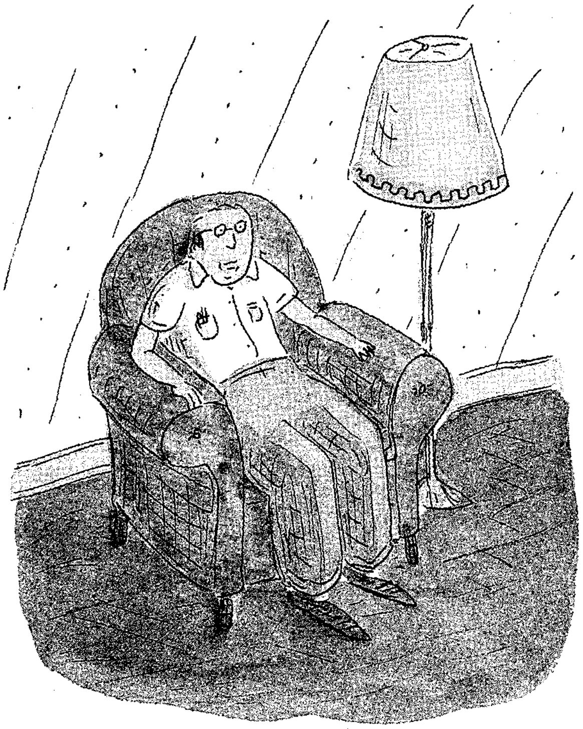
The previous spring, perhaps not coincidentally, Malcolm set out alone on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and afterward he claimed to have discovered that the Black Muslim racial dogma had all along been an eccentric aberration, and no part of true, classical Islamic theology. At the airport in Cairo, among a multitude of other pilgrims headed for Mecca, he removed his Western apparel and wrapped his waist and shoulders in two white cloths, his long rusty-skinned legs now extending bare and ostrichlike below, and he had shoved his large feet into sandals. On the flight to Jedda, he told Haley, he was awed to find the plane crammed with "white, black, brown, red, and yellow people, blue eyes and blond hair, and my kinky red hair—all together, brothers." On the verge, as it were, of a second release from a captivity—this one a release he had never anticipated—he was filled with exhilaration to note that "the whole atmosphere was of warmth and friendliness." He said, "The feeling hit me that there really wasn't any color problem here." Upon reaching Mecca, he found himself eating "from the same plate . . . with fellow Muslims, whose eyes were the bluest of blue, whose hair was the blondest of blond, and whose skin was the whitest of white." In all his life, he said afterward, it was "the first time I had ever stood before the Creator of All and felt like a complete human being."

His wonder and elation over such commonplace cordialities somehow hinted at the childlike simplicity—innocence, even—that had lurked all along under the ferocities of his racial exhortations back in America. Exorbitant or not, this euphoria—"Why, the men acted as if they were brothers of mine!"—now prompted in him, he declared, "the start of a radical alteration in my whole outlook about 'white' men." If there seemed an oddly poignant naïveté in his jubilation, a part of that naïveté was also a capacity for belief so instant and total, as the actor Ossie Davis would tell Peter Goldman, that "when he saw something, he embraced it. . . . It was *wow! a truth!* and he grabbed it."

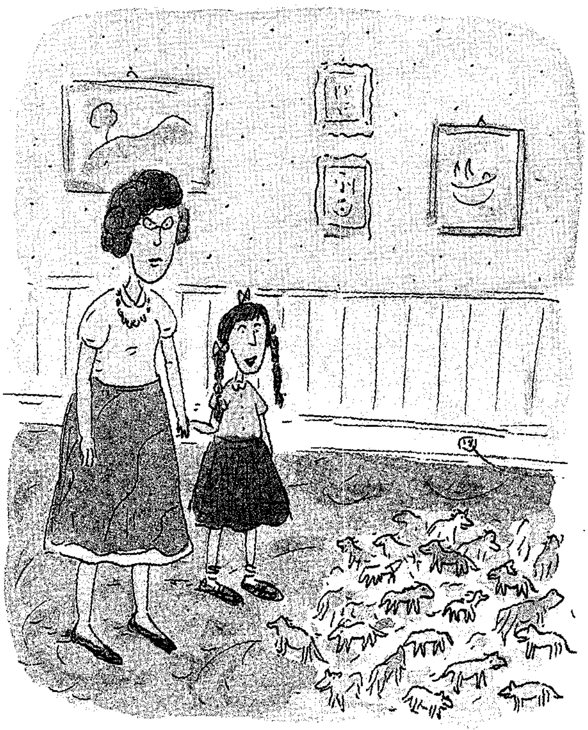
He returned to New York—with a scanty goatee, and wearing an Astrakhan hat—no longer the Malcolm X of his Black Muslim years but with a new name, honoring his completion of the pilgrimage: he was now El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz. He held a press conference at Kennedy Airport—a pandemonious convocation—at which he announced his enlightenment and his transformation. "In the past, yes, I have made sweeping indictments of *all* white people," he said, but, after what he had experienced in Mecca, "I never will be guilty of that again," and he added, "A blanket indictment of all white people is as wrong as when whites make blanket indictments against blacks."

Over the following months, it did seem that he had moved significantly beyond his old simple racial fixations toward what he described in his autobiog-

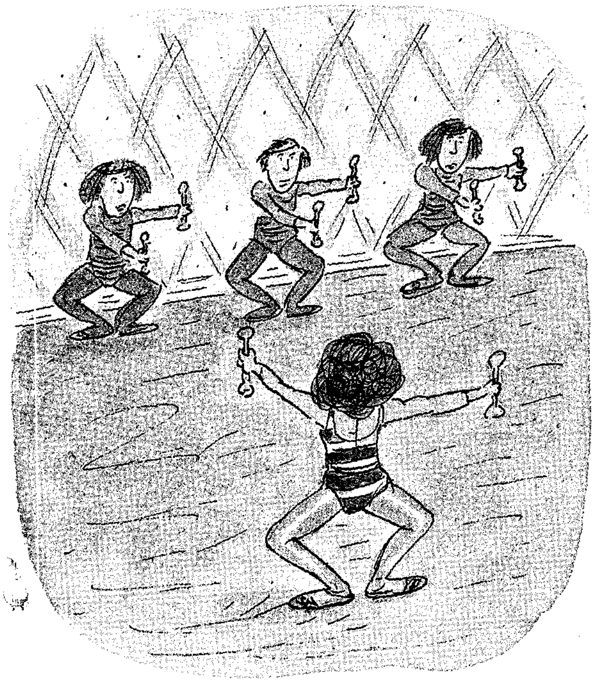
MORE NONTRADITIONAL FAMILY UNITS



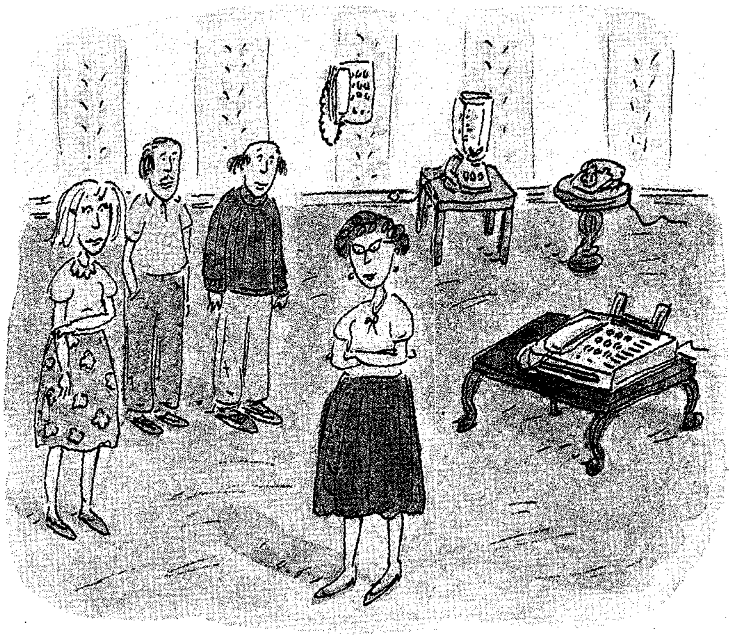
Guy, Chair, Three-Way Lamp



A Woman, Her Daughter, Forty-four My Little Ponies



The Troy Triplets and Their Personal Trainer



Two Guys, Two Gals, Two Phones, a Fax, and a Blender

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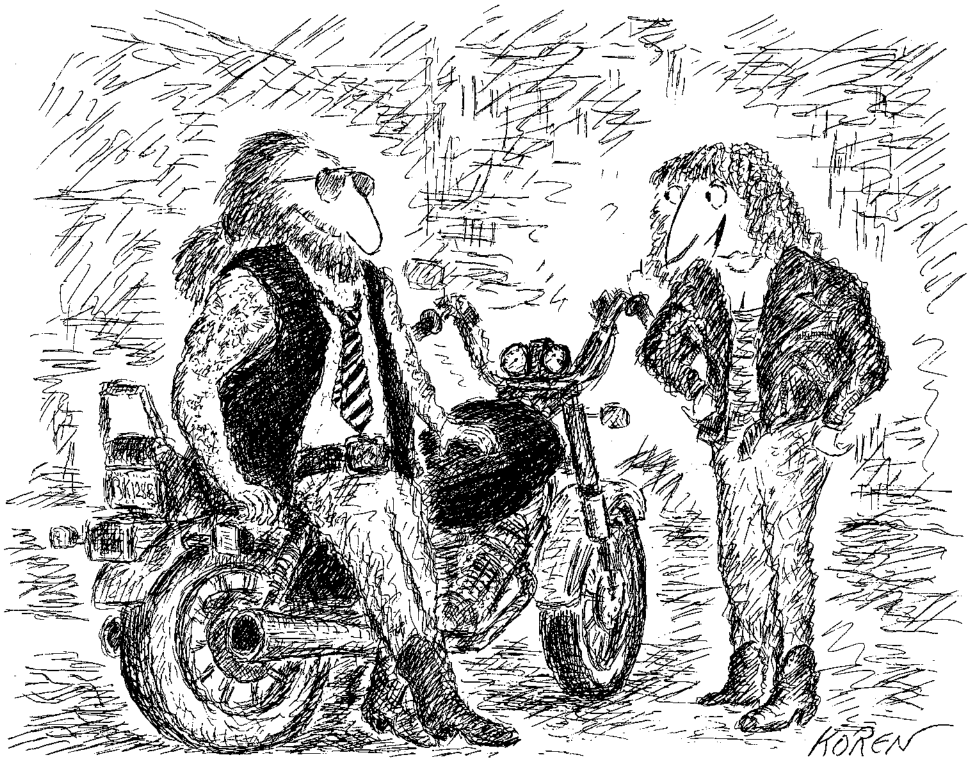

"I like you in a tie."

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raphy as "a new insight": that "the white man is *not* inherently evil, but America's racist society influences him to act evilly." And it was less a matter of economics than a "historical neurotic pathology—the abiding and almost limitlessly complex permeation of society by the legacy of slavery, a "political, economic, and social *atmosphere*." His mission now was "to help create a society in which there could exist honest white-black brotherhood," and in which "both races, as human beings, had the obligation, the responsibility, of helping to correct America's human problem" and, ultimately, "to change this miserable condition that exists on this earth."

It is easy to make a bit too much of this development in Malcolm: it was, at most, only the beginning of a transmutation. He never became able, for instance, to accept the ethic of nonviolence; in fact, in the very press conference in which he proclaimed his new racial illumination he had also recommended that blacks form rifle clubs and otherwise arm themselves in case of attack. Neither had he lost his essential mistrust of the whole concept of integration. Even in Mecca, he contended in the "Autobiography," there was "a color pattern to the huge crowds. . . . I saw that people who looked alike drew together and most of the time stayed together." More dismally, there continued to gutter in him the old, acrimonious suspicions that "so many Jews actually were hypocrites." As for whites: "Let sincere whites go and teach nonviolence to white people!"

But now, in his striving to free himself from other thralls in his past, he found that, in contrast to his almost immediate and total new birth in prison, he had to develop and define this regeneration extemporaneously and on his own. Peter Goldman, in a recent conversation, spoke of Malcolm at that time as being in "a period of explosive and chaotic growth, re-creating himself on the run." Benjamin Karim, his longtime associate, whose own memoir is shortly to be published, said that at the time he "saw a person who was trying to remake himself into another image, one that was not racially inclined—not to like or dislike a person according to his race. Committed to *brotherhood*, you know. Some of the people with him—because of ignorance, he had to deal with them about that." Malcolm even went so far as to propose what once, when he was a Black Muslim, would have been heresy—that blacks might use the vote to achieve political power. But he had wandered into a kind of thematic no man's land, caught between the simple clear rancors of his past and his still unformed mission for a more hopeful future. Charles Kenyatta says he cautioned Malcolm, "You can't tamper with another person's God if you don't have another to give them." Karim, who left the Muslims with Malcolm, says, "He had to shift into another gear he didn't know about. He never found that gear. He never came into focus. And that was right down to the last day." Malcolm had lost the simple certitude that is vital for any leader, and he was balked on every side: the civil-rights movement rejected him as too militant, and the militants discounted him as too moderate. He once blurted to Haley, "They won't let me turn the corner! I'm caught in a trap!"

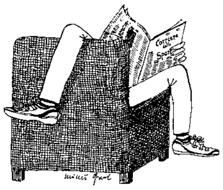
Now that he was outside the society of the Muslims, he found that, for the first time since emerging from prison, he no longer had any real place. He improvised two organizations of his own—Muslim Mosque, Inc., and a more secular operation, which he called the Organization of Afro-American Unity. A good two years before the widely heard calls for "black power" and the eventual, now commonplace invocations of "community control," he called for a form of black nationalism that was his own variation on the Muslims' concept of self-contained black neighborhoods, taking their own economies and politics into their own hands. Beyond that, he sought to develop an active bond between the black society in America and the Mother Continent—a sort of Pan-African black Zionism promising a massive liberation of spirit for America's black minority as it identified with the world's overwhelming dark majority. In turn, he exhorted African nations to call the United States to account before the United Nations, for the oppression of its black population—as they had called South Africa to account in November of 1961, in the wake of the Sharpeville massacre. This was all an inspiration that had evolved from two journeys he made through Africa in the months following his pilgrimage to Mecca. To him, those journeys had seemed the ultimate spiritual homecoming, a return at last to the lost Eden of the Old Country. In those visits, as he forged about, looped in cameras and ceaselessly, greedily taking pictures, he was welcomed by governments there with much pomp and celebration, as if he were a visiting ex-officio head of state.

At the same time, though, some Africans were a bit disconcerted by the pallor of his skin, and assumed he was an albino. He tended to be considered more an American than an African. Most of all, the African governments he had entreated to indict the United States before the United Nations later proved singularly reluctant to oblige him, and thereby jeopardize the considerable American aid they were receiving.

In a sense, then, in moving beyond the Muslims—"the only group that really cares about you," he had been taught—Malcolm found that he had moved into a kind of void. Benjamin Karim remembers that at the time "he was living on the edge. Before that, he had everything set up for him. Now he had to do it on his own. For the first time, he became very edgy, very sensitive." What was particularly painful, Malcolm was repudiated by Muhammad Ali, whom he had tutored in the Muslim faith over a period of three years, while Ali was still Cassius Clay. In the first days of Malcolm's suspension by Elijah Muhammad from public speaking, Ali had invited him and his family down to his training camp in Miami Beach before his heavyweight title fight with Sonny Liston—a kindness for which Malcolm remained passionately grateful. But at the time of Malcolm's final, open break with the Muslims, Ali told Haley, "You just don't buck Mr. Muhammad and get away with it. I don't want to talk about him no more." When their paths happened to cross in Africa, Malcolm addressed Ali as "Brother," but Ali, according to an F.B.I. report, remarked to his entourage afterward, "Man, did you get a look at him? Dressed in that funny white robe and wearing a beard and walking with a cane that looked like a prophet's stick? Man, he's gone so far out he's out completely. . . . Nobody listens to that Malcolm anymore."

IN the meantime, the high pageantry of the civil-rights movement continued to sweep past, oblivious of him. He became, in fact, a familiar figure looming tall and alone at the margins of its rallies and demonstrations, again thickly hung with cameras and earnestly taking pictures of the proceedings. "He wanted so much to come on in, to be a part of it," Kenyatta remembers. "He had always this dream to belong." From abroad, he had directed an aide to write letters to leaders of the movement, offering his hope that his "new position" might be "attractive to you." Back home, he made blurting attempts to reach out to them more directly. Once, when I was covering King's campaign in St. Augustine, Florida, in which his marchers were undergoing Walpurgis Nights of Klan mayhem, I learned that Malcolm had sent a telegram to King, assuring him that, on his word, "we will immediately dispatch some of our brothers there to organize our people into self defense units . . . and the Ku Klux Klan will receive a taste of its own medicine." King's reaction to this overture was, as I recall it, one of appalled dismay.

While King was in jail during the Selma demonstrations, Malcolm was invited by Snick partisans, for their own mischievous designs, to address a mass meeting in a Selma church. Malcolm wound up seated on the podium beside Coretta Scott King. At one point, he leaned close and whispered to her—with what seemed an apologetic and wistful urgency, Coretta later recalled—"to let Martin know he was not causing trouble or making it difficult, but that he was trying to make it easier," that he simply wanted to confront whites with "an alternative" to King's appeal. In his address, he made no equivocation about his own aversion to nonviolence but pointed out that whites "better be glad Martin Luther King is rallying the people because other forces are waiting to take over if he fails."



But his past would not turn him loose. He began to see everywhere, he said, on the streets and in elevators and in passing cars, "the faces of Muslims whom I knew, and I knew that any of them might be waiting for the opportunity to try and put a bullet into me." Of this period Kenyatta remembers, "We were on the move, one place to another, trying to dodge the bullets." Malcolm was also floundering financially, sustaining himself on loans and lecture fees and the less than imposing collections at his services, and finally, toward the end, on advances on his autobiography. Furthermore, a court had found for a claim by the Muslims that they were the legal owners of a house in East Elmhurst, Queens, occupied by Malcolm and his family—a house, Betty Shabazz still insists, that had been given to her by Elijah Muhammad himself as a wedding gift. And there now drew close the harrowing near-certainty that Malcolm, his pregnant wife, and their four daughters would be evicted from their home.

MALCOLM had often claimed that his earliest memory was of waking up, when he was four, amid the flames and chaos of the fire at his home in Lansing and of his father shooting at two white men fleeing into the night. Now, some thirty-five years later, he found himself on the eve of a virtually inevitable court denial, in a Monday-morning hearing, of his last appeal to prevent the Muslims from flushing him and his family out of their home and repossessing it. And in the black early-morning hours of that Sunday there was a boom and a glare of flames around the house, and once again he was standing amid his family, in pajamas, with children crying, out in the yard, watching his home burn. Dawn showed that about half of it was scorched and spottily charred, from two fires—one that had exploded in the front parlor, the other at a back window.

In a service at the Audubon Ballroom, in Harlem, two evenings later, Malcolm declared, "My house was bombed by the *Muslims!* . . . I wouldn't care for myself if they would not harm my family!" However, it is not readily apparent why members of the Nation of Islam, whatever their general balefulness, might have wished to terrorize Malcolm out of the house by burning it, on the eve of the almost certain affirmation of an eviction order that they had already obtained. "We own this place, man," a Muslim chieftain protested. "We have *money* tied up here." The Nation of Islam asserted that the fire had been Malcolm's own handiwork—what might seem a manifestly absurd suggestion, since his four small daughters were sleeping in the house at the time.

Nevertheless, close scrutiny of some of the evidence does make it appear at least a peculiar affair. An F.B.I. summary of police and Fire Department reports states that while Betty told the firemen that she had been the first to awaken and had roused Malcolm, he stated that he awoke himself and discovered the fire. According to the summary, the only alarms came from two chance witnesses, a neighbor and a passing taxi-driver, who heard the window glass shatter but saw no one outside the house either in front or in back. Shortly after the fire was extinguished, investigators found the neck of a whiskey bottle containing a scorched cloth wick in the back yard, about fifteen feet from a broken bedroom window with a scorched venetian blind. Oddly, though, as Bruce Perry noted in "Malcolm," the window glass had scattered only into the yard, not into the room, and a fan pattern of burned weeds suggested that the bottle had actually been thrown from inside the house. A whiskey bottle containing a small amount of gasoline was found on the unburned front porch, which led firemen to suspect that gasoline from the bottle had been first splashed around the parlor and set afire, and the bottle left broken on the porch. Even more suspicious, the summary reported that "a quart whiskey bottle filled with gasoline was located standing upright on the dresser" in a rear bedroom, and that "this bottle had a screw cap which was intact and did not have rags attached to it." Malcolm afterward attested that it was his wife who had first called the firemen's attention to the bottle. And, according to Perry, when a fireman picked up the bottle it left a clear circle amid the soot from the fire which had settled on the dresser top—evidence that the bottle had been set there before the fire. After stories appeared about the discovery of this gasoline-filled bottle, Malcolm maintained that it had been planted in the house, and postulated a conspiracy between the police, the Fire Department, the press, and the Black Muslims. The question is how the police or the firemen could have deposited in the room precisely the same sort of bottle that had been used to fire the house. It seems inescapable that the hand that set the bottle on the dresser was the one that had poured the contents of the others about the house and flung them out the windows. The difficulty with such a conclusion, of course, is that it assumes that Malcolm would knowingly put his children at risk.

KEEPING GOING

1.
The piper coming from far away is you
With a whitewash brush for a sporran
Bobbling round you, a kitchen chair
Upside down on your shoulder, your right arm
Pretending to tuck the bag beneath your elbow,
Your pop eyes and big cheeks nearly bursting
With laughter, but keeping up the drone
Inside your nose, between catches of breath.

2.
The whitewash brush. An old blanched skirted thing
On the back of the byre door, biding its time
Until spring airs spelled lime in a work bucket
And a potstick to mix it in with water.
Those smells brought tears to the eyes, we inhaled
A kind of greeny burning and thought of brimstone.
But the slop of the actual job
Of brushing walls, the watery gray
Being lashed on in broad swatches, then drying out
Whiter and whiter, all that worked like magic.
Where had we come from, what was this kingdom
We knew we'd been restored to? Our shadows
Moved on the wall and a tar border glittered
The full length of the house, a black divide
Like a freshly opened, pungent, reeking trench.

3.
Piss at the gable, the dead will congregate.
But separately. The women after dark,
Hunkering there a moment before bedtime,
The only time the soul was let alone.
The only time that face and body calmed
In the eye of Heaven.
Buttermilk and urine,
The pantry, the housed beasts, the listening bedroom.
We were all together there in a foretime,
In a knowledge that might not translate beyond
Those wind-heaved midnights we still cannot be sure
Happened or not. It smelled of hill-fort clay
And cattle dung. When the thorn tree was cut down
You broke your arm. I shared the dread
When a strange bird perched for days on the byre roof.

4.
That scene, with Macbeth helpless and desperate
In his nightmare, when he meets the hags again

Malcolm's mood at the time had become one of cornered frenzy. He told Haley that when he concluded that Elijah Muhammad had sanctioned his extermination "my head felt like it was bleeding inside." Some of the people close to him began to fear that he

And sees the apparitions in the pot—
I felt at home with that one all right. Hearth,
Steam and ululation, the smoky hair
Curtaining a cheek. "Don't go near bad boys
In that college you're bound for. Do you hear me?
Do you hear me speaking to you? Don't forget."
And then the potstick quickening the gruel,
The steam crown swirled, everything intimate
And fear-swathed brightening for a moment,
Then going dull and fatal and away.

5.
Gray matter like gruel flecked with blood
In spatters on the whitewash. A clean spot
Where his head had been, other stains subsumed
In the parched wall he leant his back against
That morning just like any other morning,
Part-time reservist, toting his lunchbox.
A car came slow down Castle Street, made the halt,
Crossed the Diamond, slowed again and stopped
Level with him, although it was not his lift.
And then he saw an ordinary face
For what it was and a gun in his own face.
His right leg was hooked back, his sole and heel
Against the wall, his right knee propped up steady,
So he never moved, just pushed with all his might
Against himself, then fell past the tarred strip,
Feeding the gutter with his copious blood.

6.
My dear brother, you have good stamina.
You stay on where it happens. Your big tractor
Pulls up at the Diamond, you wave at people,
You shout and laugh above the revs, you keep
Old roads open by driving on the new ones.
You called the pipers' sporrans whitewash brushes
And then dressed up and marched us through the kitchen.
But you cannot make the dead walk or right wrong.
I see you at the end of your tether sometimes,
In the milking parlor, holding yourself up
Between two cows until your turn goes past,
Then coming to to the smell of dung again
And wondering, Is this all? As it was
In the beginning, is now and shall be?
Then rubbing your eyes and seeing our old brush
Up on the byre door, and keeping going.

—SEAMUS HEANEY

was approaching a psychic shattering. He seemed given more and more to a kind of blindly barging, barely contained berserkness, in which his resorting to such a personal scorched-earth recourse would not be wholly inconceivable—allowing him then to call down on the Muslims the vengeance at least of a public outrage and condemnation. As he declared afterward, "I'm waking up America to the great Muslim menace."

Moreover, Bruce Perry has discovered that the Lansing fire that traumatized Malcolm as a child—the fire he had always avowed to be the work of white racists—may have been set by his father, who, Perry found, had also faced eviction, and was briefly jailed for arson: a two-gallon oilcan that had contained kerosene was found under a bedspring in the basement; Earl Little had purchased kerosene only hours before the fire. Both the Lansing fire and the East Elmhurst fire occurred at 2:30 A.M., and during the days following the East Elmhurst fire rumor had it that Malcolm's wife appeared visibly enraged at him. When I asked her about the fire recently, she said, "I'm not gonna talk about all that now."

THE week after the fire was the last week of Malcolm's life. His protégé Louis Farrakhan had announced in a Muslim newspaper, with the scorpion vigor for which he later became more widely noted, "The die is set, and Malcolm shall not escape. . . . Such a man as Malcolm is worthy of death." The Chicago elect, Goldman reports, issued a tape-recorded statement, to be played for other temple memberships, that Malcolm was due to be "blasted clear off the face of the earth." Malcolm said that in the Nation of Islam "any death-talk for me could have been approved of—if not actually initiated—by only one man." What confronted him now was like the most primal of dreads—that the man who had been his soul's true father wanted to kill him. Kenyatta recalls that, even after all that had happened, Malcolm "missed the old man more than the old man missed him. He was so close to a breakdown that he wanted death, that's how close he was." Malcolm declared, "Black men are watching every move I make, awaiting their chance to kill me. . . . Anyone who chooses not to believe what I am saying doesn't know the Muslims in the Nation of Islam." He seemed to move sluggishly, fitfully, in a trance of doom. "Each day I live as if I am already dead," he told Haley, and kept assuring others, "I'm a dead man." And the irony of this inevitability did not escape him: that the Muslim faithful could be trusted to deliver on their threats "because I taught them myself." It was as if he were ambushed from the past by his own hand. In the end, for all Malcolm's apostleship of wrath over the years, the only violence his message ever demonstrably precipitated was upon himself.

The Audubon Ballroom in Harlem was on the second floor of a building with an arcing roof that looked from outside like an airplane hangar or a civic gymnasium. A frumpish, musty relic from the dance-hall years of Malcolm's past, it had been converted into an auditorium for his post-Nation of Islam ministry, with folding chairs for a congregation of four hundred. On the mild afternoon of Sunday, February 21, 1965, it was filled with a wan wintry light.

As had become Malcolm's policy, despite the miasma of threats surrounding him now, those entering the ballroom were not searched at the door. Moreover, the New York City Police, who had provided a twenty-man uniformed guard detail, were asked to post all but two of them outside. Charles Kenyatta was standing in the back of the ballroom and noticed the absence of police. "I said to two or three of the brothers, 'What is this? What's goin' on?' They said, 'This is the way he wanted it, didn't want any security.' He had come to long to die. That's the reason he pulled those guards. Seemed he was just asking for it. I told him, 'We can't keep on goin' like this. Got to be some fightin' back. You lost your street knowledge.' But Malcolm said, 'You have lost your faith in Allah.' Thing was, Malcolm felt under a stroke of fate." Kenyatta paused for a moment, and continued, "Listen, he was lonely. That's why he wanted to die. He wanted to be a martyr. He knew."

Earlier that morning, in his room, at the midtown Hilton, where he had stayed overnight, Malcolm put on a dark-brown suit over, despite the unusual balminess of that February day, long-john underwear. He talked to Betty on the phone, telling her not to come to the rally. But before leaving he called her back, saying that he did want her there. Malcolm had also asked several community notables and ministers, and also the Ossie Davises and Martin Luther King's attorney, to join him on the platform for the afternoon's service, but when he arrived at the Audubon he learned that none of them would be coming. In a small anteroom offstage, he barked sharply at a young woman there, an O.A.A.U. assistant, and then, according to Haley, a little before going out to speak he apologized to her, saying, "I'm just about at my wit's end."

Benjamin Karim was chosen to introduce him. As they waited in the anteroom, Karim recalls, "it was absolutely weird. Standing there looking at him, I felt he really couldn't go any further. But he had come to a point where he still couldn't see his goal. I didn't know he was going to be assassinated, but it was like looking at a man who had been physically lifting logs, and had lifted the last log he could lift. The burden had become too much. He was very drawn. He looked like he had already begun moving out of life."

Appearing on the platform to an explosion of cheering and applause—that familiar tall and gangling figure, his face wrapped in one of his spacious grins—he waited for silence, and then offered the Islamic greeting "*As-salaam alaikum*, brothers and sisters," and the audience chorused in turn, "*Wa-alaikum salaam*." At that instant, about eight rows back in the crowd below him, a man leaped to his feet crying, "Get your hand out of my pocket!" As heads turned and Malcolm's security guards at the foot of the platform began moving toward the distraction, Malcolm lifted both arms and called, "Hold it! Hold it! Don't get excited. Let's cool it, brothers." But now a man was scrambling toward him, hunched forward over a long glint of metal. And, with Malcolm's arms still lifted in that becalming gesture, a shotgun blast blew him backward with a perfectly circular seven-inch pattern of holes over his heart. He toppled, with blood spattered across his face and shirt, down through two empty chairs to the platform, his head hitting with a loud thunk, and the shotgun, a sawed-off double-barrel twelve-gauge, blasted him again where he lay. Now two other men, in overcoats, at the foot of the platform, were clattering away at him with pistols—a 9-millimetre and a .45 automatic. "It looked like a firing squad," one witness recalled. Betty, sitting near the stage with her daughters, saw the original disturbance out of the side of her vision, and when she heard the shots, she says, she had an instant certainty: "I knew there was no one else in there they'd be shooting at." She turned to see Malcolm falling, and immediately threw the children under some chairs and covered them with her body. "They never actually saw it, what had happened," she says.

WIGS
CLOSED 2 WEEKS

The auditorium had become a storm of howling people floundering for cover in a tumble of chairs, some of which were flung through the air as two of the gunmen fled for the door. In a continuing clangor of gunfire, some of it now from Malcolm's guards, the two gunmen made it down the stairway to the street, but there one of them, who had been shot in the leg, was overhauled by the crowd, and came close to being beaten to death before he was claimed by hastily arriving police.

Meanwhile, back inside the ballroom, Betty, crying, "They're killing my husband!," attempted to rush forward to where Malcolm lay. "I wanted to give him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but a person was holding me back," she says. A stretcher was finally brought from a nearby hospital, and Malcolm was borne away, his face fixed, in death, in a fierce grimace of bared teeth—almost as if he had been at last reclaimed by the old, irreconcilable rage of the Malcolm X who had been pursuing him all these many months.

TODAY, recalling that Sunday afternoon at the Audubon Ballroom, Betty Shabazz says, "I still carry it with me all the time. I prayed for years for it to be taken away, not to be able to remember it." She had even refused to take the children to the funeral, for fear "they'd see him there prone, not moving." She says, "But my consciousness expanded, so I can live with it." In fact, she has become, like Coretta King, the *public keeper of her husband's memory*. (According to her, it was Malcolm who suggested to Haley that he look into his ancestors' past in Africa—a suggestion that led to "Roots.")

After Malcolm's death, Betty earned a doctoral degree in education, and she is now an administrator at Medgar Evers

College, in Brooklyn. She is an imposing dowager of a woman, with a round, full face that has a stately impassiveness. During a recent conversation, she began by declaring, with a forefinger spearing upward, much in Malcolm's old preacherly manner, "To understand Malcolm, you must understand his mission"—which she is now constantly explaining to audiences across the country. "He's called a racist—no, no, no! Sometimes you have to exaggerate in order to get people to see. What did he do? He held up a mirror. Sometimes you don't like what you see in a mirror." She added, quietly, "When he's away, he's here. I still feel his presence. He still lives with me. The guy was *so strong*."

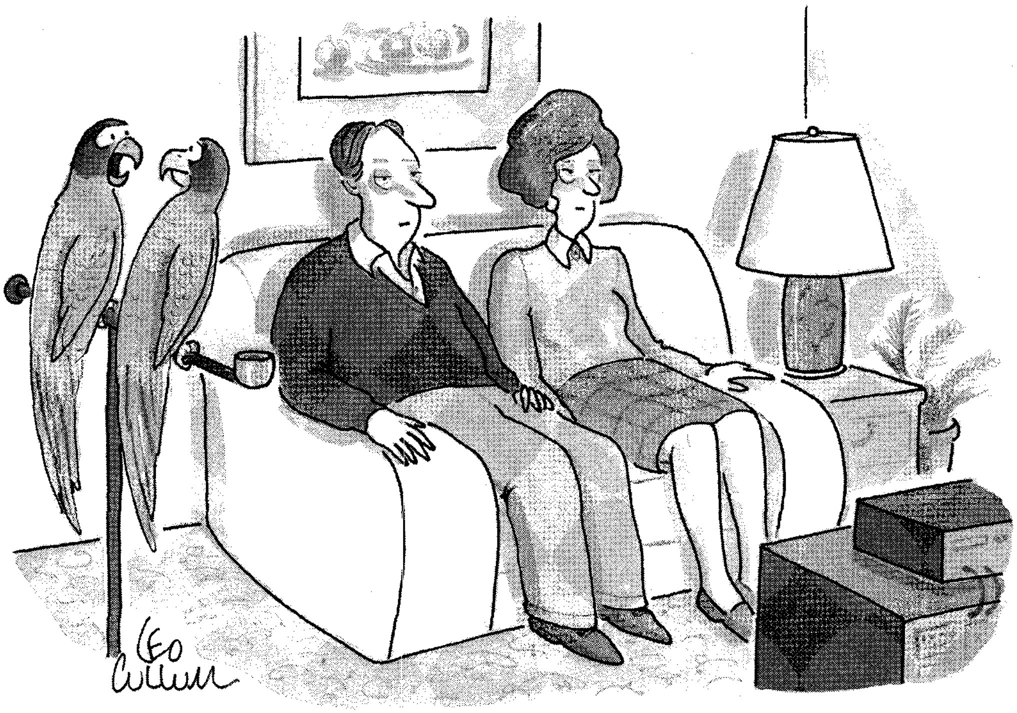
"I highly recommend, for God's sake, sir, the escargot specialité de la maison."

Not long after Malcolm's death, Elijah Muhammad consented to receive the press—even those members with blue eyes and chalky skins—in a vast chamber of his mansion in Chicago. Tiny and solemn amid walls hung with white silk, he declared, in a fluting voice, "We have not, as I said, never resorted to no such thing as violence. Way I see it, Malcolm is the victim of his own preachin'. He preached violence, and so he becomes a victim of it." But Peter Goldman reports that to a gathering of his believers four days later he said, between coughings and wheezings, "He tried to make war against me. . . . It's wrong to even stand beside the grave of a hypocrite. . . . Malcolm got what he was preaching." Two of Malcolm's brothers were presented, to denounce him one last time as "a man who was no good."

Three black men—all Muslims, as it eventually proved—were arrested, and in a two-month trial nearly a year later were found guilty of the slaying and sentenced to life in prison. Two of them are now out on parole. The third, Talmadge Hayer, who was the gunman apprehended immediately outside the ballroom, confessed at the trial but declared that the two others had not been involved. They have continued to maintain that they had nothing to do with the shooting. In prison, Hayer admitted to Goldman that Malcolm's execution had been plotted by five Muslim street regulars, under the inspiration of the Muslim leadership, as retribution for the discomfort that Malcolm had afforded Elijah Muhammad. The message in comments heard by the faithful from some of Muhammad's close courtiers, such as "If you knew what Malcolm said about the Dear Holy Apostle, you'd kill him yourself," was as unmistakable as Henry II's legendary complaint about Thomas Becket.

Norman Butler is one of those convicted of Malcolm's murder who still denies he participated in it, but he nevertheless told Goldman that, beforehand, "security people rolled in from everywhere—captains from all over the country. . . . And New York was made to look bad," and he quoted one of them as saying, "What we got to do—bring in people from all over to take care of your business?" These words came, Butler said, from a member of Elijah Muhammad's own household in Chicago, who elaborated, "Cut the nigger's tongue out and put it in an envelope and send it to me, and I'll stamp it approved and give it to the Messenger." Butler told Goldman, "And that, at that time, was *death*. Back then, that was an *order*." It was not as if defectors and apostates from the Nation of Islam hadn't been killed before, and for considerably tamer affronts than Malcolm's. Charles Kenyatta says today, "They were nothing but a Mafia operation." As Elijah Muhammad's somewhat more benign son, Wallace, was later appalled to discover, at least ten believers who were simply restless about the overbearing manner of the Fruit of Islam had also been killed. All those who investigated Malcolm's assassination were convinced that, beyond the three convicted, at least one person and possibly three more people were involved.

Other speculations have since swarmed: suspicions—invigorated by subsequent disclosures about police operations against other perceived menaces, like the Black Panthers—that swiftly turned into certainties about complicity by the C.I.A., the F.B.I., the New York police, or all the engines of the state combined, choreographed from Washington, and including a possible betrayal by one or several of Malcolm's own. Malcolm's film biographer, Spike



"I understand they're not as likely to talk if you have two of them together."

Lee, has written, "We all live in a wicked country where the government can and will do anything to keep people in check. . . . I see the F.B.I., C.I.A. and the police departments around this country as one and the same. They are all in cahoots and along with the Nation of Islam, they all played a part in the assassination of Malcolm X. Who else? King? Both Kennedys? Evers?" It testifies to a curious superstition about the omniscience of federal agencies to maintain, as Lee does, that "the Bureau knew Malcolm's every move, knew he was being hunted down, but stood back."

In reality, Malcolm was warned by the F.B.I. of threats against his life, and was assured that the F.B.I. would supply witnesses if he wished to take the Muslims to court. And he was repeatedly offered protection by New York's police. One was a formal offer of a twenty-four-hour police guard, and he had received as many as seventeen offers to station uniformed officers at his rallies at the Audubon Ballroom—offers made, to be sure, with the anticipation that Malcolm would almost certainly refuse them, as he mostly did. The only probable complicity of the F.B.I. and the police in what happened would have been that, knowing a strike at Malcolm to be almost certainly impending, they chose not to intervene any more actively to avert it.

The case for some larger official conspiracy to execute Malcolm proceeds from the supposition that at that time he presented a serious concern to the custodians of the national interest, both internally and abroad. Evidence cited for such a conspiracy includes the claim that, during a journey of Malcolm's to Cairo to try to persuade the African Unity Organization to take America's racial policy before the United Nations, he was, while staying at the Nile Hilton, "poisoned." But, having partaken of the fare of Cairo, including that of the Nile Hilton, on several visits of my own there, I can say that I have been poisoned on at least two occasions myself. The truth is, the notion that the national authorities had become so hoodooed by Malcolm that they would actually engage in a plot to eliminate him rather exaggerates the perception of his threat at the time. Though he did eventually attract more interest from the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. with his transmutation from a Black Muslim isolationist into a militant advocate of a Pan-African black nationalism, that interest never seems to have ranged much further than his potential for embarrassment. What unease about black militancy had gathered in government agencies was focussed principally on King, with his incomparably larger following. Malcolm's true danger to the nation's management—that he was creating a radical new consciousness of pride and assertiveness in the nation's black community—was a phenomenon still inherently beyond the institutional imagination.

To be sure, Malcolm himself once said to Haley, "The more I keep thinking about this thing, the things that have been happening lately, I'm not all that sure it's the Muslims. I know what they can do, and what they can't, and they can't do some of the stuff recently going on." Nevertheless, his expectation of assassination was fixed, for the most part, on the Muslims alone. One Muslim operation to exterminate him, he reported afterward, went awry only when one of the participants had second thoughts and came to warn him.

In the end, much of the speculation about a conspiracy arises, as in the case of Kennedy's death, from a reluctance to accept the absurd disparity that so much could have been destroyed through any circumstance so paltry and mundane. In Malcolm's case, an obscure internal religious war on the fringes of the black community seems impossibly out of proportion to his life and its meaning now. But one should always be wary of explanations that are far more arabesque and fantastical in detail than the paradoxes they're trying to explain.

IN the years after Malcolm's assassination, and Elijah Muhammad's serene expiration, in 1975, Elijah's son, Wallace, diverged with some Muslims into a far milder and more conventional version of Islam, in the process quietly discarding his father's claim to have been Allah's Messenger. He even began restoring Malcolm as a venerated figure of the faith, and eventually renamed the Harlem mosque in Malcolm's honor.

(There has also survived a straighter line of doctrinal descent, from Elijah Muhammad to Louis Farrakhan, who now occupies Elijah's mansion in Chicago.)

But beyond the singular personal testament of his autobiography, Malcolm, to all appearances, left little behind him that was measurable. Both of his organizations had already fallen into ramshackle disarray, on the verge of dwindling away altogether. His grand Pan-African political offensive had evaporated against the cold calculations prevailing at the United Nations. He remained little more than a kind of garish rogue figure on the edge of the ongoing surge of the civil-rights movement. But Malcolm's true epitaph has turned out to be much like a fulfillment of that old invocation of his father's great hero, Marcus Garvey: "I shall come back to you. . . . Look for me in the whirlwind or the storm, look for me all around you."

Shortly after his death, as the civil-rights movement shifted to the urban North, speculations arose that Malcolm would become an increasingly formidable figure in the black consciousness and that King would be forced to adapt to Malcolm's message. The suggestion, though, that Martin and Malcolm were actually converging, in their widening campaigns against poverty and the dehumanization of American policies, seems ultimately illusory: they held two profoundly different understandings of humankind. King was animated by a vision of how things could and should be; Malcolm operated within a flat, rancorous acceptance of things as they were. "This is an era of hypocrisy," he declaimed. "You pretend that you're my brother and I pretend that I really believe you believe you're my brother."

But the duality between their visions is an abiding one, reaching beyond both Martin and Malcolm, and it has become, if anything, even more pertinent to what seems now yet another quickening of America's old racial travail. Specifically, the government's—and the society's—bland obliviousness of the plight of the poor in the last decade seems only to have placed more pressure on the racial fault line in the national community. Beyond that, there are those who have even proposed that racial turmoil may well be the coming theme of international history, as the world contracts into an ever more intimate neighborhood: that ethnic or tribal conflicts like those today in the remnants of Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, in Sri Lanka and Somalia, to say nothing of the Middle East, will replace the long historical kinetic force of state nationalism and ideology and economic contention—that the real conflicts that will occupy governments and their armies will be as primitive a matter as the clashings of races.

In this country, at least, the implications of the increasing bitter estrangement of the children of Malcolm (in his latter days he noted, "Thicker each year in these ghettos is the kind of teen-ager that I was") can be nothing less than a deepening dissolution of the old dream of a common, egalitarian American neighborhood. To an extent, Malcolm incontestably emancipated a form of black pride: he himself claimed, with considerable fairness, that he had acted "to revolutionize the American black man's thinking, opening his eyes until he would never again look in the same fearful, worshipful way at the white man." Jesse Jackson, who as a college student once drove from North Carolina to Harlem hoping to meet with Malcolm, remembers that "he was able to cut down the enemy with his tongue—that was his excitement for black people. Martin's liberation was his public movement, opening up the system to blacks. But Malcolm's was personal—he somehow removed the fear in blacks' personal encounters with whites." Ossie Davis proclaimed in his eulogy at Malcolm's funeral, "Malcolm was our manhood, our living, black manhood . . . Our own black shining prince!" He is still hailed by many as the most authentic voice of America's vast black underclass. In this he was actually ahead of King. Virtually by his oratory alone, he helped call forth the dawning of black consciousness in America; a cultural decolonization of the black spirit.

But it has been his earlier incarnation to which his posterity has somehow clung: to Malcolm's own slayer, in effect. On book covers, and on posters that have proliferated throughout the black community—in university black-student unions and inner-city bookstores—it is the image of Malcolm during his Muslim days that glares out, in his old finger-spearing racial judgment and malediction; it is, as the myriad profusion of "X"s shows, still Malcolm from his Nation of Islam years. For that matter, most of Malcolm's children may now have only a dim impression of him, as a fearsome black orator who was once the nemesis of white America.

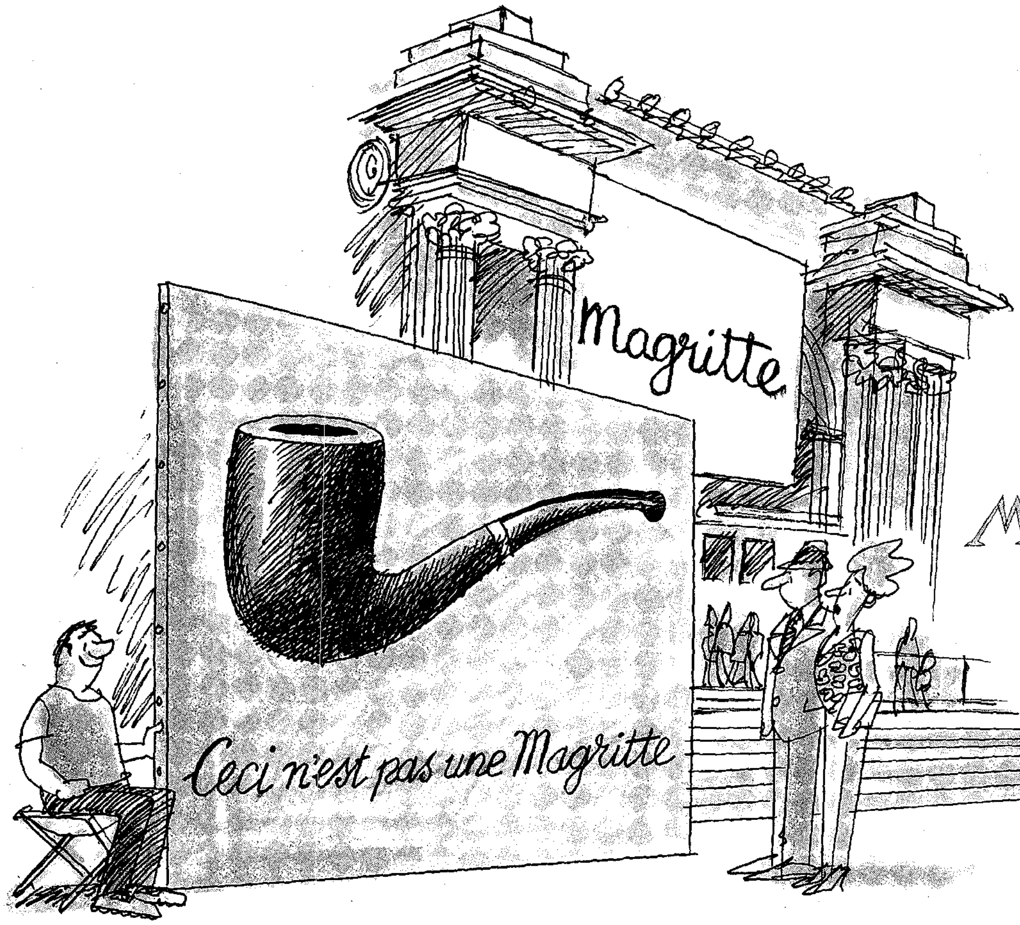
It was his own hope, he told Haley, that "one day, history may even say that my voice—which disturbed the white man's smugness, and his arrogance, and his complacency—that my voice helped save America from a grave, possibly even a fatal catastrophe." But the true tragedy of Malcolm's life would be if, along with his inner emancipation of blacks, his gift to his people should also become, from that grimmer evangelism which finally claimed him in the Audubon Ballroom, the lurid liberation of their anger in the moral nihilism most recently beheld in the firestorm of Los Angeles. The rage after the acquittals of the Los Angeles police officers who had been seen on video systematically beating Rodney King was much in the spirit of the old Malcolm X. It is a matter of some irony, then, that Rodney King himself, around whom the rage of the children of Malcolm had billowed, turned out to be consummately one of the children of Martin when he appeared before cameras and, pained and stunned, ventured the appeal, in a halting, stumbling voice that yet had an eloquence beyond all the roaring of those days, "Can we all get along?"

It was toward that simple but ultimately civilized sentiment that Malcolm was making his last pilgrimage. He undertook it against fearful odds—odds that, after all these years, still confront his people. For the rest of us, then, the parable of Malcolm X should serve as an urgent warning. We must at last come by the recognition, the conscience, and the will to somehow make it possible for Malcolm's children—the still dispossessed descendants of America's aboriginal crime of slavery—to continue the journey that he began. ♦

Tiananmen Square, the largest city square in the world, covers 98 acres. It can be a wonderful gathering place, and the activities observed offer untold photographic possibilities.—*World Traveler*, *Northwest Airlines' in-flight magazine.*

Noted.

AFTER MAGRITTE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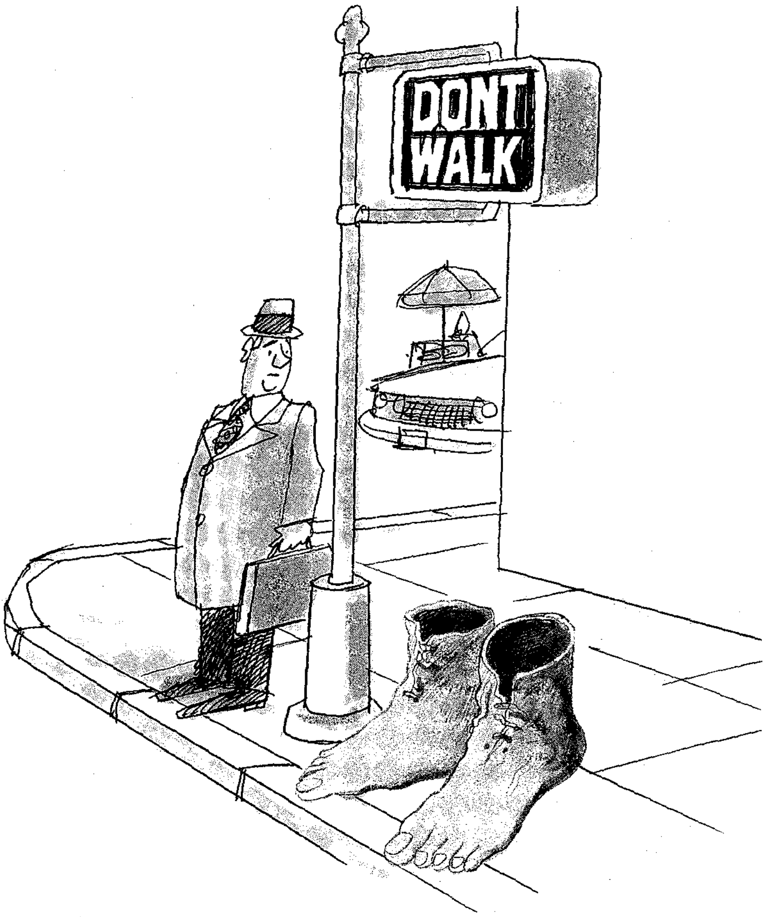

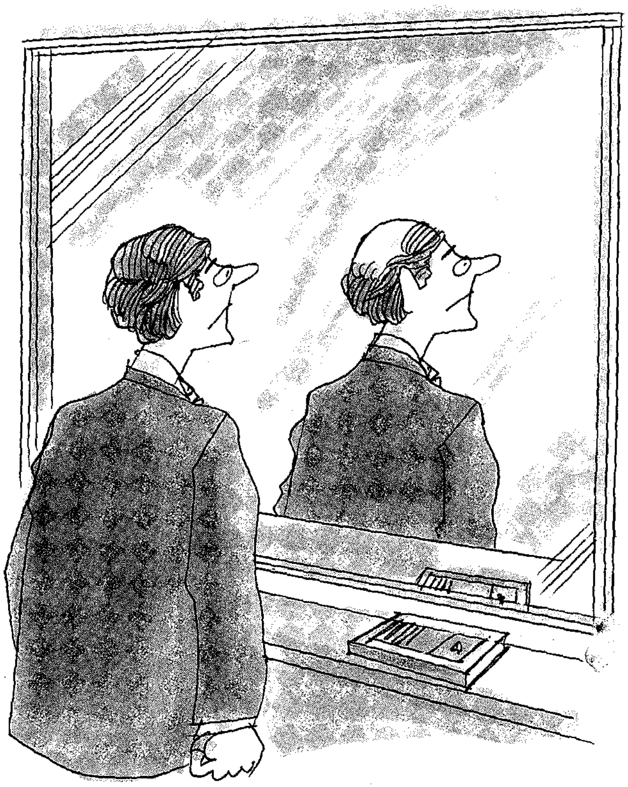

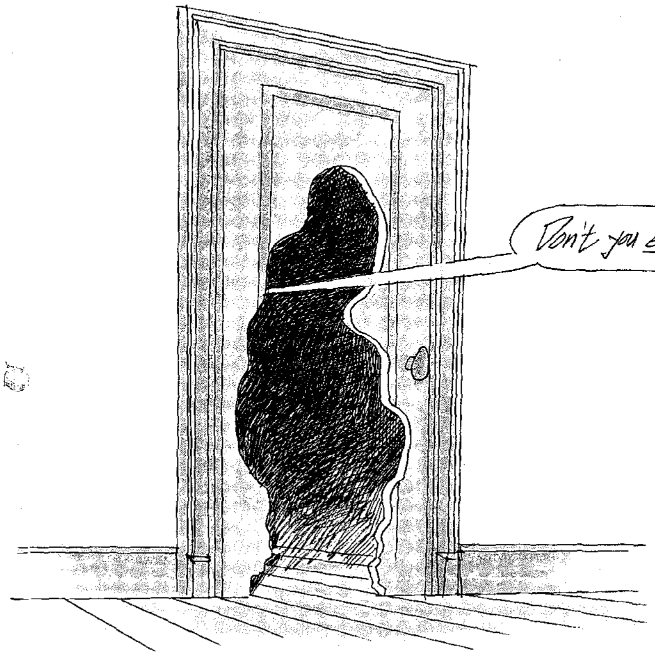
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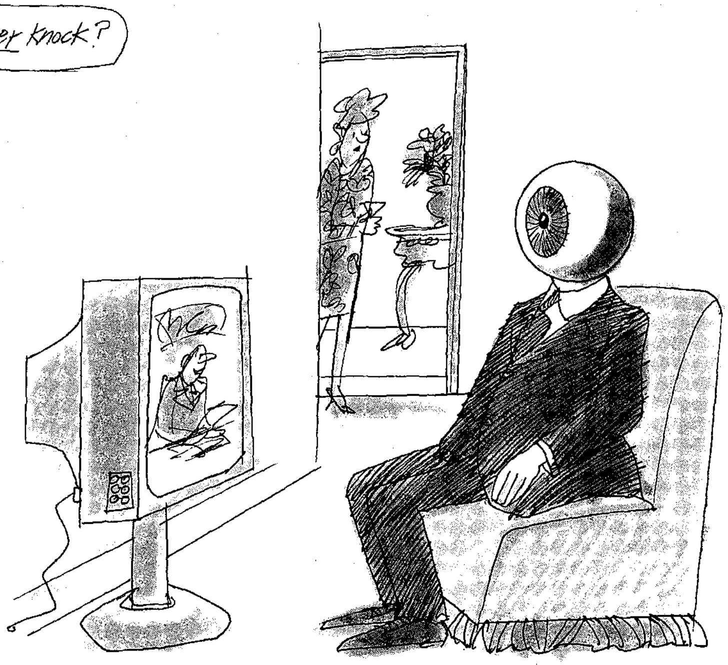
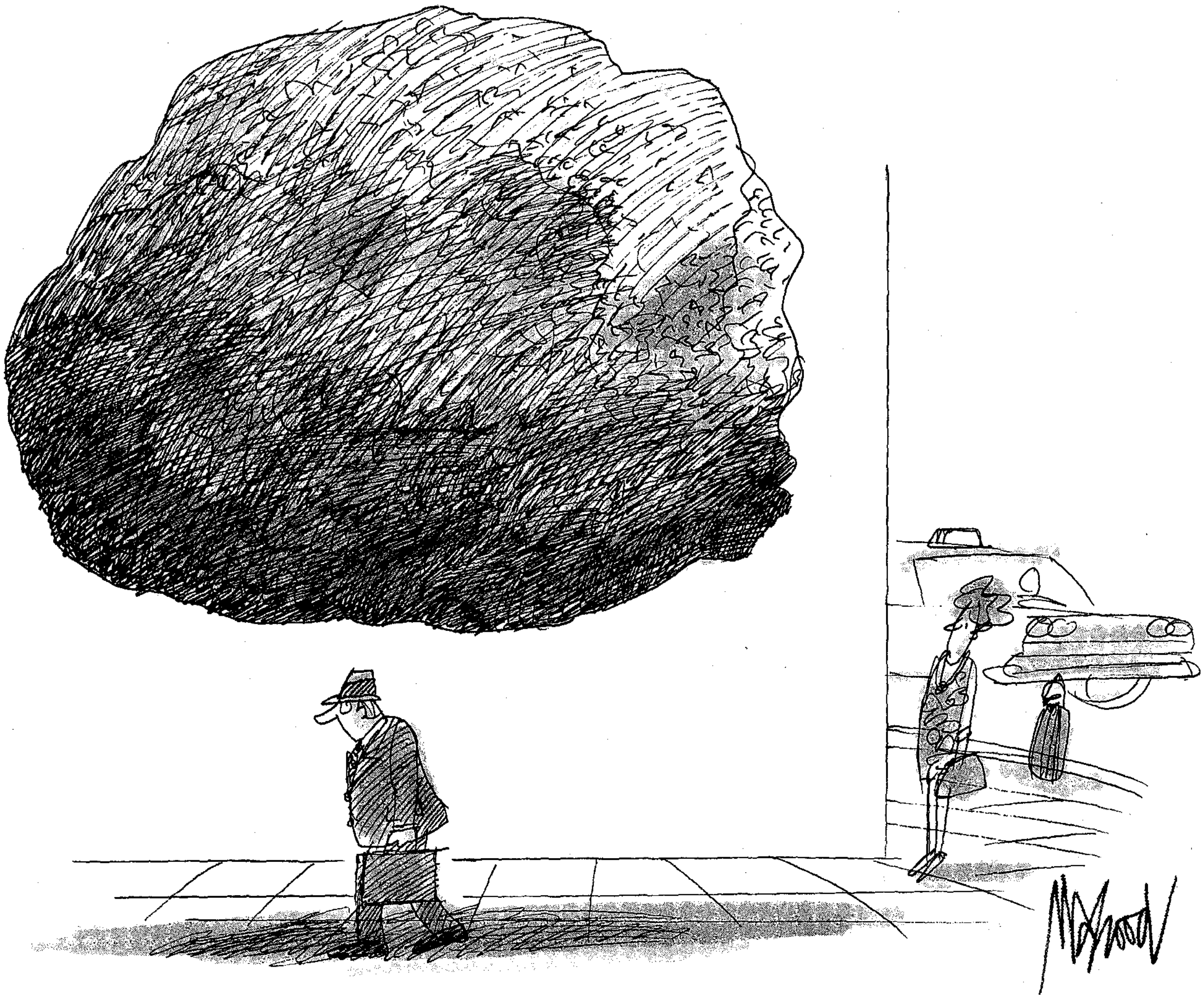




FICTION

THE BLACK LIGHTS

by Thom Jones

COMMANDER ANDY HAWKINS, chief psychiatrist of the neuropsych ward at Camp Pendleton, received the inevitable nickname Eaglebeak, or Eagle, early in his first tour in Vietnam when a crazy Marine attacked him out of the clear blue and bit off his nose. It became a serious medical event when Commander Hawkins developed a resistant staph infection in his sinuses, which quickly spread to his brain—a danger that is always present with face wounds. To complicate matters, Hawkins was allergic to the first antibiotics administered to him and went into anaphylactic shock. When that was finally controlled, his kidneys shut down, and he had to be placed on dialysis, as the infection continued to run rampant through his system. Hawkins developed a raging fever and had to be wrapped in ice blankets for two days, and weeks later, after his kidneys and immune system kicked in again, he came down with hepatitis B and nearly died from that. He resigned his commission, quit doctoring altogether for a time, and went to the Menninger Foundation in Kansas, where he did some work—work on himself. He wanted to regain some compassion for his fellow-man before trying to go back into private practice, but his dreams of a successful civilian career were destroyed by the fact that he had no nose. He wore a tin nose, complete with a head strap, crafted by a Vietnamese peasant, and it made him an object of ridicule, led to a divorce from his wife, and prompted him to rejoin the Navy, where it didn't really matter that much what you looked like if you had enough rank. It mattered socially—at the Officers' Club and so on—but not on the job.

Commander Hawkins started out with a plastic prosthetic nose, but it was easily detectable, so he decided to make the best of a bad situation by wearing the tin nose and being up front about it. He was always quick to point out that he, more than anyone, realized how absurd his condition was, and in doing so he attenuated in part the sniggering he was subjected to for wearing a tin nose. What bothered him more was what he imagined people said about it in private. He became a virtual paranoid in this regard.

I was sent to Pendleton's neuropsych facility—that bleak, austere nuthouse—some weeks after defending my title as the First Marine Division Middleweight Champ in a boxing smoker at Camp Las Pulgas. I lost on a K.O. My injuries resulted in a shocking loss of weight, headaches, double vision, and strange, otherworldly spells. EEG readings taken at the hospital indicated that I had a lesion on my left temporal lobe from a punch to the temple that had put me out cold for over an hour. I was a boxer with over a hundred and fifty fights, and I had taken a lot of shots, but this last punch was the hardest I had ever received and the first punch ever to put me down. I had seen stars before from big punches; I had seen pinwheels; but after that shot to the temple I saw the worst thing you ever see in boxing—I saw the black lights.

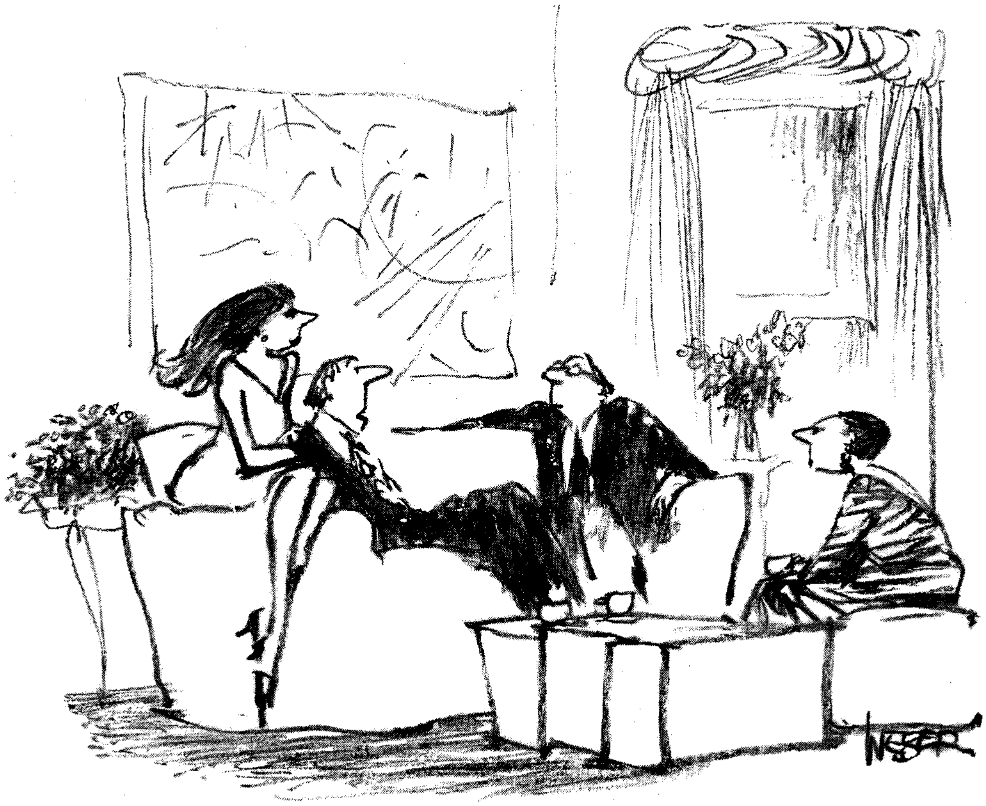
THERE I sat in a corner of the dayroom on the kelly-green floor tiles, dressed in a uniform of pajamas and bathrobe, next to a small, tightly coiled catatonic named Joe, who wore a towel on his shoulder. Here in this corner—the most out-of-the-way place in the ward—was one of the few windows. Occasionally a Marine would freak out and bolt for the window, jump up on the sill, shake the security screen, and scream "I want to die!" or "I can't take it anymore, let me out of this motherfucker!" At these times Joe would actually move a little. By that I mean he would tilt to the left to give the screamer a little space. Except for me and one of the corpsmen, Joe would not let anyone touch him or feed him or change him.

As I said, Joe wore a towel on his shoulder. He drooled constantly, and he would grunt in gratitude when I dabbed his mouth dry. Joe gave off a smell. Schizophrenics give off a smell, and you get used to it. Sometimes, however, it would get so bad that I could swear I saw colors coming off Joe—shades of blue, red, and violet—and to get away from it I would get up and walk over to the cigarette lighter, a spiral electrical device much like the cigarette lighters in cars. The staff didn't trust us with open flames or razor blades.

Sitting next to Joe, I would chain-smoke Camels until the Thorazine and phenobarbital that Eagle had prescribed to contain my agitated restlessness got to be too much and I fell into heavy, unpleasant dreams, or I had a fit and woke up on the tile with piss and shit in my pants—alone, neglected, a pariah. The same corpsman who changed Joe would change me. The others would let you lie in your filth until the occasional doctor or nurse came in and demanded that they take action.

I was having ten to twenty spells a day during my first month, and I was so depressed that I refused to talk to anyone, especially when some of the fits marched into full-blown grand-mal seizures, which caused me much shame and confusion. I refused to see the buddies from my outfit who came by to visit me, and I did not answer my mail or take calls from my family. But as I got used to the Thorazine I began to snap out of my fits quicker. I began to shave and brush my teeth, and mingle with the rest of the neuropsych population. With Eagle as my living example, I had decided I would make the best of a bad situation; I would adjust to it and get on with my life.

As a rule, there were about thirty men in our ward—the Security Ward, where they kept the craziest, most volatile marines in all of Pendleton. Eagle seemed to regard me as super-volatile, although I was anything but at the time. He always kept me at arm's length, but he would get right in and mix with really dangerous, really spooky whacked-out freaks. I figured he was afraid of me be-



"Betsy and I feel that this election comes down to just one thing—who has the better wife."

cause of my history as a recon marine with three tours in Nam, or because I had been a boxer. But he was a doctor, and his fear made me wonder about myself.

One day a great big black man named Gothia came into the ward. I had been there about two months, and this was the first new admission I had witnessed. He was extra big, extra black, extra muscular, and extra crazy. Gothia was into a manic episode and talking fast: there was a Buick waiting outside with a general in it, and he and Gothia were going to fly off to the Vatican, where the Pope urgently awaited Gothia's expertise concerning the impending apocalypse. He kept repeating, "It's going to come like a thief in the night—a thief in the night!" until he had everyone half believing that the end of the world was at hand. I immediately liked Gothia. He made things interesting in the ward. As my hair got long, Gothia arranged with the other brothers to give me a hair treatment, a kind of pompadour. It looked like shit, but I was flattered to be admitted into the company of the brothers, which was difficult, my being white and a sergeant and a lifer and all.

A few weeks after he arrived, Gothia bolted unseen up the fence in the exercise yard, did the Fosbury Flop over the barbed wire that topped it, and returned with a six-pack of cold malt liquor. I drank three as fast as possible on an empty stomach and had my first cheap satori—though whether it was epilepsy or the blast from the alcohol is difficult to say. As I finished a fourth can of the malt liquor, sitting against the fence in the warmth of the golden sun, I realized that everything was for the best. Years later, I read a passage from Nietzsche that articulated what I felt in that fifteen-second realization: "Becoming is justified . . . war is a means to achieve balance. . . . Is the world full of guilt, injustice, contradiction and suffering? Yes, cries Heracleitus, but only for the limited man who does not see the total design; not for the contuitive God; for him all contradiction is harmonized."

WEIRD. Sleeping in the neuropsych ward at night, I sensed the presence of a very large rabbit under my bunk. A seven-foot rabbit with brown fur and skin sores, who took long, raking breaths. I didn't want to do it, but I had to keep getting out of bed to look. Gothia, who never slept, finally came over and asked me what was the matter, and when I told him about the rabbit he chuckled sympathetically. "Hey, man, there's no *rabbit*. Just take it easy and get some rest, baby. Can you dig it? Rabbit. Shit." But by and by my compulsive rabbit checks got on his nerves, until one night he came over to my bed and said, "I told you there was no rabbit under the bed. If you don't stop this shit, I am going to pinch you." He said it louder than he meant to, and the corpsman on watch came over with his flashlight and told Gothia that if he didn't get to bed he was going to write him up. I lay in the darkness and waited and listened to the rabbit breathe like an asthmatic until I had to check again, whereupon Gothia popped up in his bed and pointed his finger at me and shouted, "There ain't no goddam rabbit, goddam it! Knock that shit off!"

I shouted back at him. "It's that rabbit on the Brer Rabbit molasses jar. That rabbit with buckles on his shoes! Bow tie. Yaller teeth! Yaller! Yaller!" For causing such a commotion we were both shot up, and put in isolation rooms. It was my first experience with a straitjacket, and I nearly lost it. I forced myself to lie still, and it seemed that my brain was filled with sawdust and that centipedes, roaches, and other insects were crawling through it. I could taste brown rabbit fur in my teeth. I had a horror that the rabbit would come in the room, lie on my face, and suffocate me.

After my day of isolation, a brig rat, a white marine named Rouse, came up to me and said, "Hey—you can tell me—you're faking this shit so you can get out of the service, aren't you?" Rouse, an S-1 clerk-typist, a "Remington raider" who had picked up a heroin habit in Saigon, had violet slash marks on his arms, and liked to show me a razor-blade half he had in his wallet. He offered to let me use it and often suggested that we use it together. Rouse had a lot of back pay saved up and ordered candy and cigarettes from the commissary, and innumerable plastic airplanes to assemble. He always claimed to have nasal congestion and ordered Vicks Inhalers, which at that time contained Benzedrine. Rouse would break them open and swallow the cottons and then pour airplane glue on a washcloth and roll it into a tube and suck on it. I got high with Rouse once by doing this, but the Benzedrine made me so restless that I begged Thorazine from the guys who used to cheek it and then spit it out after meds were issued.

Actually, Rouse was wrong about me: I didn't have anything to hide, and I wasn't faking anything. At the time, I didn't want out. I intended to make the Marine Corps my home. At group-therapy sessions I reasonably insisted that mine was a straightforward case of epilepsy, and for this I was ridiculed by inmate enemies and the medical staff alike. When I saw I was getting nowhere, I refused to speak at the group-therapy sessions at all, and I spent a month sitting sullenly, listening to everyone argue over an old record-player one of the residents had brought in to spice up the dayroom. The blacks liked Smokey Robinson and the Miracles; the war vets were big on the Doors, the Rolling Stones, and C.C.R. I started getting fat from inactivity—fat, although the food was cold and tasted lousy, and in spite of the fact that I fasted on Fridays, because Thursday's dinner was always rabbit. The thought of eating rabbit after a night of sensing the molasses rabbit under my bed gasping for air, and hearing the air whistle between his yellow teeth as he sucked desperately to live—the sight of fried rabbit put me off food for a solid day.

WHEN I had been on the ward about six months and my fits were under better control, a patient named Chandler was admitted. Chandler was a college graduate. His degree was in French. He had joined the Marine Corps to become a fighter pilot but quickly flunked out of flight school and was left with a six-year enlistment as a grunt, which was unbearable to him. I wasn't sure if he was going out of his way to camp things up so he could get a Section Eight discharge, or if he always acted like a fairy. No one held it against him. In fact, a number of the borderline patients quickly became devotees of his and were swishing around with limp wrists, putting on skits and whatnot, and smoking Chandler's cigarette of choice—Salem. Rouse was the first to join in with Chandler by wearing scarves, kerchiefs, and improvised makeup. Rouse even changed his name to Tallulah.

But Chandler wasn't just some stupid fairy. He was erudite, well read, and well mannered. He had been to Europe. Chandler turned me on to Kafka and Paul Valéry. He knew how to work the library system, and soon I found that as long as I had a good book I did not mind the ward half as much.

Under Chandler's influence, Gothia somehow became convinced that he was Little Richard. After about the five hundredth time I heard Gothia howl, "It's Saturday night and I just got paid," and Chandler respond, "That's better, but try and put a little more pizzazz in your delivery!" I was glad to see Gothia go. They transferred him to a long-term-care psychiatric facility in North Carolina. In truth, Gothia was pretty good as Little Richard. He was better at it than Chandler was at Bette Davis or Marlene Dietrich—although at that time I had never seen Marlene Dietrich and had no basis for comparison.

Overwhelmed by boredom one afternoon in the dayroom, as we watched Chandler execute yet another "grand entrance" (a little pivot with a serious lip pout and a low and sultry "Hello, darlings"), I confided to Rouse that I suspected Eagle of being a "closet" faggot, and shortly afterward I was called into the Eagle's den for a rare appointment. Obviously Rouse had snitched on me. I told Eagle that I thought he was a homosexual because he had surfing posters in his office, and I watched him scribble three pages of notes about this. Eagle's desk was cramped, and his office was hot in spite of a pair of twelve-inch portable fans beating like they could use a couple of shots of lightweight motor oil, and I began to perspire heavily as I watched Eagle write. He was a spectacle—a tall man, cadaverously thin, with his long, angular legs crossed tightly at the knees, his ass perched on the front edge of his chair as he chain-smoked with one hand, flicking ashes into a well-filled ashtray on his desk while he scribbled at the notepad on his lap with his other hand; turning pages, lighting fresh cigarettes off the butts of old ones, scribbling, flipping the pad, seemingly oblivious of me until he looked up and confronted me with that incredible tin nose. "Do you realize that you are sweating?"

"It's hot."

"It's hot," he repeated. He looked down at his notepad and proceeded to write a volume.

By now I was drenched with sweat, having something very much like a panic attack. Without looking up, Eagle said, "You're hyperventilating."

Everything was getting swirly. Eagle dashed out his cigarette and reached into a drawer, withdrawing a stained paper sack from McDonald's. "Here," he said. "Breathe into this."

I took the bag and started breathing into it. "It isn't working," I said between breaths.

"Just give it a minute. Have you ever done this before? Hyperventilated?"

"Oh, God, no." I felt like I was dying.

Eagle pushed himself back in his chair and placed his hands on his knees. "There's more at work here than just a seizure disorder," he said. "I'm seeing some psychopathology."

"It's that fucking nose," I said, gasping. "I'm freaking out."

"You don't like the nose?" Eagle said. "Well, how do you think I feel about the nose? What am I supposed to do, go off on some island like Robinson Crusoe and hide?"

"I didn't mean that," I said. "It's just—"

"It's just too fucking weird, isn't it, Sergeant?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "Not normally, I mean, but I'm on all this medicine. You've got to cut back my dosage. I can't handle it."

"I'll make you a deal. I'm going to cut you back if you do something for me."

The paper bag finally started to work, and everything began to settle down. "What?"

Eagle removed a notepad and pencil from his desk. "Take this. I want you to jot down your feelings every day. This is just between you and me. I mean, it can be anything. If you were a kind of breakfast cereal, for instance, what would you be? Would you be—oatmeal? Would you be—mush? Would you be—FrankenBerries? Would you be—Count Chocula?" Eagle reclined in his chair, extracted a Lucky Strike, and lit it—with the same effeminate gestures, I noted, that Chandler used to light his Salems. Eagle had very broad shoulders for such a thin man. The sleeves of his tropical uniform were rolled up past his elbows. He brushed what few strands of hair he had back across his shiny pate. It was impossible to ignore his nose. He looked like an enormous carrion bird, and although I knew I could break him in pieces, he terrified me. He took a deep drag and exhaled through his tin nose. "Would you be—a Wheatie?"

"Don't try to fuck with my head!" I protested, crushing the McDonald's sack. I got up and stalked out of Eagle's office, but that night, when I went to bed, I found the notepad and pencil on top of my footlocker.

To disprove Eagle's theory that I was borderline psycho, I began to write what I thought were mundane and ordinary things in the diary, things which I thought proved my mental health, e.g., "A good day. Read. Played volleyball and had a good time smoking with the brothers. Picked up a lot of insight in group. Favorite breakfast: Shit on a Shingle. Two hundred push-ups. Happy, happy, happy!" I found such a release in writing that I started a diary of my own—a real one, a secret one, which I recently glanced through, noting that the quality of my penmanship was very shaky.

JANUARY 11, 1975: Sick.

JANUARY 13, 1975: Sick. Managed to read from Schopenhauer.

JANUARY 15, 1975: Borrowed some reading glasses and read Cioran. Sickness unto death. Better in the evening. Constipated. Food here is awful. There are bugs crawling on the wall and through the sawdust that is my brain. My personality is breaking down? I am having a nervous breakdown? Curiously I don't have the "stink" of schizophrenia.

MARCH 14, 1975: Vertigo. Double vision. Sick. Can't eat.

MARCH 18, 1975: There is a smell. A mousy smell.

APRIL 34, 2007: *I am a boxer dog of championship lineage dating back to the late nineteenth century, when the breed was brought to a high point of development in Germany. I have a short, clean brindle coat involving a pattern of black stripes over a base coat of golden fawn. At seventy-five pounds, I am considered large for a female. My muzzle is broad and gracefully carried, giving balance and symmetry to my head. In repose or when I am deep in thought my face is the very picture of dignified nobility.*

APRIL 40: *My under jaw is somewhat longer than the upper jaw and is turned up at the end, as it should be. The jaw projects just enough to afford a maximum of grasping power and holding power (but without the exaggeration and underbite you sometimes see in poorly bred or inbred boxers). Once my jaws are clamped on something it cannot escape.*

My entire muzzle is black. My nose is completely black, the nostrils wide and flaring. My eyes are of a deep brown and are set deeply in the skull. I do not have that liquid, soft expression you see in spaniels, but rather assertive eyes that can create a menacing and baleful effect when I am irritable. This is particularly the case when I fix my piercing stare on its target. I can burn a hole through steel and escape this Mickey Mouse jail anytime I want, and I will as soon as I get my rest. Arf!

APRIL 55: *Before my accident I was a circus performer with the simple-minded animal consciousness of the here-and-now. That I had been a great hero of the circus—the dog shot from cannons, the dog that dove from fifty-foot platforms into shallow barrels of water, the dog that rode galloping stallions bareback—that I was Boris, the Great One, a celebrated hero of Mother Russia, beloved by my countrymen meant . . . nothing to me.*

EAGLE has me back in his little office, and he confronts me not only with my fake diary but with my real one as well. I'm pissed that they've been rummaging through my personal gear.

"Let me get this straight. You say you were this circus dog in Russia, and you got a brain injury when you were *shot from a cannon?*"

"I forgot to wear my safety helmet."

"So a famous neurosurgeon put your brains back together and sent you to a health spa—"

"Only the V.I.P.s went there. Nikita K. was there. I knew him. Dancers from the Bolshoi. Army Generals. K.G.B. officials. Chess champions."

"And you . . . a dog?"

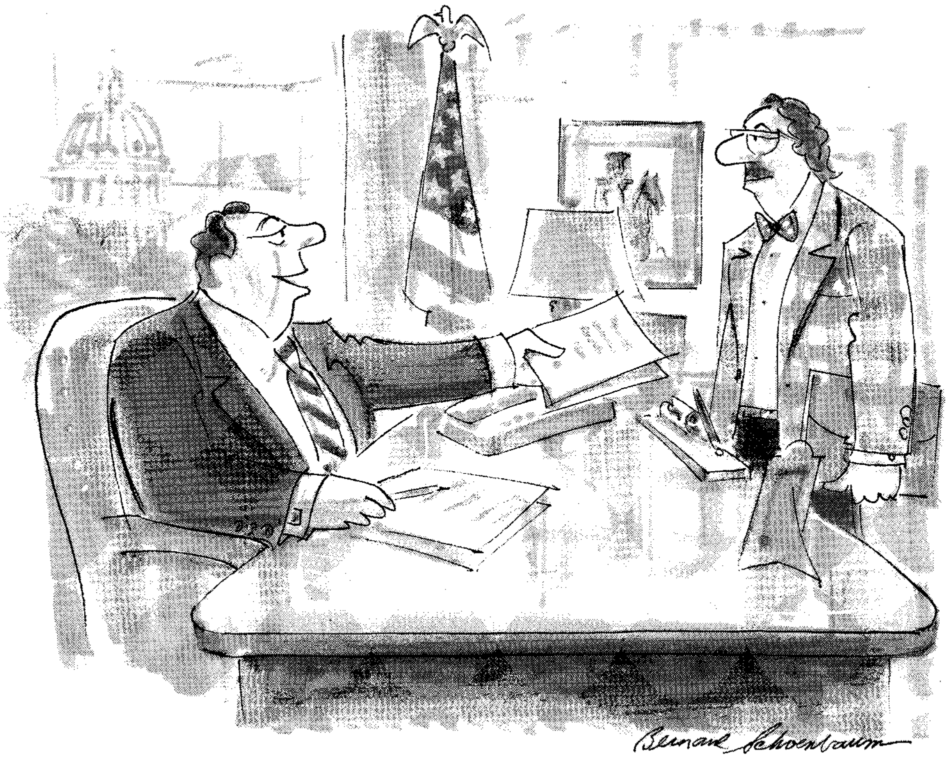
"I wasn't *just* a dog. I was the Rin Tin Tin of Russia."

"You're pretty bright and well informed. How can you know all this kind of thing?"

"Because it's true," I said.

"How would you like it if I sent you to the brig?"

"Fine. The brig would be fine. I'm a



"It's a bit too 'Murphy Brown.' Throw in some 'Ozzie and Harriet.' "

WHITE VIOLETS IN SOUTH HADLEY

So many of them wicking the lawns—
a hundred handkerchiefs dropped
by the daughters of the Pleiades
to mask their seven-square fears.

Their gold is the hive's dry dust—
their petals a thousand small white knuckles ...

On Faculty Lane, the whiteness
of the dogwoods bleaches their white
bank to almost nothing, ghosts of
ghosts, damp violet coals burnt out,

as if a bruise that seemed to leave no mark
had left the image of its pressure here.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

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howlin' wolf. Put me in a cage or let me go."

Eagle drummed his fingers on his desk, changing pace. "Tell me something. What does this old saying mean to you? 'People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones'?" Finger drumming. "Well?"

"I don't know—"

" 'A rolling stone gathers no moss.' What does that mean?"

"Don't know."

Eagle began to write furiously.

"Why would anyone live in a glass house? It would be hot," I said. "And everyone could see you."

"I hear you like to read Kafka. That's heavy stuff for a young guy. You're pretty bright. Have you ever read any books on abnormal psychology?"

"Hey, man, just let me out of this motherfucker. I'm going down in this place. Put me in a normal ward and let me see a real doctor."

"I'll give it some thought. In the meantime, I'd like you to check this out," Eagle said, clapping me on the shoulder. He handed me a copy of "Love Against Hate," by Karl Menninger.

STARLOG, JANUFEB, 2010: "Gate is straight/Deep and wide/Break on through to the other side. . . . "

THERE was an old piano in the dayroom. When a Marine freaked out and broke the record-player, Chandler started playing the piano day and night—driving me crazy. "Canadian Sunset" over and over and over again! One night I rubbed cigarette ashes all over myself for camouflage, crawled into the dayroom recon style, and snapped off the little felt hammers inside the piano. Shoulda seen the look on Chandler's face when he sat down to play. This was not insane behavior. I knew I was not really insane. I was just a garden-variety epileptic temporarily off my game. Thrown a little by the war. I laughed and said to Chandler, "Hey man, what's the sound of one hand clapping?"

After I put the piano out of commission, I noticed Chandler was losing weight. They had him on some new medication. He quit camping around and took a troubled leap into the darkness of his own soul. He grew quiet and started sitting in the corner with catatonic Joe. A black Marine, a rotund and powerful murderer from South Carolina named Bobby Dean Steele, was admitted to the ward for observation, and he began to dominate. Despite the charges pending against him, he was buoyant and cheerful. He walked over to Joe's corner a lot and would say, "Joe-be-doe, what's happening? What's the matter, man? You saw some bad shit in the Nam, didn't you? Well, that's O.K. We're going to fix you up—not those doctors, but us, the jarheads. We'll help you. I know you can hear me. Go easy, man."

Bobby Dean Steele gave Joe back rubs and wiped his face and in a matter of a few days was leading him around the ward in a rigid, shuffle-step fashion. The patients began to rally around Joe, and soon everyone was giving him hugs and reassuring him. One of the corpsmen warned me that catatonics often snap out of their rigid stupors to perform sudden acts of extreme violence. It was a catatonic who had bitten off the Eagle's nose, he said.

For a brief period during Bobby Dean Steele's tenure, my temporal-lobe visions jumped more and more into grand-mal seizures. Just before the fits, instead of having otherworldly spells, I felt only fear and would see the black lights of boxing. I was having very violent fits. In one of these I bit my tongue nearly in half, and for two weeks I sat in Joe's corner with Chandler, overloaded on anticonvulsants. My corpsman came by with a little spray bottle and sprayed my tongue. It had swollen so much that I could not shut my mouth, and it stank. It stank worse than schizophrenia, and even the schizophrenics complained. Bobby Dean Steele and I got into a fistfight over the tongue, and I was amazed at my ability to spring into action, since I felt nearly comatose when he came over to the corner and started jawing at me, kicking at me with his shower shoes. I got up punching and dropped him with a left hook to the jaw. The sound of his huge body hitting the tile was like that of a half dozen rotten melons dropped on concrete. Bobby Dean Steele had to be helped to the seclusion room, but I was not required to go there, nor was I shot up. I guess it was because my tongue made me look miserable enough.

When Bobby Dean Steele came out of isolation, he was so heavily loaded on Thorazine that his spunk was gone, and without his antics and good cheer there was suddenly no "character" on the ward. Joe, who had seemed to be coming out of his catatonia, reverted back to it, but rather than seeking out his corner, he assumed and maintained impossible positions of waxy flexibility wherever he happened to be. It was like some kind of twisted yoga. I had heard that Joe had been at Khe Sanh during the siege and, like Jake Barnes in "The Sun Also Rises," received a groin wound—that he had lost his coconuts. I often wonder

"*Selling out high is the best revenge.*"

why that is considered such a terrible thing. I brought this up and was roundly put down. Better to lose your sight, arms, legs, hearing, said Rouse. Only Chandler, who rarely spoke up anymore, agreed with me. "If there was a hot-fudge sundae on one side of the room and a young Moroccan stud with a cock like a bronze sculpture on the other," he said, "I'd make for the ice cream."

EAGLE came to Chandler's rescue, just as he had bailed me out for a while with the diary idea. Eagle appointed Chandler his clerk, and in a few weeks Chandler began to put on weight. As a clerk, he was allowed to leave the ward under the escort of one of the corpsmen. Invariably he went into Oceanside to the bookstores or to restaurants to gorge on big meals. He brought me delicious food in doggie bags, and books: Dostoyevski, Spinoza, Sartre—the writers he insisted I read—and the lighter stuff I preferred. I was reading a lot and having fewer seizures; I had begun to get better. Chandler was better, too, and up to his old mischief. He constantly mimicked his new boss, and his devastating imitations were so accurate that they actually made me realize how much I respected Eagle, who had the advantages of a good education and presumably had a history of confidence and self-esteem, but now, with his tin nose, had been cut adrift from the human race. The humiliation of epilepsy had unmanned me, and I felt empathy for the doctor. At least I looked like a human being. According to Chandler, Eagle had no friends. Chandler also told me that Eagle would get drunk and remove his tin nose and bellow, "I am the Phantom of the Opera. Ah ha ha ha!"

Patients came and went, and time passed—I had been in the nuthouse for fourteen months. I was becoming one of the senior patients on the ward. We got very good meals on the anniversary of the founding of the Marine Corps, on Thanksgiving, at Christmas. In fact, at Christmas, entertainment was brought in. I remember a set of old geezers who constituted a Dixieland band. They did not play that well, but it made for a welcome break in the routine of med calls, of shower shoes flip-flopping across the kelly-green tiles, of young men freaking out at the security screen near Joe's corner, of people getting high on airplane glue and Vicks Inhalers, of people trying to kill themselves by putting their heads in plastic bags, of the long nights in the ward with the bed springs squealing from incessant masturbation, punctuated by nightmares and night terrors and cries of "Incoming!," of the same cold starchy meals over and over again, of a parched mouth from drug dehydration and too many cigarettes, of a life without hope.

When the band took a rest between sets, two old farts, one white and one black, played a banjo duet of "Shanty Town" that brought tears to my eyes. Then a group of square dancers came in. They were miserable-looking middle-aged types in Western getups, the women with fat legs. You could sense their apprehension, and I realized that I had forgotten how frightening someone like Bobby Dean Steele, who had been copping an attitude of late, wearing an Afro and a pair of black gloves, must have seemed to people like them. Once the music began, however, the misery was erased from their faces and replaced by a hypnotic expression as they mechanically went through their paces. From my folding chair, swooning on phenobarbital, overly warm from all the body heat, I was in agony until I saw—with a rare and refined sense of objectivity—that their sufferings and miseries vanished in their dancing, as they fell into the rhythm of the music and the singsong of the caller's instructions. And for a moment I saw myself as well; I saw myself as if from on high, saw the pattern of my whole life with a kind of geometrical precision, like the pattern the dancers were making, and it seemed there was a perfect rightness to it all.

ONE day after chow, Bobby Dean Steele was summoned to the meds kiosk by one of the doctors, and a corpsman buzzed a pair of enormous brig chasers through the heavy steel door of the ward. They cuffed Bobby Dean Steele, while the resident on duty shrugged his shoulders and told Steele that he was being transferred back to the brig to stand General Court-Martial for three counts of murder in the second degree. It had been decided, Chandler informed us, that Bobby Dean Steele was not especially crazy—at least not according to observation, the M.M.P.I., and the Rorschach. Chandler told us that Steele would end up doing twenty years hard labor in a federal prison.

My own departure was somewhat different. Eagle called me into his office and said, "I'm sending you home. Don't ask me whether you're cured or not. I don't know. I do know you were an outstanding Marine, and I have processed papers for a full disability pension. Good luck to you, Sergeant."

"Thank you." I was dumbfounded.

"When you get home, find yourself a good neurologist. . . . And keep your ass out of the boxing rings."

"Yes, sir."

As I turned to leave, Eagle saluted me. I returned the salute proudly, and I heard his booming, operatic laugh start up after I pulled his door shut behind me.

THE next morning I collected over nine thousand dollars in back pay and I went out to the bus stop with my seabag on my shoulder. A master sergeant came by, and I asked him what time the bus came. He told me that I could not leave the base until I got a No. 1 haircut and I told him to forget it, that I was a civilian. A moment later a jeep pulled over and a captain with an M.P. band on his sleeve hopped out. I showed him my discharge papers, the jump wings on my set of blues, the Navy Cross and the two Silvers, and he said, "Big fucking deal. You got a General Discharge, Sergeant. A psychiatric discharge, Sergeant. I want you off this base immediately."

"Well give me a ride and I'll be glad to get off the motherfucker," I said. I was beginning to see cockroaches crawling through the wet sawdust inside my skull, and I kept wiping my nose for fear they would run out and brush across my lips.

"You're a psycho," the master sergeant said. "Go out there and wreak havoc and mayhem on the general population, and good riddance."

"You could cut me some slack," I said, "I was a real Marine, not some rear-echelon blowhard, and by the way, fuck the Corps. Eat the apple, and fuck the Corps. I curse the day I ever joined this green motherfucker."

"I want you off this base and I want you to hump it off this base," the master sergeant said.

"You mean I don't have to get a haircut after all?" I said in my best Nellie voice.

"Fucking hit the road, Marine. Haight-Ashbury is that way."

"Well, fuck you," I said.

"And fuck you. Go fuck yourself."

I threw my seabag down and was about to fight when a Marine in a beat-up T-bird pulled over to the bus stop and asked me if I needed a lift. Without another word I tossed my seabag in his back seat and hopped into the car. Before I could say thanks he hit me up for five bucks in gas money. "It's twenty-three miles to Oceanside," he said. "And I'm runnin' on empty. I ain't even got a spare tire, no jack, no nothing." He looked at me and laughed, revealing a mouth filled with black cavities. He said, "Hey, man, you wouldn't happen to have a cigarette, would you?" I handed him my pack. "Hey, thanks," he said.

"That's all right," I said.

He lit the cigarette and took a deep drag. "You want to hear some strange shit?"

"Why not?" I said.

"I just got six, six, and a kick." The Marine took another pull off the cigarette and said, "Six months in the brig, six months without pay, and a Bad Conduct Discharge."

"What did you do?" I asked. I was trying to stop the vision of bugs.

"AWOL," he said. "Which is what I'm doing now. I ain't going to do no six months in the fucking brig, man. I did two tours in Nam. I don't deserve this kind of treatment. You want to know something?"

"What's that?"

"I stole this fucking car. Hot-wired the motherfucker."

"Far out," I said. "Which way you going?"

"As far as five bucks in gas will take me."

"I got a little money. Drive me to Haight-Ashbury?"

"Groovy. What are you doing, man, picking your nose?"

"Just checking for cockroaches," I said weakly. I was afraid I was going to have a fit, and I began to see the black lights—they were coming on big time, but I fought them off. "What was your M.O.S.?"

"Oh-three-eleven, communications. I packed a radio over in I Corps. Three Purple Hearts and three Bronze Stars with valor. That's why I ain't doing six months in no brig. I just hope the [illegible]. waves us through at the gate. I don't want no high-speed chases." The Marine lit another of my cigarettes from the butt of the first one. "Hey, man, were you in the war? You look like you got some hard miles on you. Were you in the war? Did you just get out? You're not going AWOL, too—that ain't no regulation haircut. Man, you got a headful of hair. On the run? How about it? Were you in the war? You got that thousand-yard stare, man. Hey, man, stop picking your nose and tell me about it."

Arf!

"God damn it, are you zoned or what?"

Bow wow!

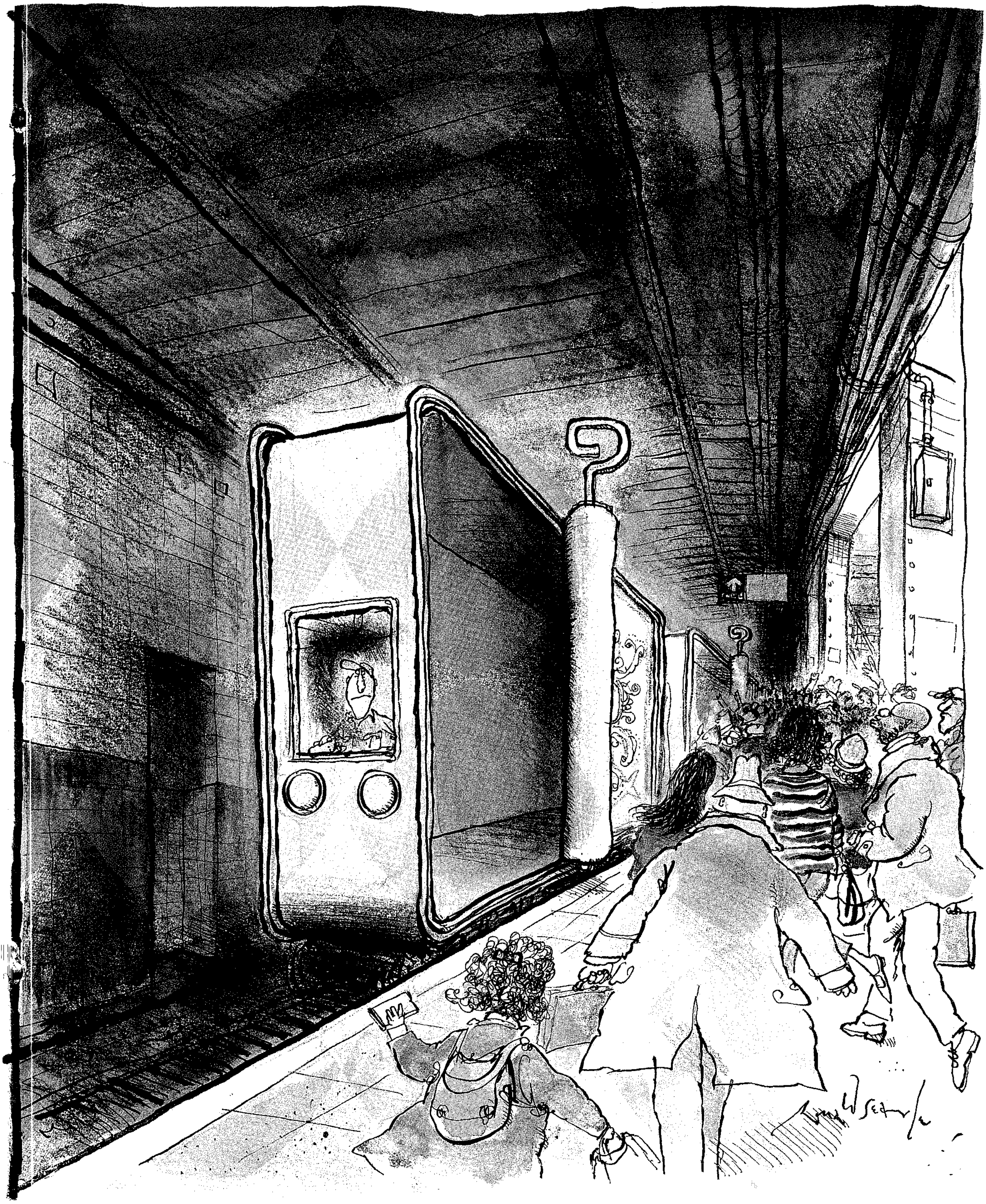
"I can't believe this shit. That *motherfucker 'P. at the gate is pulling* me over. Look at that. Can you believe this shit? They never pull you over at this gate, not at this time of day—and I haven't got any identification. Shit! Buckle up your seat belt, nose-pickin' man, we are gonna motate. This fucking Ford has got a blower on the engine and it can boogie. Haight-Ashbury, here we come or we die tryin'. Save us some of that free love! Just hope you get some of that free lovin'—save me some of that *good* pussy!"

The Marine slammed his foot down full on the accelerator. The T-bird surged like a rocket and blew by the guard post, snapping off the wooden crossbar. For a moment I felt like I w[illegible] back in the jungle again, a savage [illegible] greasepaint, or back in the boxing ring, a primal man—kill or be killed. It was the best feeling. It was ecstasy. The bugs vanished. My skull contained gray matter again. I looked back at the M.P. in the guard post making a frantic call on the telephone. But the crazy Marine at the wheel told me not to worry, he knew the back roads. ♦

ARTIST AT LARGE

RUSH HOUR

by Ronald Searle



FROM THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

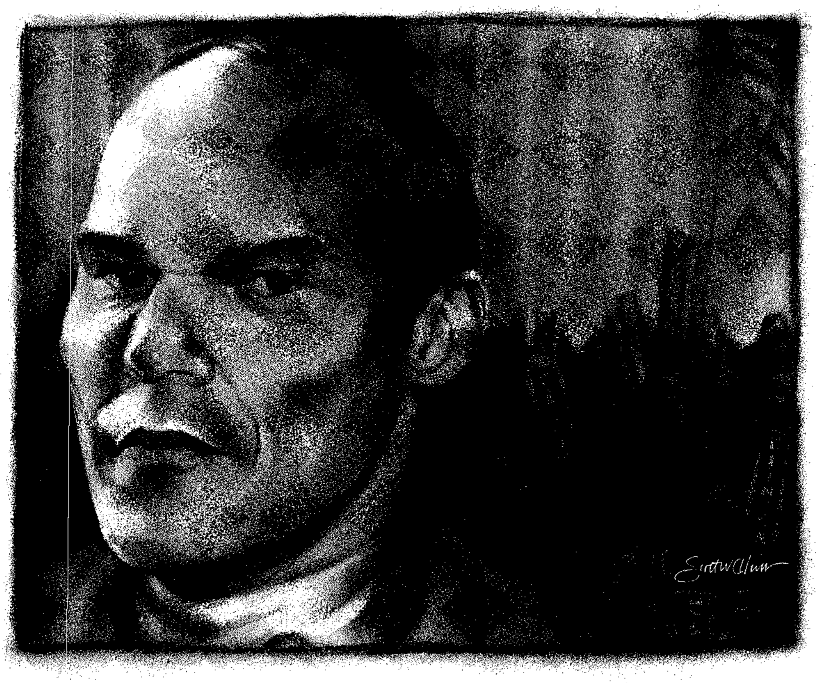
CLINTON'S HELL-RAISER

by Garry Wills

BILL CLINTON, early in his campaign for President, found that his famously dense network of educated friends was a mixed blessing, surrounding him with a cultured hum of well-meant advice. James Carville, a new adviser, was still something of an outsider. The abrupt consultant, all his sentences unfinished, all his expletives undeleted, sounded only partially educated amid Clinton's Oxonians and Yalies. His narrow-set eyes disappeared when his face bunched—often—in laughter or argument, or when he communed with himself as a way of divining the electorate's mood. "He has a permanent focus group in his head," says Paul Begala, Carville's partner in their two-man consulting firm. Carville ran Jacques Barzaghi, Jerry Brown's exotic attendant, a close race as the most colorful campaign aide in New Hampshire—and one of the few colorful aides on the Bush side was Mary Matalin, linked to Carville in a romantic liaison that had preceded the campaign and complicated it for each of them. Matalin could trade Carville expletive for expletive—while he was saying that he would not piss down Hamilton Jordan's throat if his heart was on fire, she was calling Bill Clinton the leader of "the garbage-load party." But their affection for each other was genuine, and it so intrigued the public that Dr. Joyce Brothers gave them long-distance counselling in *U.S. News & World Report*. Not many Presidential campaigns call for coverage by Miss Lonelyhearts.

Carville, who had begun as something perilously close to a joke, emerged between the New York primary and the Democratic Convention as the real coördinator of the Clinton effort. He was *primus inter pares* at a command center he set up in Little Rock and named the Clinton "war room." George Stephanopoulos, the cherubic intellectual in that room, says of Carville, "He is the guts of the campaign. He drives the strategy."

This progress from campaign oddity to the campaign's organizational center repeats the pattern of Carville's life, and raises the question of how a man so personally disorderly can be the source of discipline for others in the messy scramble that is a Presidential race. Carville comes from what seems the periphery of modern life—a Louisiana village, mainly black, where his Cajun mother and his father, a postmaster, were Catholic parents of eight children. For years, Carville seemed on the verge of big things or, equally, of failure, without quite achieving either distinction. Yet his delayed success has involved a circling back to his improbable origins.



James Carville: "You pay for my head, and I throw my heart in for free."

SCOTT HUNT

"He was born in the right place for pursuing politics," says Carville's boyhood friend Cyril Vetter, who owns the NBC-TV affiliate in Baton Rouge. "Politics is a highly developed art form in Louisiana." Gus Weill, the first campaign consultant Carville worked for, says, "Every Louisiana boy catches politics like a disease." Where Carville grew up, politics was everybody's second occupation. His sister Gail remembers elections as being one of the two most exciting times at the Carville family store; the other was hurricanes.

Vetter formed a bond of friendship with Carville when the two of them, in high school, read A. J. Liebling's *New Yorker* articles on Earl Long. One of the early epiphanies in Carville's life occurred when he was a teenager and was working as a runner for a Baton Rouge bank. He was told that Governor Earl Long was the man walking toward him on the street. "I couldn't look him in the face. He was just *too big* a thing. I couldn't even breathe." He was not awed by the Long name. It was the office. "Being governor in Louisiana is a far bigger deal than being senator. When Russell Long was in the Senate, no one paid much attention to him if he came into a restaurant. But if the *Governor* came in . . ." The Carvilles were not admirers of the Long family. Carville now says, "We were Catholic—we were for Chep Morrison"—the New Orleans mayor, Earl's foe. The Longs could, on occasion, make their pitch to anti-Catholics. When Hale Boggs, in one of his early races, was attacked as being so liberal that he must be a Communist, Earl offered this gallant defense: "Hale Boggs is certainly no Communist; he is too good a *Catholic* to be that." The damage was done.

What was revelatory about Liebling's coverage of Earl in 1959, when Long managed to combine a clever political campaign with a dramatically public mental breakdown, was the support given, at this moment of private distress, to public integration of the races. Delivery from the imprisonment of racism was much on Carville's mind at the time he encountered Liebling's articles. It was then also that he read what he calls the most important book in his life, Harper Lee's "To Kill a Mockingbird." "I just knew, the minute I read it, that she was right and I had been wrong"—about blacks. "I don't want to make it noble, or anything. I was just bored with all the talk of race. You couldn't talk about anything else. You couldn't think about anything else. I just wanted some *variety*. Race permeated every election, every conversation."

Carville grew up in an area that was, he estimates, eighty-five per cent black. He was leaving high school when James Meredith tried to enter Ole Miss. He remembers going to classes with no blacks through the whole course of his education. ("Well, maybe in law school.") In these conditions, Carville came to see that the Longs were (relatively) enlightened on racial matters. "The Longs were not about race," he says. "They were about power. Huey would mash you into the ground if you got in his way. But, let's face it, the blacks were not much in anybody's way in Huey's time." Later, at Louisiana State University, Carville would study history with T. Harry Williams, Huey Long's biographer, and come to appreciate the Long political skills.

"There was something cold in Huey's need for power," Carville says; but he admires the roguish younger brother, Earl, who is "less painful" to remember. "He was the best on-his-feet responder" in politics, he says. During the New Hampshire primary, Carville suggested Paul Tsongas's lack of heft by comparing him with a likable man whom Earl ran against—Fred Preaus, who was a deacon of his church, the head of the chamber of commerce, and a scrupulously honest car dealer. Earl knew better than to question the man's probity. He said (according to Carville), "Fred Preaus is an honest man. If I were buying a Ford car, I'd buy it from Fred Preaus. He would give me a good deal. If I had trouble with the car, he'd give me a loaner while he got it fixed—that's just the kind of man he is. But if I was buying two Fords—well, he's just not big enough to handle a deal that size."

Southern politicians argue by telling stories. I asked most of Carville's family and many of his friends where he got his profane verbal humor. They were uncertain. It did not come from his family, for his strong mother had allowed no "bad words" in the home. It seems very likely that Carville got his start on this style by watching, close up, as Earl Long disintegrated in a shower of epigrams, some shrewd, some absurd.

If Carville "speaks Earl," he does it with a Louisiana French twist, pronouncing "th" as "d." I asked his sister Gail why, of eight siblings, he alone has a Cajun accent. "He probably cultivates it," she answered, with a laugh. Needling James is a kind of competitive sport with his five sisters. They call him J.C. or St. James, because of the pride his mother takes in her firstborn. Carville gets more Louisiana the farther north he moves. When he told me how overwhelmed he was on entering St. Peter's in Rome, he said, "And to the right is the 'Pietà'—wow!" He pronounces it "pie-*ay*-ta," out of piety to his roots. Or maybe he made up the pronunciation.

As I talk to Carville in the Little Rock war room, the three people nearest him at the moment are George Stephanopoulos (the communications director), Stan Greenberg (the pollster), and Mandy Grunwald (the media director). Carville notes, "George is a Rhodes Scholar, Stan taught at Yale, Mandy went to Harvard." He obviously feels that the campaign needs a voice that's a little less attuned to the establishment.

But where Carville grew up he was the establishment, and most of his acquaintances trace the confidence under all his nervous tics to his centrality in the little township that bears his family's name. "Carville is not a small town," he says. "It is not a village." He gropes for a term, and I suggest "crossroads." "Only half of that," he says. "The stop sign was only on one side." The road on which the family's store stood ends at the Mississippi, on whose banks he grew up, riding horses from his grandfather's plantation, sitting in the back of his father's pickup as it drove along the top of the levee at sunset, playing softball with the patients of the leprosarium. The only hospital of its kind in the mainland United States, the leprosarium had to be smuggled in to the area, in the eighteen-nineties, to prevent local resistance. Carville family lore has it that neighbors were lulled, while the compound was being built, with a story that ostriches were going to be raised there. But as the community learned more about Hansen's disease, and the largely white staff made local friends, the government-furnished tennis courts and golf course became an irresistible attraction. Carville's mother, now seventy-three, remembers playing there with Chester, her late husband. "We teed off from the top of the levee," she recalls. Carville's friend Doug Moreau, who is now the Baton Rouge District Attorney, was often there, with James. He says that the commanding officers at the federal facility added a cosmopolitan touch: "They had often served abroad, and knew a wider world." The Carvilles were important members of this community, since they had run the local post office for generations, and there was a branch office in the leprosarium. "My father used to boast that he had the only third-class post office with a branch," Carville says.

The other social center of the area was the Carville home, with its eight children and their different circles of friends. "You felt you ought to take a number going in," says Doug Moreau, who remembers the famous Saturday bourrée games. "Bourrée is a Cajun game that involves a lot of shouting and slamming down of cards. Miz Nippy"—Carville's mother—"would cook up a delicious pot of crawfish stew, and the game would go on for hours."

Emotion ran close to the surface in the Carville family. "When our father died"—in 1978—"James howled for days," his sister Mary Anne says. "He gathered us all together at the funeral home—he was the man of the family now—and said, 'There will be no breaking down now. If Jackie Kennedy can do it, so can we.' And the first person to arrive and say something to James, he broke into tears. Then he told us, 'O.K., breaking down will be allowed.' "

James was destined for Louisiana

State University, where his father had been captain of the school's boxing team. From an early age, James had hitchhiked the twenty miles from Carville to Baton Rouge for the Saturday football games. By the time he graduated from L.S.U., David Duke was an undergraduate orating in Free Speech Alley. "We used to show people around—there's the stadium, there's the library, there's the campanile, there's our fascist," Carville says. He took Duke's race for governor last year as a particular disgrace to his home state, and tried to offer his services to anti-Duke campaigners.

Despite his loyalty to L.S.U., whose T-shirts and football jerseys he is always wearing, Carville was constantly on the verge of flunking out when he was there. His sister Gail says, "James was the wildest thing that ever went to L.S.U. One time, the police called Daddy and asked if he had such-and-such a car. He said, 'Yes, why?' 'Because it is standing on the bridge on the Mississippi with its motor running, its doors open, and nobody around it.'" When his sisters, who followed him to L.S.U., were asked by students if they were related to Bird (James's college nickname), they learned to deny it until they had discovered which of his adventures the questioner would relate to them. The only classes that tempted James to even casual attendance were taught by T. Harry Williams, four of whose famous Civil War courses he took. In 1966, James escaped from his academic frying pan into the fire of the Marines. Even though he had enlisted, he came to dread the prospect of fighting in Vietnam. It was not ideology that turned him against the war, he says, but the reports of his fellow-Marines. "The ones who came back did not look down on us for not having gone. They told us we were lucky, and not to go if we could possibly avoid it." Many men he knew died. "I went just once by the Wall, when running in Washington," he says. "I'll never go back. There but for the grace of God—my name could be on that wall."

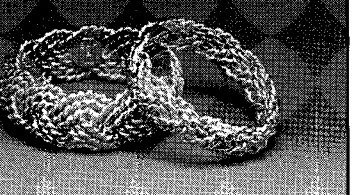
After leaving the Marines, Carville finished at L.S.U. and entered its law school, where he was reunited with his boyhood friends Cyril Vetter and Doug Moreau. Carville studied hard for the first year—the make-or-break year—and then, as Cyril Vetter says, "he learned how to work the system." He practiced law briefly in Baton Rouge but was even more bored by that than he had been by classes. He was drawn to political campaigns, and in 1980 he worked for Pat Screen, a former football teammate of Moreau's, who was running for mayor of Baton Rouge. Carville even took a city job from the victorious Screen—to the amused horror of his siblings, who cannot imagine how he worked in an office for over a year—but it was clear to him that he liked helping people run for office better than holding office. In 1979, he met Mark Shields, who is now a political commentator but was then advising candidates, during Bubba Henry's race for governor of Louisiana. Shields told Carville things he has repeated ever since: that the mechanics of running are less important than the message; that the message has to compete with thousands of other matters impinging on the electorate's attention; that it must therefore be repeated constantly, in terms that voters can understand and in ways that make it count. In his late thirties, Carville at last had a focus for his flamboyance and energy. He worked for a while with the consulting agency of Gus Weill and Raymond Strother.

IN 1982, Carville ran a campaign on his own—a Senate race in Virginia—and lost. In 1984, at age forty, he added another loss to this early record, working for Lloyd Doggett's Senate race in Texas. He was running up debts and telling friends that he could not make a go of this late-found vocation. But things were about to turn around. In Doggett's campaign was a young political junkie, Paul Begala, who was about to enter law school, and who wrote the candidate's speeches and carried his jacket. Begala kept in touch with Carville while continuing his law studies, and in 1986 he spent his spring and summer breaks working on what would be Carville's turnaround campaign—for Bob Casey as governor of Pennsylvania. Casey, who was called "the three-time loss from Holy Cross," had been defeated as often as Carville, but this time the two of them beat the odds, forming a close friendship in the process. Finally, at age forty-two, Carville had begun a winning streak: Wallace Wilkinson, for governor of Kentucky (1987); Frank Lautenberg, for senator from New Jersey (1988); Zell Miller, for governor of Georgia (1990); and Harris Wofford, for senator from Pennsylvania (1991). It was this last race that brought Carville to the general public's attention. It was not only an upset but an agenda-setting campaign for the nineties. Gus Weill says, "It changed the face of American politics." Wofford's opponent, Dick Thornburgh, was George Bush's first Attorney General, who had dismissed Wofford as a fuzzy liberal idealist.

Political advisers often say that they must play to their candidates' particular strengths. But Carville saw Wofford's strength as a weakness. His strong point as a person was the breadth of his humane concerns: his work in India; with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.; in the Peace Corps; and as a college president. Begala was awed when he met the man: "He knew more about India than I knew about Texas." But Carville treated such varied gifts as distractions. "It is O.K. to have an opinion on everything; it is not O.K. to express it on every occasion," he says. The temptation for a man of wide interests is to entertain every subject with an academic openness. Carville, to convince Wofford that he was not making him less than human by forcing him to focus on one message—middle-class anxiety, especially about health care—proposed Abraham Lincoln as a model. He gave Wofford, the college president, a homework assignment—to read Lincoln's speeches of the late eighteen-fifties and try to find one in which he did not hammer at the need for Union. To the surprise of most forecasters, the dreamy Wofford came at Thornburgh with the single-mindedness of a battering ram.

For a decent liberal like Wofford, Carville had to use the respectable Lincoln as a paradigm. But Carville himself thinks that Ronald Reagan is the best politician he has known in his lifetime: "Terrible President, but how can you argue, in campaign terms, with a man who was twice governor of the largest state and was reëlected by forty-nine states?" On the non-Presidential level, the man he considers the best campaigner was not any member of the Long family but George Wallace. Wallace, as he himself put it, knew how to put the hay down where the goats are.

Even before Carville helped Wofford win, while the Pennsylvania race was



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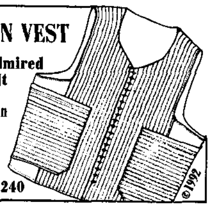

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still in process, he and Begala, now partners, were approached by three candidates for the 1992 Presidential race—Tom Harkin, Bob Kerrey, and Bill Clinton. Hillary Clinton says that what impressed her most about Carville was his devotion to his candidate. "James and Bill obviously got along," she says. "But James said he was totally involved in the Wofford race and could do nothing for anyone else until that was decided. Most political consultants would jump at the chance to get involved in a Presidential race from the outset, but his level of commitment is such that he would not divide his effort." Carville becomes fiercely loyal to his candidates—always Democrats, always progressive (at least, in the Earl Long sense). "You pay for my head, and I throw my heart in for free," he has said to Clinton. Mark Shields says, "James has not succumbed to any of the offers and blandishments that come to a winning campaign consultant—from lobbies, corporations, interest groups." Unlike such consultants as Charles Black, Roger Stone, and Roger Ailes, Carville does campaigns only—and does one main effort at a time.

Political observers admire Carville's feel for the concerns of the electorate, for the message that will reach people, for the angle that will make them respond. Begala says that Carville's sensitivity comes from listening to his fine collection of tuning forks around Baton Rouge: "He is in constant contact with his family. He calls his mother at least once a day." His sister Gail says, "He calls me two or three times a day when he is worried." (He called her three times the afternoon I was at her house.) He keeps up with all two dozen or so nieces and nephews. When his brother's son was found to have cancer, Carville sought the best care (calling, through Mary Matalin, the doctors that treated Lee Atwater's cancer); he was at the hospital when Joe-Joe was taken to New Orleans for treatment that led to remission. A year ago, he brought the whole family up to Washington, to show four hundred of his friends what a real Louisiana jambalaya tastes like. Most of the family came by plane, but two giant cauldrons had to be driven up in his mother's van, along with four ice chests full of chicken, a burlap sack of onions, and another of rice. James set up a table at the door where his mother could sell

Tennessee Williams

Tennessee Williams' first address in New Orleans was Mrs. Wire's boardinghouse at 722 Toulouse. He earned his meals there by distributing handbills for Mrs. Wire's restaurant, and then rushing back to wait tables. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wire and her boarders supplied him with material for his plays. In *Vieux Carré*, a playwright tells his landlady, "I should pay you tuition."

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her cookbook, "Delicious Heritage," which was compiled four years ago at James's suggestion and is now going into its eighth printing.

Success has brought Carville closer to his family than ever, making him more dependent on it as well as more supportive of it. He tries campaign themes out on them constantly. When Begala said he had to leave the Doggett campaign in 1984 to be with his ailing grandmother, Carville told him, "Family comes first. Take six days, take six weeks, what you need." Carville is proud of the fact that his partner left the Presidential race after the Convention this year, to be with his wife when she had her firstborn. "Paul is a much better Catholic than I am," Carville says. "He goes to Mass every Sunday."

Mary Matalin, who grew up in a Croatian Catholic family, is very much part of the Carville family scene. "We enjoy Mary, since we're more conservative than James," Gail says. Miz Nippy solemnly agrees with Joyce Brothers' conclusion that love can be deepened by conflict. Rick Bourgeois, Gail's husband, says, "Our kids don't know who they are supposed to be for. When Bush came to L.S.U., Mary got them in up front. And when Clinton came James did the same thing."

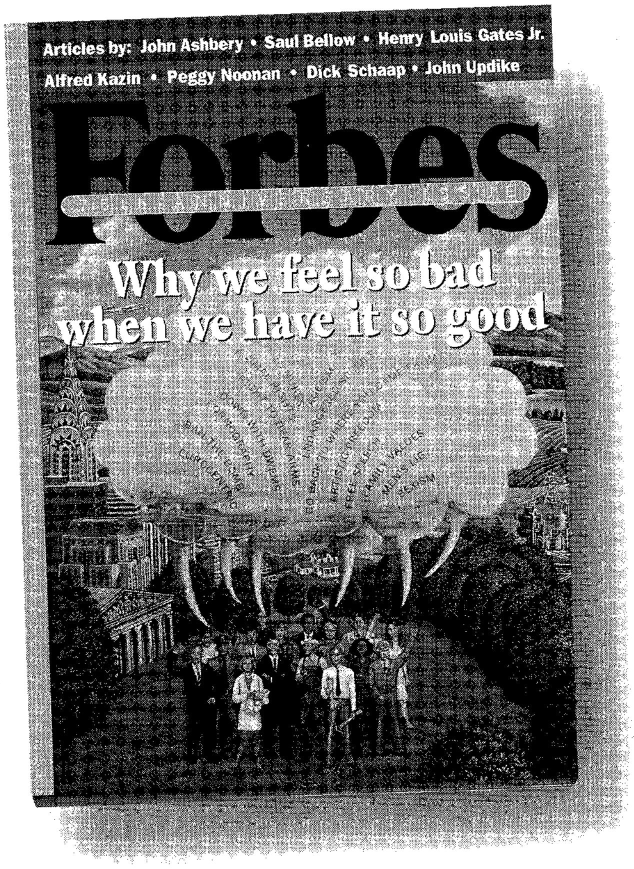
Now that Carville is preaching discipline and focus to his candidates, he has become almost fanatically observant of his own regimen. "I never vary my schedule by more than ten minutes. All I have to offer a candidate is judgment, and I can't supply that if I have been sitting up drinking beer and telling war stories the night before." In bed around eleven-fifteen, he rises at six-fifteen, eats breakfast, goes to the office for a seven-o'clock meeting, and goes back to shower before beginning his workday. He ends by running three to five miles before a nine-o'clock dinner. He watches his weight carefully, and eats healthy foods. "I live in a fine hotel," he says—unlike the younger staff people, who crash anywhere and live hectically in the scramble of the contest. They can burn out for one candidate, on one race. "This is my regular life." He averages eight months a year living in hotels near his candidates' headquarters.

The picture of the campaign handler as hired gun seems verified in Carville, who tries to muzzle his candidates, to prevent them from talking "off the message." Campaign consultants have acquired a bad name in recent years. Ross Perot initially attracted some of his followers by saying that he would not let any handlers change him: "What you see is what you get." People have good reason to suspect campaigners of vile tricks, of the sort made famous by Nixon's Committee to Re-Elect the President (CREEP). Cosmeticians like Michael Deaver made it seem that voters would elect Ronald Reagan because of the lighting on his podium. "Corner men," like Roger Ailes, coach their candidates into the ring with psyching tactics. Number-crunchers, like Robert Teeter, treat polling samples as the real electorate. A campaign manager like James Baker looks, to some, like the real candidate. Ads, especially negative ads, are considered an eerie form of brainwashing.

It is often said that these tendencies are heightened by the conditions of modern campaigning, which make the candidate inordinately dependent on his experts in manipulation. People talk as if

MATISSE, BACK THEN

In his eighty-second year, Matisse is an impressive figure. When he stands by his easel or rises from his easy chair to greet a visitor, he looks like a massive, well-preserved ruin, like an important structure that has been struck mostly by the weight of time, but the upper and lower stories—his heavy torso, his dwindling limbs—maintain a precarious, majestic balance, with some inner girders of will power holding the whole together. From the drapery of his pale silk painting jacket and the winding woollen scarf around his throat emerges his ovoid head, with its short white trimming of hair and beard, its amazingly lively pink skin, its shadowed, harsh, straight crease of mouth above a full, sensitive lower lip, with the watchful blue-gray eyes visible only as blurs behind the thick fenestration of his spectacles. His hands are alert, and carefully tended. He still looks like a doctor, or maybe some outmoded type of European scientist who in his expertise has discovered, among other things, how to prolong his years.—*Janet Flanner, Profile of the artist, December 22, 1951.*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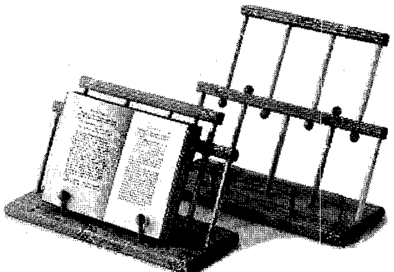

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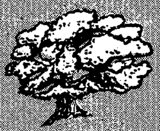

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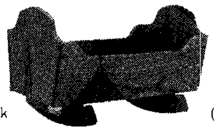

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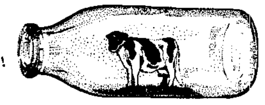

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Atwater and Ailes, rather than George Bush, defeated Michael Dukakis. But handlers' tricks have always been part of our elections, from the days when Washington and Jefferson sent assistants to open rum barrels at the polling places in Virginia, so voters could be plied with booze and promises. Some past campaign managers were far more powerful than Jim Baker—Mark Hanna, for instance, who staged McKinley's "front-porch campaign" with total control. Hanna, the owner of the Cleveland *Herald*, was a type of the press tycoon as kingmaker—a type that included men like Thurlow Weed, of the Albany *Evening Journal;* Horace Greeley, of the New York *Tribune;* and Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati *Commercial.* The papers owned by these men not only were openly partisan to a campaign; they often *ran* the campaigns. Their power easily equalled that of television today, since they squeezed out all avenues of objective coverage. In 1860, the Chicago *Tribune* was a campaign headquarters for Lincoln's forces: its lobby had a chandelier made of rails supposedly split by the candidate, and the paper collaborated in the dirty tricks that deprived William Seward of the nomination in Chicago's "Wigwam." There has been no golden age of moral electioneering in America.

And if campaign tricks are nothing new, their power is easily exaggerated. Michael Dukakis, for instance, was not really defeated by the ads that showed him in a tank and Willie Horton out of it. Dukakis was facing an incumbent Vice-President in a time of apparent prosperity, who was benefitting from an upturn in relations abroad and inheriting the mantle of a popular President. Ailes and Atwater iced the cake; they did not bake it.

Besides, the Ailes and Atwater attacks did get, however deviously, at real weaknesses in Dukakis. Clinton himself realized this, as he told me in January in New Hampshire. Clinton, helping prepare Dukakis for his second debate with Bush, asked the candidate why he opposed compelling teachers to recite the Pledge of Allegiance. Because the state supreme court said it is not constitutional, Dukakis said. "Is that all?" Clinton asked him. "Where I come from, you're supposed to be against something if the court tells you to do it. Don't you have your own reason?" Dukakis said

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yes, he did not want to see people like Seventh-Day Adventists forced to violate their conscience. Clinton said *that* was the right approach: "Tell them, 'I didn't go to Korea, George Bush didn't go to World War II, to come back and empty the First Amendment of its meaning.' "

Clinton said he would have loved to deal with the kind of attacks Bush used against Dukakis. Dukakis showed by his responses that he had no visceral connection with popular concerns. "He did not relish the irrational side of politics, as most politicians do—all the great ones do." Why, I asked, *should* one welcome the irrational? "Because you don't move people by reason alone," Clinton said. "And if you want the uplift of emotion you have to face the dark side as well. That is when you are getting to people."

Clinton's people came into this year's race so determined to avoid Dukakis's passivity that they seemed itching for a fight. They would preëmpt attack, as Bill and Hillary did at a journalists' breakfast in Washington: they raised (and, they thought, disposed of) the rumors of philandering that had plagued Clinton's Arkansas races. But they soon had had their fill of fighting. Gennifer Flowers' allegations of having had a long affair with Clinton hit the campaign in January with hurricane force, dizzying many of the staff, taking the cockiness out of them. Carville, who was at his office in Washington when the Flowers story broke, flew to New Hampshire to mount a counterattack on any and every basis: that the tabloid promoting the story was untrustworthy; that the tapes of phone calls to Clinton were unverified and perhaps doctored; that the networks were immoral for broadcasting the tapes; that the Republicans were probably behind it all. But dubious denial, counteraccusation, and simple brazenness seemed to do more for the Clinton people's morale than to change public disquietude over their candidate's character. Suspicions grew in the brawling New York primary, where questions about Clinton's draft record and marijuana use were added to the sexual allegations. Carville, fighting beside the candidate, burned himself out in the kind of effort he likes least—reactive, ad-hoc, counterpunching. The taste for the irrational was draining even this least shell-shockable of Clinton aides.

After New York, Carville, back in

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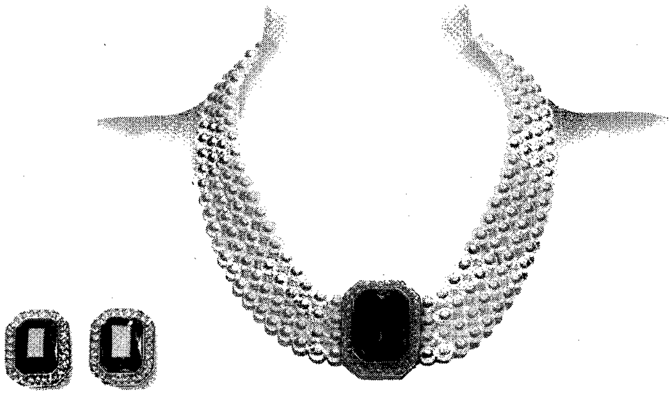

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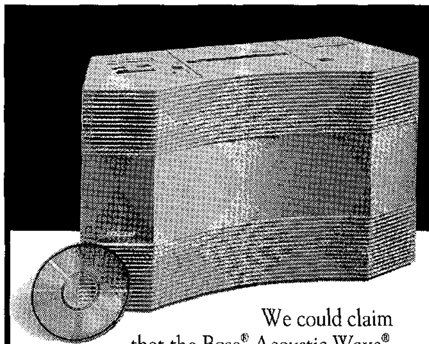

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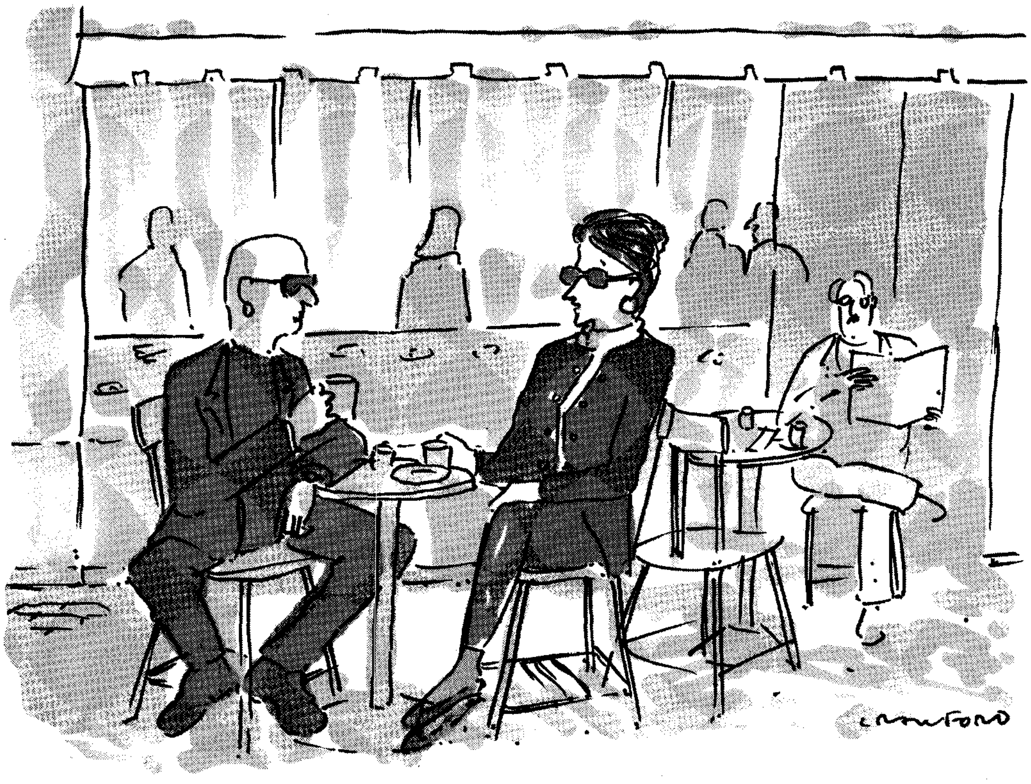
Little Rock, worried about the direction the campaign had taken. Though he admired his candidate's stamina (which had outlasted his own), he felt that it was not enough to be readier for a scrap than Dukakis, or to boast of one's "comeback" after repeated attacks. Carville closed his eyes and communed with himself. The real difference between 1988 and 1992, he reasoned, lay not in the insult-readiness of the Democratic candidates but in the state of the economy. It was now the summer of the election year, and the economy showed no sign of looking up by November. This was the ideal situation for a challenger, yet the Clinton campaign was in danger of letting it slip by.

The job was not only to frame the economy as the main issue but to keep the candidate and everyone else in the campaign focussed on that issue, no matter what other attacks should come their way. The campaign as it had been structured so far was incapable of doing that job. The real action had drifted partly away from David Wilhelm, the campaign manager in Little Rock, to the travelling aides, who were in the thick of the battle. The campaign had always had a diffuse structure, with Wilhelm, Mickey Kantor (the campaign chairman), Frank Greer (the media adviser), and others keeping tenuously in touch by conference calls. This team could not speak with one voice. Something had to be done, Carville realized. "Fuck it, I'll do it myself," he said, and he came up with the concept of the war room. Clinton gave it his approval before the Democratic Convention. Carville and Stan Greenberg and Mandy Grunwald had decided that the campaign needed "a stronger strategic core."

Carville's scheme was helped by the decision to keep the campaign headquarters in Little Rock. There are no direct flights between Little Rock and Washington, New York, or Chicago—you must take connecting flights through Memphis, Dallas, or other cities. This strengthened Clinton's impulse not to imitate Dukakis, who had kept his headquarters in Boston and had returned there frequently to govern the state. Clinton had turned over the day-to-day governing of Arkansas to his lieutenant governor, but he had returned home often, because, unlike the Dukakises, whose children were grown, he and Hillary have a young daughter in school. Advisers who were not keen on being isolated in Little Rock for months thought that Chelsea, the Clintons' daughter, was an inadequate reason for keeping the headquarters so far out of reach of aides and the press. Even Carville thought that the campaign might do better in Chicago (he opposed Washington), but, he says, "I didn't feel it was a decision important enough for me to waste any of my capital on." Carville now says that he has more time with Clinton when the candidate is in town than he would have been given in Chicago, or any other place with more competitors for Clinton's attention. Besides, the relative isolation leaves Carville and his confreres less distracted from their work, and Republicans have found it harder to penetrate the state's defenses when the main Clinton team is guarding its records (under Betsey Wright's care) and commanding the local scene.

The main job of the war room is to keep the campaign on top of events, but in such a way that the campaign keeps its own economic message constantly to the fore. Around 9 P.M., Ken Segal arrives to begin the night watch with his team of researchers. They tape the relevant parts of the late-evening television shows, keep monitoring the wire services, process incoming information from the state campaigns and from the pollsters, tape the early shows, boil down the news in the morning papers. When Carville, Grunwald, Stephanopoulos, and others arrive, at 7 A.M., Segal briefs them on everything they should know before they formulate their proposals for telephoning to the candidate—on what changes (if any) to make in the schedule or the message that day. Carville says, "Our candidate is quicker to adjust than Bush, and we should not waste that natural advantage." On the other hand, the over-all strategy should not be sacrificed to tactical inventions of the moment. Earlier in the campaign, Clinton answered every question, or recited every point in any plan that was mentioned. But when renewed doubts about the draft came up in September the war room advised him to avoid questions and cut back on press exposure. He would be stepping on his own lines after a speech on the economy if he let the news story be his answer to a repeated accusation. Clinton's own polls were showing that people did not rate the twenty-three-year-old draft

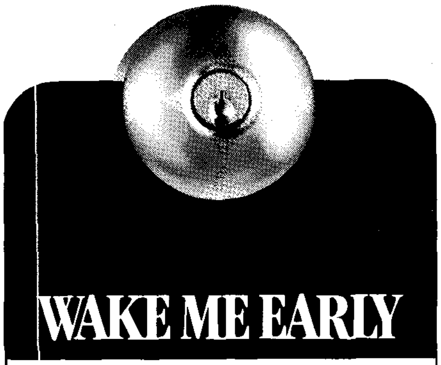


"It's fall, Massimo. Let's cab it to Bergdorf's and get you some hair."

story high on the scale of their concerns. Carville, for his part, was delighted to learn that in 1860 Lincoln, afraid that whatever he said would shatter his fragile coalition, refused to give a speech or issue a statement or answer a question from the moment he was nominated until Election Day.

"Some consultants try to *put things in* a candidate. I try to empty things out," Carville says. It is too easy to wander "off message" in the push and rush when everyone is raising different topics as a candidate moves through a mind-numbing schedule. Focus is everything for Carville. "The Bible says the just man sins seven times a day? The best candidate—hell, the best consultant—gets off message seven times a day." He tries to pound into everyone around him the need to address what really concerns Americans—which this year is the economy. He invents games and sayings to keep a message fresh that could grow stale from repetition. A recent "Question of the Week" in the war room was "What place in Virginia is visited by more people than any other?" Not Mount Vernon or Arlington National Cemetery, as some guessed. One person finally got the right answer: the Potomac Mills discount outlet mall. Carville uses this fact to show that people are financially driven, that they seek out places that will be kind to their pocketbooks.

After the morning meeting, the war room monitors what is going on throughout the day in all four campaigns (including the Vice-Presidential schedules), responds to emergencies, plans for the days and weeks ahead, listens to the early-evening news, and then holds a meeting to perfect the next day's strategy. "Strategy" is a favorite word with Carville, and war a favorite analogy. Even the term "war room" is significant: T. Harry Williams, in "Lincoln and His Generals," claimed that Lincoln, using the telegraph, set up the first modern command center in the history of war. Though Carville proposes Lincoln as a model to Clinton, as he did to Wofford, when I ask him if he feels a special admiration for Lincoln he answers, "I am more a Grant man." Why? "He knew what he had to do, and, despite setbacks, he got up every morning and went back to doing it." It has not escaped him that Grant, like Carville, could have been considered a failure until he was forty. ♦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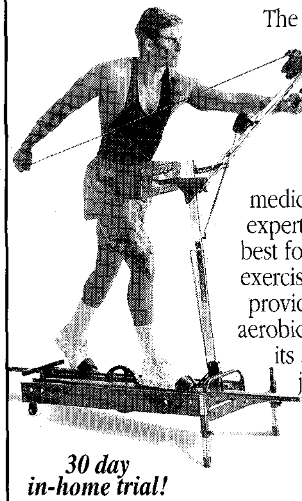
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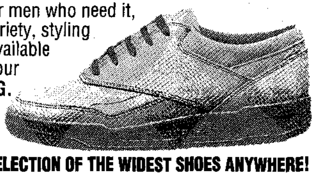
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THE CRITICS

ON TELEVISION

DESIGNING COUPLE

by James Wolcott

IN the first autumn of Jimmy Carter's Presidency, ABC fastened together a sitcom called "Carter Country," set in a small town down the road a piece from Carter's home in Plains, Georgia. If Bill Clinton is elected, he won't have to wait even that little while for homage. Thanks to the creative team of Harry Thomason and Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, chunks of the prime-time schedule could already be dubbed Clinton Country—"Designing Women," "Evening Shade," and now "Hearts Afire," all on CBS. Fellow-Southerners (their company is Mozark Productions, a contraction of "Missouri" and "Arkansas"), the Thomasons belong to the inner circle of longtime official F.O.B.s—Friends of Bill. They not only huddle with the Clintons but often call the signals as media advisers. "There's a definite connection between entertainment and politics, and the line is definitely getting more blurred," Bloodworth-Thomason has said. "I don't think that's a bad thing." It certainly hasn't been a bad thing for Bill Clinton. The Thomasons have helped blur the line to his benefit.

Under their tutelage, Clinton, the policy wonk's policy wonk, has used the talk show to demonstrate that his lawyer suit isn't lined with cardboard. It was the Thomasons who got Clinton on the "Tonight Show" to kid himself after he developed runaway tongue during the keynote speech at the 1988 Democratic Convention. (A speech so long it's still running in some time zones.) And they can take credit for what may prove to be the turnaround moment in the 1992 campaign—his soul-man sax blow on "Arsenio." They supervised "The Man from Hope," the video CARE package of Clinton shown at this year's Convention, with J.F.K.'s apostolic laying-on-of-hands of young Bill. Indeed, the Convention was practically a Mozark production, from the Clintons' Kennedyesque stroll across Seventh Avenue the night of his nomination (Bloodworth-Thomason's idea) to his reprise of the "comeback kid" line in the hall (ditto). Harry Thomason even cued the confetti shower for Clinton's arrival.

When the Republicans under Reagan became pointillistic masters of the photo op, liberals were all supposed to deplore the elevation of image over substance. How could reason prevail over that procession of raised moments? Next stop in the twilight zone: the movie star as messiah, presiding over the faceless many. So why aren't libs concerned when Democrats stage-manage reality down to the tiniest sincerity? Perhaps it's because after so many Presidential dunkings they're relieved to find *anything* that works, anything that erases the shame of poor Dukakis poking his head out of the tank like Snoopy. But it may also be because the TV culture, in which the Thomasons are preëminent, has taught us to accept politics as part of the general buzz. Like Clinton, the Thomasons are technocratic populists, preaching a gospel of change which doesn't orate from an angry gut but seems to travel via fibre optics. Their shows reflect the opportunism of smart people seizing their chance to expound. And smart people are like anybody else when they expound—hard to shove back into the trunk.

The primary pulpit for the Thomasons remains "Designing Women," now in its seventh season. The designing women have never done much designing. Their interior-decorating firm is simply a forum that enables them to dish. The characters seem sandbagged on the set, baying to each other from the far reaches of the Naugahyde. In the first few seasons, their idle blab had enough bounce to disguise how stationary the show was. The major draw was Delta Burke. Big-round, Burke settled into the sofa as if it were her baby bath. The echo in her features of Elizabeth Taylor's suggested a luxury fund of food-libido. Her pampered conceits clashed with the loftier social austerities of Dixie Carter's Julia, who was Bloodworth-Thomason's ongoing op-ed page on the issues of the day. AIDS, battered wives, pornography, breast implants, sexual harassment—she always had an opinion to peel. But whenever she began to drape herself too grandly across the screen a quick cut of Burke creating a thought balloon above her head with a tuck of her chin would salvage the scene. Burke and Carter balanced each other—the public and the private sectors in separate cartons.

One carton began to spoil. After bad-mouthing the producers in print, Burke, who seemed to expand into an International House of Pancakes before our eyes, was wedged off the sofa. Replacements were hired, but the indent remained. Absent Burke, Dixie Carter anchored the spotlight as queen of the cold cream. Delivering every directive like Tallulah Bankhead descending a staircase, she became the show's political spokesmodel, speechifying to the masses. Let others grub in the gutter—her Julia Sugarbaker upholds the honor of noblesse oblige.

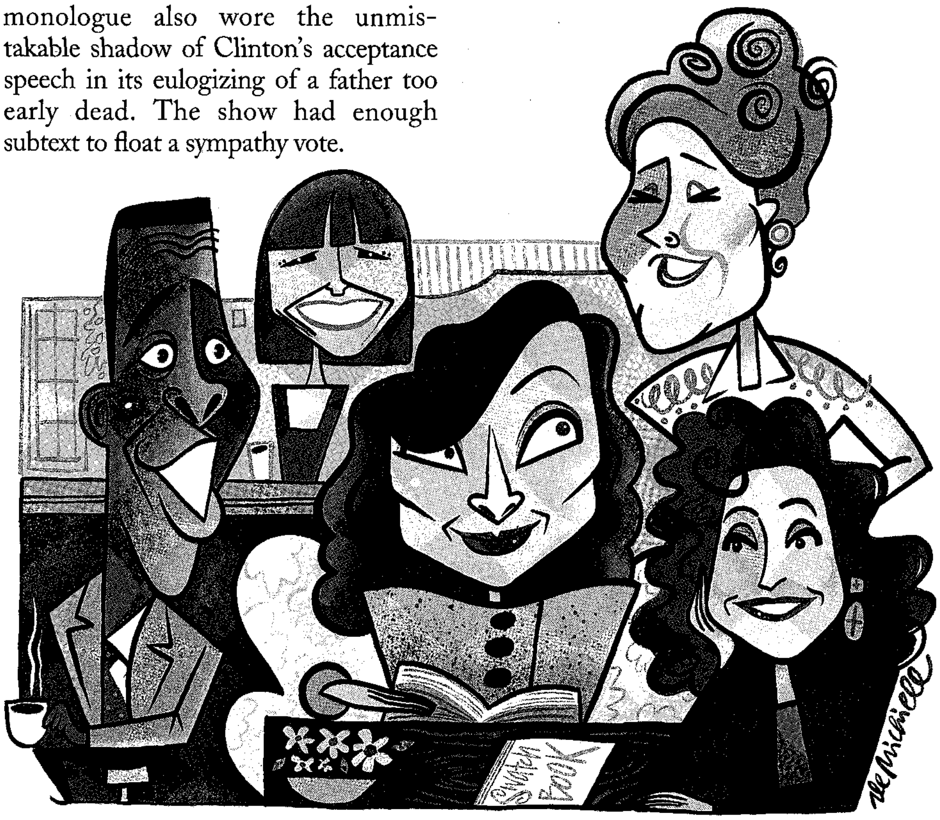
As Bloodworth-Thomason became more confident in her outgoing messages, Julia wasn't the only one sounding like an op-ed page. Everyone began vibrating at the same frequency. In the series' most famous episode, the designing women took time out from their vacant schedules to debate the Anita Hill–Clarence Thomas controversy, leaving no question about where the show's sympathies lay. "We just gave poor Anita Hill a little twenty-minute pat on the back after they took her down for six nights," said Bloodworth-Thomason. This was a first: using fictional characters in an entertainment show to rectify a perceived political wrong. It put Washington on notice that prime time was now a policy player, part of the news loop. For me, the Anita Hill episode was a pill to watch, not because of its pamphleteering but because of its snitty tone. It's tricky squeezing comedy out of indignation; the actor is reduced to a placard. (This season, Judith Ivey has been added to the cast, shaking her jewelry as a brassy dame inspired by the liberal Texas icons Molly Ivins and Governor Ann Richards.) A similar stiffness befell this season's "Murphy Brown" big-deal comeback at Dan Quayle, in which Candice Bergen introduced single-parent families as if they were Easter Seal posters. The screen went inactive, as it often does on "Designing Women."

THE limp staging in "Evening Shade" often reflects the lack of anything better to do. If "Designing Women" is the Thomasons' soapbox, this show, with Burt Reynolds as a high-school football coach, is their footrest. It's meant to mend that part of the mind which politics has callused. A plywood piece of pastoral, "Evening Shade" (the original title was "Arkansas"—Hillary Clinton suggested the evocative name change) is set in a town off the main drag, where time has its own slow strum. "Every day that passes is slower than molasses," Dr. John rasps in the theme song. Sunset is spent on the front porch, waiting for the crickets to lay down a soundtrack. The air is so thick with nostalgia and night thoughts that the present seems to be happening in the past. The characters have already become their former selves.

It's tempting to divvy "Designing Women" and "Evening Shade" between the Thomasons. With Julia Sugarbaker as her megaphone, "Designing Women" is Bloodworth-Thomason's baby. Since Harry Thomason coached football in Little Rock (he met Bill Clinton through his brother, Danny, who was a teacher), "Evening Shade" would seem to occupy his side of the ledger. The relation between the two series is dialectical. Where "Designing Women" takes a step forward, "Evening Shade" takes a step back. The characters on "Evening Shade" try to cope with the changes that the ones on "Designing Women" advocate. In the season première, Coach Reynolds chained himself to a fence to prevent the razing of an old store of his daddy's to make room for a car wash. This quixotic protest against progress was a prelude to a sensitive-man monologue about the coach's not knowing whether his father had really loved him. There were pieces of Reynolds' autobiography in the story—especially in the mention of how his dad filled the entire doorframe. But the monologue also wore the unmistakable shadow of Clinton's acceptance speech in its eulogizing of a father too early dead. The show had enough subtext to float a sympathy vote.

With "Hearts Afire," the Thomasons are operating in open daylight. Hammocked between "Evening Shade" and "Murphy Brown" on Monday nights, it's one of the few can't-fail entries on the fall schedule. A romantic comedy set in the nation's capital, it fields John Ritter as a Senate aide to a Foghorn Leghorn filibusterer played by George Gaynes. Into Ritter's office, as if fresh from "Casablanca," materializes Georgie Ann Lahti (Markie Post) in a trenchcoat. Post (a close friend of Bloodworth-Thomason's) waves her cigarettes around with the weary shrug of a woman who has been places, done things, faced some crummy dawns. Like the recovering alcoholic Murphy Brown, the nicotined Georgie is an addictive personality accustomed to glitz. But she hasn't forgotten her humble roots. (Who has, these days?) Travelling with Georgie is the black woman who raised her, Beah Richards' Miss Lula, whom Ritter refers to as her mammy. Miss Lula explains that she has to keep her legs elevated, a-cause of her diabetes.

Like Miss Lula's complaint, everything about "Hearts Afire" seems a bit "Huh?" Why would someone with



The cast of "Designing Women," left to right: Meshach Taylor, Jan Hooks, Dixie Carter, Judith Ivey, and Annie Potts

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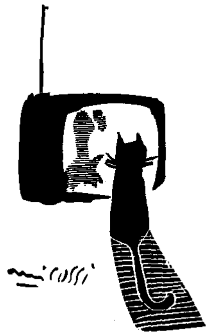
Georgie's famous connections be reduced to acting as press secretary for a senator whose politics she abhors? Why does she move into Ritter's town house, Miss Lula again in tow? Given the simple premises of other Mozark productions, the disjointed foundation of "Hearts Afire" is a jolt.

The show feeds on distraction until its eyeballs deviate. A raucous party at Ritter's town house in the hour-long première (directed by Harry Thomason) was as chaotic as a bad Blake Edwards comedy, with Georgie interviewing a homeless couple in the kitchen and pecking their responses into a laptop while guests flee a bee attack in the living room. Later, as Ritter soaks in a bathroom equipped with a water-god spout and a built-in fireplace, Georgie slides fully clothed into the tub to give him a French kiss, only to stop him from further ado. She just isn't ... ready. His probing manhood raises boundary issues for her. I know it does for me.



This being the nineties, Ritter doesn't take rejection like a gent; he complains about her sticking her tongue down his throat. You can tell he's upset by how tight he ties his bathrobe sash. Why is "Hearts Afire" so hung up on hopping the bunny? The hitch, I suspect, is that CBS insisted that the series not be overtly partisan during the election year. Which leaves the Thomasons stuck with trying to make an apolitical political comedy. Since they don't have the patience or the knack to mimic the pitter-patter of the bureaucratic process (think of the caterpillarish tickle of England's "Yes, Minister"), they're leaning on that old reliable, sex. (They're not F.O.B.s for nothing.) But if the politics are muted, class consciousness seeps through the cracks. The choicest sneers in "Hearts Afire" are directed at Beth Broderick's Dee Dee Starr, a blowsy Senate receptionist, whose night-club-stripper name sums up her bimbo status. Barely able to focus, Dee Dee is described as being so dumb she thinks Mt. Rushmore is a natural rock formation (old joke, by the way). It isn't her lack of morals or brains that the show disapproves of. What the digs against her represent is a kind of class snobbery, with which "Designing Women" is also rife. (And the sentimental condescension of "Evening Shade" isn't much better.)

On race, the Thomasons tread more carefully. (Who wouldn't?) Like Clinton himself, wooing what *The Economist* calls "that elusive white beast, the Reagan Democrat," the Thomasons' sitcoms are a touch standoffish about blacks, a bit rote in their rhetoric. They include black characters, make the right noises about their awful plight, but bar them from full access to the action. These characters seldom go one-on-one with the camera. The function of Meshach Taylor on "Designing Women" and of Ossie Davis, using his Ol' Man River voice, on "Evening Shade" is to occupy the catbird seat and provide a wise, rueful chuckle about the foolish antics of these white folks. Perhaps the addition of Sheryl Lee Ralph (from "Mistress") to "Designing Women" will help curb this sense of tokenism, but at the moment it's as if each show allotted one Black Friend to authenticate its characters' liberal credentials. Miss Lula, on "Hearts Afire," isn't even that. In the first episode, she's an exhibit from the Colored Museum, stored upstairs for safekeeping.

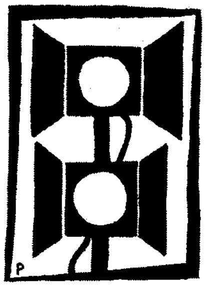
TV programmers, like politicians, have to learn to juggle constituencies, jolly them along. The knock on Clinton is that he's too eager to be liked by everyone he meets, that there's no man inside, nothing but stuffed politician. But the beating he took in the primaries left lumps that bare themselves on C-SPAN in the letdown moments between campaign stops. He doesn't come across as complacent. For all their frantic endeavor, the Thomasons do. As political advisers, the Thomasons have proved themselves invaluable. They may have earned their own wing in the White House. But the cant of "Designing Women," the corn of "Evening Shade," the crust of "Hearts Afire"—it's Hollywood liberalism laying down the cultural law on everyone's behalf. Sitcoms such as these want to tell you not only what to think but how to feel. At least they don't shout at us, as Norman Lear did. They're content to nag us to death. ♦

THE THEATRE

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT

by Edith Oliver

FIRST of all, it must be said that the Irishman Graham Reid is a true playwright, a distinction in itself, and then that he's one of the luckiest playwrights in town: the production of his "Remembrance" that opened last week at the John Houseman is blessed (that's the only word) with Frances Sternhagen and Milo O'Shea in the leading roles. The setting is present-day explosive Belfast, and the story tells of a Catholic woman and a Protestant man, both of them widowed and in their sixties, who meet regularly at a cemetery, she to mourn a son killed by militant Protestants, and he a son killed by the I.R.A. As they sip tea and eat sandwiches—each of them arrives with a hamper of sorts—they slowly realize that they are falling in love. The action moves back and forth from the graveyard to their separate houses, where each of them is beset by the younger generation. "Remembrance," for all its considerable merit, is not without its shortcomings, and too much symmetry disguised as irony is one of them.



Mr. O'Shea's Bert Andrews lives with his quarrelsome son, a policeman who drinks far more than he can handle, and whose wife has moved out, although she turns up regularly to keep house for him and her father-in-law. Now the son is thinking of emigrating to South Africa (a policeman's paradise, he says), and she is contemplating divorce. That they still love each other seems to be important only to Bert. Miss Sternhagen's Theresa Donaghy lives with her unmarried daughter, a compulsive (and sad) cleaner and polisher, and is visited daily by a married daughter, whose husband, recently of the I.R.A., is in prison for murder, and who is all but out of her mind with nerves and sexual frustration and bitterness. The news of the mother's romantic attachment hits this daughter particularly hard: A *Protestant*, after the murder of our Peter! "It's disgusting," the other daughter says. "You're *old*." Everything is thrown in the way of the potential lovers by their troublesome children, and the ending seems far too whimsical. At that point, the characters seem to have more stature than their begetter. (The whole subject of Irish parents and their grownup, live-in children can wait for another time.)

Under Terence Lamude's direction, the actors present the characters, in all their complexity, on emotional high wires. John Finn (new to me), as Bert Andrews' policeman son, is powerful, and as disturbing as he is disturbed, and Mia Dillon plays his unhappy, defiant wife with her usual subtlety and control. Caroleen Feeney is sweet and affecting as Theresa Donaghy's smoldering spinster daughter, and Terry Donnelly, an Abbey Theatre veteran, plays her neurotic sister in the open, all-out Abbey style—as welcome and as innovative, even revolutionary, in its day as anything the avant-garde has to offer us now. But it is Miss Sternhagen and Mr. O'Shea who are the heart of the play. The performances are so true and so riveting and cut so deep that a colleague sitting next to me, and some forty years my junior, asked if they resembled the Lunts. Well, sort of but not exactly. There is nothing starlike or glamorous about their work—just the best acting imaginable.

The play is broken into short scenes, many of them fierce family rows, which as often as not collapse into laughter or tears. The second act, far too long, just seems to unravel. Nevertheless, what Mr. Reid has accomplished, for all my quibbles, is to open up a world and, in the manner of the best Irish dramatists, to make us welcome. Bill Stabile's scenery—two houses and a cemetery on the postage-stamp stage of the John Houseman—is a feat in itself. John McLain did the lighting; Barbara Forbes designed the costumes. ♦

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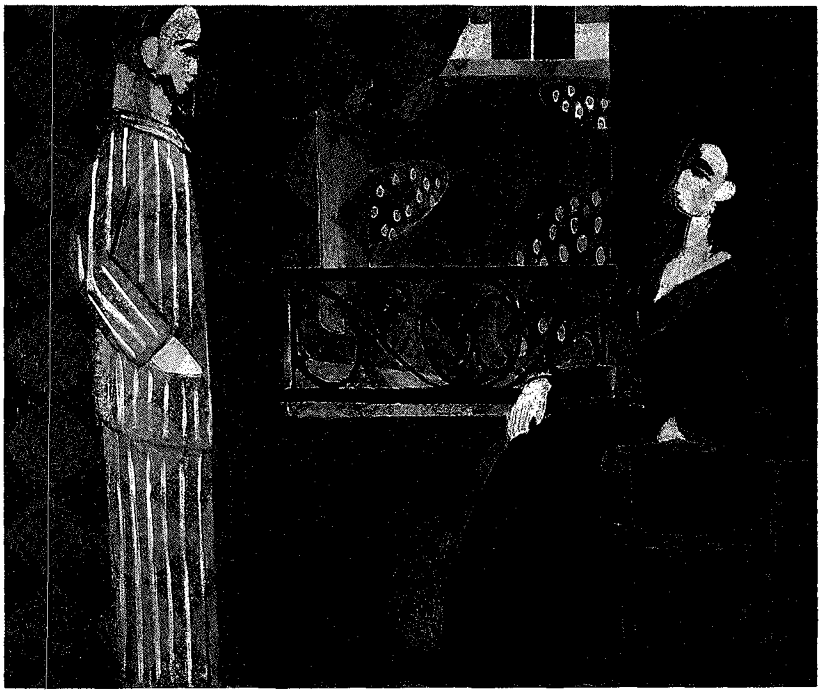
THE ART WORLD

THE UNNATURAL

by Adam Gopnik

It would be interesting right now to hear from someone who passionately, honestly, and *intelligently* dislikes everything about the art and life of Henri Matisse. Either such a person does not exist, however, or nobody is willing to let him near a typewriter. No exhibition—for that matter, no public event—in recent memory has received such a chorus of unstinting praise from the usually contentious New York press as has the retrospective of Matisse's painting and sculpture which John Elderfield organized for the Museum of Modern Art. The praise is mostly deserved. Putting on an exhibition of this size is, as only those who have attempted it can understand, like trying to direct a battle with one hand while writing a poem with the other; Elderfield's show is a triumph of finding the right pictures, prevailing upon their owners to give them up, getting them all to arrive at the same time, and then arranging them in the right relationships on the walls. A few minor, grudging post-D-Day quibbles might be raised. The show *is* too big. The famous tired businessman at whom Matisse claimed to direct his art will probably reel out of the two floors not just tired but dizzied. The show is a little fat at the beginning—Matisse, a very slow learner, is given almost six rooms before he produces a single real masterpiece—and a little thin at the end, where the selection of late "cutouts" is not as well chosen as it might have been. And there are, throughout, surprisingly few surprises. Most of the pictures that one knew were masterpieces, or that looked in reproduction as though they ought to be, are. Those that didn't, aren't. But these are petty objections; this is an occasion where the battle was won and the poem got written.



"Conversation" (1909)

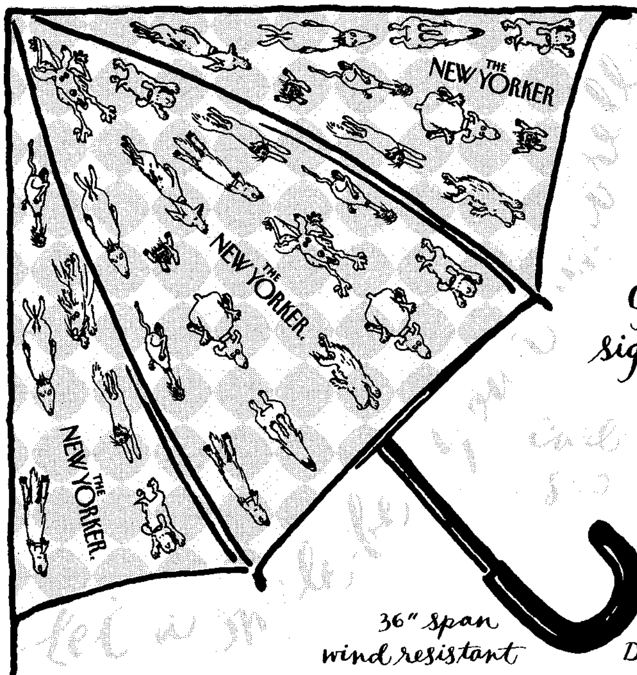
Still, there is a point at which universal praise, even when it's deserved, begins to turn into platitude and eventually curdles into mere piety. It's not that Matisse is being overpraised (how could you overpraise Matisse?), but the *terms* of the praise, its repeated vocabulary and pet locutions, don't have much to do with what his best pictures actually look like, or the real ways that they get their effects. If all that survived of Matisse were what is being said about him right now, what would posterity think his paintings looked like? "Elegant," "masterful," "refined," "hedonistic," "sophisticated," "luscious"—those are the favorite words. Not only are they empty but they make Matisse sound so *dull*—like a sweet, graceful painter with a taste for sexy girls, a combination of Milton Avery and Alberto Vargas. Could posterity, on that evidence, possibly imagine the deliberate awkwardness of so much of his drawing, or the nervous, primitive audacity of his line? Would it ever envision the almost caricatural extravagance of his big-hipped, serpent-throated women, or the coloring-book simplicity he could bring to his painterly attack? There would certainly be nothing to suggest the almost folk-art weirdness of so much great Matisse: "The Painter's Family," for instance, with its Roz Chast mother and simian children, or the sublime, slapstick "Dance."

The set-piece, Sunday-supplement comparisons place Matisse in dutiful succession to the great masters of lucid French classicism—to Ingres, for instance. But the truth is that, though Matisse annexed himself to this tradition by sheer force of will, there is hardly a single Matisse from 1906 on that Ingres would not have thought the work of a madman or a child. (There were plenty of Ingres students around at the time, and they said as much, loudly.) Such an elaborate hedge of praise has been built up around Matisse that it has become almost impermissible to say the most obvious things about him: that he worked for most of his life in a resolutely faux-naïf style that quickly turned dead or twee in the hands of every other painter who employed it, and that he used throughout his career a set of weary art-school stage properties—the odalisque, the dance of the maenads—that were already on their way out when he took them up. Painters with a high-keyed, decorative faux-naïf luxury style have been a dime a dozen in this century; none of them are Matisse. The crucial thing about Matisse is not to see where he stands in relation to Ingres but to figure out why he is not simply another Raoul Dufy.

Part of the answer, as one can learn from John Elderfield's deeply felt, though at times ponderously abstract, catalogue essay, is that Matisse, for all his reputation as a master of "serenity" and complacent pleasure, was an outsider, and throughout his life retained an outsider's anxiety. He has long since been adopted as a symbol of everything luxe and French—painting's answer to Maurice Chevalier—but he was actually a Northerner, closer in temperament and culture to van Gogh than to Renoir. He grew up near Flanders Field, in the hamlet of Bohain-en-Vermandois, and the traits and habits of its petite bourgeoisie—the buttoned-up, retentive, respectable, material-minded narrowness—were ones that he never really lost. There is no funnier or more revealing sight than the photographs of the mature Matisse in his studio: the painter, hard at work, with his beard and spectacles, with his knit tie knotted tight and his vest clinging close to his potbelly, and nearby a disconsolate-looking model in harem pants throwing herself across a divan.

Matisse, Elderfield also emphasizes, began to paint *late*. He was twenty years old, and embarked on a law career, when his mother gave him a paintbox to help him pass the time while he was recuperating from an attack of appendicitis. He began turning out sickly, thin symbolist pictures and equally thin still-lifes, which are enlivened only by an occasional feeling for casual, pleasing clutter and for the unorthodox interval—the unexpected interposition of a near plane against a distant one, a green lampshade in the middle ground butting up directly against a white primed canvas.

Color eventually became the mortar of his art—what held it together—but its building blocks were unidealized human forms: the bodies of plain and chunky women. After his first, dim experiments, Matisse suddenly found himself as an artist, in 1900 and 1901, when he began painting and drawing female nudes. Matisse's women are a particular French type—the *jolie laide*, the beautifully ugly. Heavy, thick-torsoed, square-jawed, they are like Gothic Eves, with curving stomachs and short, strong legs. The very best of these early nudes, the comparatively monochromatic and conventionally modelled "Carmelina," of 1903, is the first Matisse that belongs in a museum: the frontal, big-thighed girl, with her straight, powerful face,



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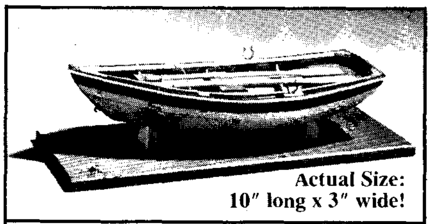
looks steadily out at the painter—confrontational and powerful, sexual without being flirtatious. These stocky, mature, flat-faced women appear again and again in his work—their shapes are its underlying architecture. One of the most moving things in the exhibition, in fact, is to see how often, in the midst of extravagant experiments, Matisse will return to the dutiful observation of his basic type. As late as 1909, while making pictures as simplified and ecstatic as the "Still Life with 'Dance,'" he stopped to execute a pedestrian picture of an almost comically tough dame, called "Nude with a White Scarf." Though as an old man he used more conventionally pretty models, the women who haunted him in his high period always remained indomitable rather than compliant. Matisse's muse was a Thurber wife.

MATISSE came at color largely as an intellectual act—an act of the will. He had no difficulty with simply "setting his color free"; he did that early, and often. Again and again, even in his earliest pictures, he approaches and achieves an "art of pure color" and then retreats from it. The "Still Life with Oranges," from 1899, for instance, is as hot and keyed-up as any of the Fauve paintings from six years later—or, for that matter, as any of his paintings of the teens. Matisse's problem was, in a sense, to find a way to imprison color again: to find a way to give to an art of pure color the order and discipline and narrative drive that he loved in Giotto. Things *happen* in a mature Matisse—women dance, children play the piano, nymphs leap—in a way that they never do in the locked, though equally bright, world of Cézanne or in the somnolent one of Gauguin. He wanted to animate color, not to liberate it.

The conventional account is that he achieved this animation through the crucial experience of Fauvism, the famous vanguard movement of the Salon of 1905. But the more one looks at Matisse's Fauve pictures in this exhibition, the more they seem a false direction and a dead end. The typical Matisse Fauve—the "Landscape at Collioure," from MOMA, or "The Roofs of Collioure," from the Shchukin collection at the Hermitage—seems dated in its obvious Russian simplicities and Art Nou-



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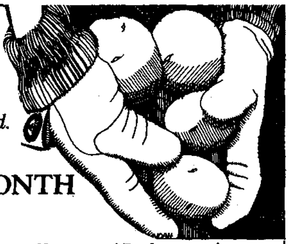

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veau rhythms. And the Matisse Fauves, for all their italic, madman-with-a-pastry-bag frenzy, are short on form. The single real revelation among the mostly tiresome little Fauve pictures is a rare figure composition—"The Siesta," of the summer of 1905, from a private collection in Switzerland. Though not completely realized, it is the first picture that strikes the distinctively Matissean note of pathos, which derives from the displacement of energy from still and plaintive human figures to the objects surrounding them. Two women are in a hotel room, late in the afternoon. The older one is asleep on her bed, her full, thrust hip billowing out from her simple green shift. The younger one (her daughter?), in her red beret and *tablier*, stands wistfully outside, on the little hotel balcony, her legs reduced to two spiky abbreviations of pink: she is looking out at the ocean. All the emotion in the picture is transferred from the people to the room. The bedstead explodes into an improbable spectral procession of bright orange and pure yellow and dark indigo, while three little chairs in the foreground seem to nudge each other, jauntily, their legs and backs askew in the afternoon light.

It wasn't until the following year, in the summer of 1906, that Matisse really began his assured, mature work. Its style is announced in a wonderful, rarely seen, unpretentious little picture—the "Pink Onions," from the Statens Museum, in Copenhagen. It is, in a way, another Russian picture, full of Easter-egg patterning and folk-art simplifications, but it's also like a child's drawing. (Picasso, in a remark that, oddly, is nowhere quoted in Elderfield's catalogue, once said that Matisse had decisively changed his style after looking at his children's drawings.) Matisse was so startled by his own simplicity in "Pink Onions" that he told a friend that the picture had been painted by the postman. But no "naïve" painter, and no child, would ever have invented something so clear and sure in its forms, so lacking in any niggling, prosaic descriptive detail. For all its apparent naïveté, it is full of sophisticated ellipses and deliberately skipped beats. The table has neither legs nor a base, and it is placed not dead center but just to the left; the wall behind is irrationally

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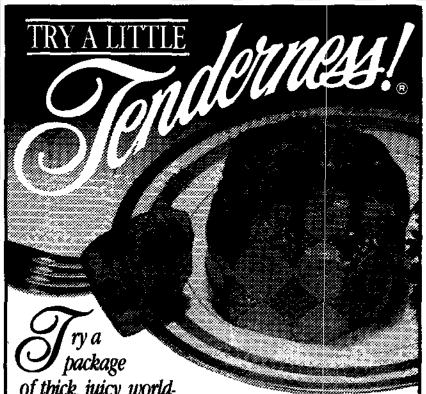

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divided into areas of aqua and sky-blue. The onions themselves—sexy in their bright-pinkness, and each with a spiky little tiara of a stalk—are highlighted with patches of white, as though each had been stamped with light and were about to be mailed.

The accepted thing to say about the procession of enormous pictures that Matisse produced between 1908 and 1912—from the "Harmony in Red" to the two "Dance"s and on to the great interiors, including "The Red Studio"—is that he was heroically "struggling to reconcile the age-old demands of drawing and color." But Matisse's real genius lay in not trying to reconcile these two things. He discarded the entire apparatus of modelling and deep perspective, and began to create his art by the most basic picture-making means: nothing but animated outlines, filled with large areas of color. It wasn't a reconciliation. It was a simplification—a radical, sweeping regression.

To get control of this simplification, Matisse had to work big. It's not just that the color achieves a grander effect when there's more of it to look at. It's also that Matisse's genius for interval, on which his art now came to depend, really registers only on a large scale. Color in these pictures is entirely intellectual, even architectural—determined according to a decorative blueprint, rather than remade from nature. Matisse would choose a single scrubbing of primary color and then, just as decisively, change it: the "Harmony in Red" began as a harmony in green and then for a little while was even a harmony in blue. In each picture, the decorative calm induced by the single, unifying color is set off against the tiny agitations of line—against the pictorial exclamations that fill the paintings with life. Pictures such as "The Red Studio" and the "Pink Studio" are like sublime Advent calendars, each incident of line suddenly popping open against the backdrop.

It is this counterpoint that gives Matisse's greatest art its music. On the one hand, there is his unequalled nervousness, his ability to convey, through the hesitations and breaks and then the suddenly restored fluency of his strong, clear black outlines, a powerful anxiousness—to offer, as a Dufy never could, an apprehension of the material world that

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is not complacent but yearning. And, on the other hand, there is the serene, unifying sureness of scale and color to give each picture its classical poise and inevitability. Look at the amazing "Conversation," from 1909, which really might be a Thurber cartoon. (The caption, obviously, is "So who made the magic go out of our marriage, you or me?") The moment of breakfast confrontation—the man in his beautiful, absurd striped pajamas and his René Clair pointed beard, the woman laid out in Egyptian profile—ought to be comical. But the combination of the even, unvarying Aegean blue that surrounds the couple and the strange, asymmetrical, almost Expressionist black pattern of the wrought-iron fence on the balcony outside that separates them gives the picture an air of enigmatic solemnity that solidifies its little morning anecdote. The great example of this new way of organizing a picture occurs in the two "Dance"s—the early 1909 version, from MOMA, and the so-called Shchukin "Dance" from later that year, from St. Petersburg. The filling in of flesh pink in the bodies of the first picture and of hot red in the second offers a kind of caricatural simplification of sexiness that never becomes absurd. But the orgiastic tone is set off by the awkward tenderness of every detail—by the way, above all, that the small, misshapen falling woman on the right reaches out her left hand to join the exaggeratedly perfect arabesque of the sweeping figure on the far left, never quite touching her.

The party line on Matisse used to have it that after these marvels he subsided for some thirty years into a decorative détente that was broken only around 1945, when, often bedridden, he took up scissors instead of a paintbrush and began to produce his paper cutouts. In this case, despite all the attempts in recent years to maintain that the pictures from the twenties and the thirties are just as great an achievement as the prewar pictures, the party line is right. What no one seems to notice is that in the twenties and thirties Matisse tried to do what he was supposed to have been doing all along—"reconciling" form and color, placing big, sculptural bodies in brightly colored rooms. The pictures suffer as a result. The odalisques from the twenties are academically mod-

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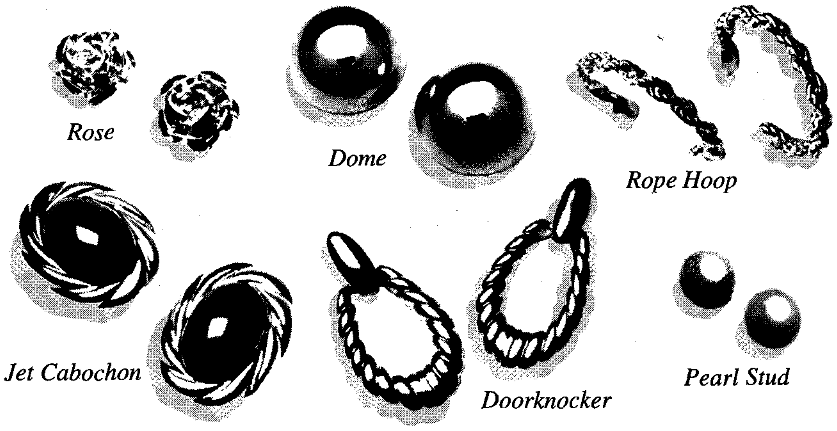

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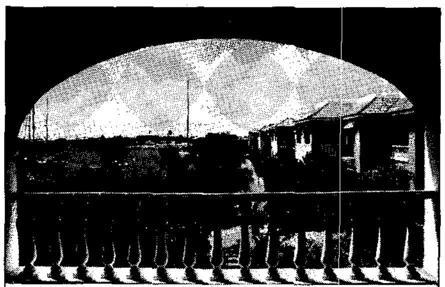

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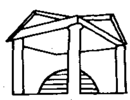

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elled. Instead of being painted in pure pink, they are carefully modulated to diminish from highlight to flesh tone and end in an unpleasant gray. Placed against those red-and-white striped tablecloths and those single-hued nasturtiums, the girls just look dirty. As for the thirties pictures, they are the first of Matisse's paintings that are facile; if the Matisses of the teens were decorative paraphrases of Giotto, these are decorative paraphrases of Matisse.

Of the cutouts, Matisse once said, "Instead of drawing an outline and filling in the color, I am drawing directly in color." But those outlines had saved him, and he was able to recover the old vitality only when he was willing to employ much wilder distortions in his figures than he had ever done before. This is why the "Swimming Pool," from MOMA, and "Acrobats," from a private collection, remain supreme; the figures they contain are so radically remade that they are hardly recognizable as bodies. For the rest, the more conventional, stylish "Blue Nude"s do not look entirely out of place in their new incarnation as jeans advertisements. Along with the "Swimming Pool," the best of the big, "picture-size" cutouts turns out to be the "Memory of Oceania," also from MOMA. The other big cutouts, as often as not, have an oddly staid, fifties-décor look to them.

FOR all the new scholarship that one might have expected this show to inspire, very little additional biographical information has emerged. Matisse the man remains a mystery. The new cliché is to claim that his work, seen whole, looks sadder than we had thought. But that is just a fatuous reversal of the old image of Matisse as the happy Riviera rake. What strikes you in this show is that the imagery of alienation—the lonely figures, the bowed heads, the evocations of the empty material world—radiates a sense of *happiness*, of serenity. There's no denying the isolating imagery; there's also no denying its generally happy effect. There is a plain common sense about Matisse, as though he were insisting that the best thing in life is simply possession—the accumulation of objects and the creation of a safe place to put them in.

This is not, perhaps, a particularly

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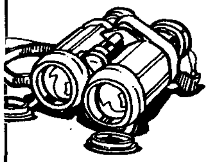

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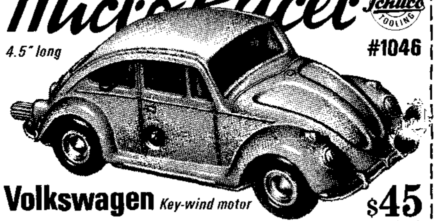

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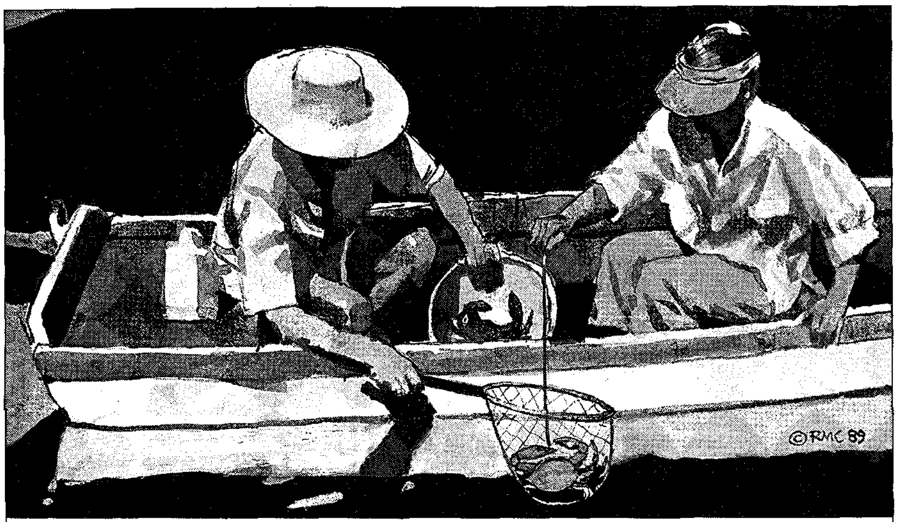
deep or conventionally edifying emotion. But if there is a point to be made or a lesson to be learned from this great and beautiful exhibition it is that painting doesn't have to be deep to be profound. From other arts we demand some kind of cultural self-consciousness or moral ambition—some depth or breadth of reference and knowingness. We want a novelist or a poet to know something we don't, or, at least, to open up a world. But a painter's intelligence is of a different kind. It arrives from knowing exactly what we know, and then showing us how we know it. As every Sunday watercolorist understands, this process produces a contemplative detachment that is the nearest thing a nonmeditative culture like ours has to a Zen state. This kind of sensuous intelligence also produces an irritability—a bearishness, a love of being islanded—that becomes for most painters irresistibly seductive as they grow older. Matisse was no exception. "When I started to paint, I felt transported into a kind of paradise," he once said. "In everyday life, I was usually bored and vexed by the things that people were always telling me I must do. Starting to paint, I felt gloriously free, quiet, and alone."

Matisse's great subject was privacy, the pleasure—unique to modern, middle-class societies—of being left alone. Nabokov once remarked that he didn't want to go to Heaven: there would be too many people. Matisse felt the same way. In the end, the surprising thing about him is that he didn't have to "transcend" the petit bourgeois in himself to become a great painter. He became a great painter by allowing the most mundane middle-class values—the concern with order, the valuing of privacy, the appetite for a composed and managed world—to speak through the amplification of art. It was his sense that the act of painting was all the transcendence you would ever need that allowed him to make "The Red Studio"—a simple inventory of things he had made or owned—not just the most beautiful but the most paradisiacal of all modern paintings. Matisse knew, and took for his subject, what all of us petits bourgeois know at one time or another—that there are moments when it can feel like Heaven just to be left alone to look at what's yours. ♦



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BOOKS

GENTLEMEN'S DISAGREEMENT

by Paul Berman

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR., published a very long essay on anti-Semitism in the *National Review* in December, 1991, and he has now brought it out in a book, together with the responses of several leading conservative writers, some letters from readers, his own responses to the responses, and a foreword by the current editor of the *National Review*, John O'Sullivan. The result—"In Search of Anti-Semitism" (Continuum; $19.95)—is a short book, but a long read. There are many conservative writers, and none of them agree. They snipe at one another from behind trash cans. They hurl quotations from one another's columns. It is the Los Angeles riot, except elderly, Republican, and white. An occasional liberal dashes by, carrying a television set. Buckley himself, attempting to restore order, now and then pops up in a footnote to demolish some foolish person's idiotic argument, or else circles overhead in his helicopter dropping fire retardant. But it's no use.

William F. Buckley, Jr., and a right riot.

Anti-Semitism is nearly impossible to debate. All responsible people, and even most irresponsible ones, agree that anti-Semitism is a bad thing and should be beaten down every time it rears its head. But no one—not a single well-known person in America—admits to harboring anti-Semitic thoughts. What are such thoughts, anyway? There is no universally accepted definition. Debate consequently bogs down into exchanges that amount to "You are so," "I am not," and complaints about moral bullying. Buckley's approach, first in his long essay, then in his responses to critics, is to call on the decency of his own intentions, the coolness of his temper, and the sharpness of his distinction-making ability, and to hope that these qualities (which are all genuine), if beamed with enough precision on persons and events under suspicion, will turn murk to light.

These persons and events turn out to be four. He examines the views of his longtime *National Review* colleague Joseph Sobran, whose obsession with Israel has become so overwhelming that Buckley concludes that the man has gone "cuckoo." Next, he turns to Patrick Buchanan, whose worst offense is to have made it seem that American Jews were exploiting other Americans for Jewish interests in the Gulf War. This, in Buckley's view, was an anti-Semitic interpretation of why America went to war—even if, as Buckley also believes, Buchanan's error derives from, "most probably, an iconoclastic temperament." Then comes the right-wing student newspaper at Dartmouth College, *The Dartmouth Review*, which has been accused of anti-Semitism because it made prankish use of a quotation by Hitler in the fall of 1990. In this instance, Buckley believes that the opponents of the *Re-*

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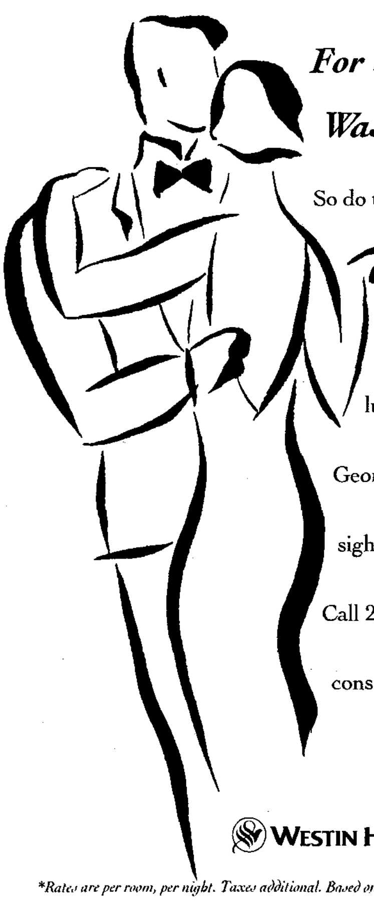
view—chiefly Dartmouth's president, James O. Freedman—have, in a nasty spirit of demagogic liberalism, made a mountain of a molehill. And, finally, there is the case of Gore Vidal, who wrote an article in *The Nation* back in 1986 that described neoconservative American Jews as un-American foreigners (in the course of making a further argument, similarly dim-witted, that white people ought to unite against the "Yellow Peril"). *This* counts as classic bigotry, in Buckley's estimation. In each instance, Buckley's concern is to draw two sets of useful distinctions: between legitimate criticisms, both of American Jews and of Israel, and criticisms that veer into the cuckoo; and between legitimate criticisms of cuckooness and unfair bullyings that wave the flag of virtue.

The balance that Buckley achieves in sorting out these issues is almost excruciating. Except for the affair involving Vidal, whose merits are nonexistent in Buckley's eyes ("Anyone who lies about Mr. Vidal is doing him a kindness"), each of the controversies yields a distinction so fine as to be a marvel. Joseph Sobran's dark view of the Jews fills Buckley with something very much like sympathy, as if his beloved colleague had contracted a drinking problem. The bad boys at Dartmouth are basically good guys, though in ways that are not always apparent to well-meaning people. As for the distinction between Patrick Buchanan's anti-Semitic writings and his non-anti-Semitic (as Buckley sees it) personality, this is a feat of fine-line-drawing which last winter permitted Buckley to go directly from condemning Buchanan's bigotry to endorsing his candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination in the New Hampshire primary, if only as an anti-Bush protest.

And if Mr. Buckley is excruciatingly balanced in each of his individual judgments, so is he in the over-all political thrust of his book. Section by section, the greater weight of his indignation falls upon the *anti*-anti-Semites whose attacks on conservatives (or fellow-conservatives) seem to him unfair. The *Times* columnist A. M. Rosenthal has outraged Buckley by seeing something of David Duke in Buchanan. Buckley has hard words for the (often Jewish) champions of strict church-state separation, who are arousing more Christian



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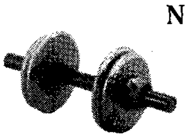

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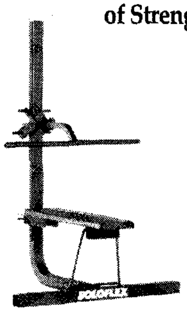

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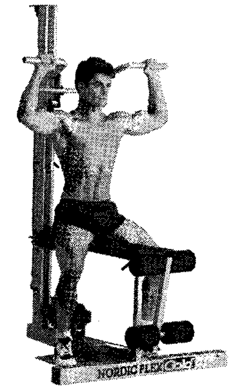

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hostility against themselves than they know. Yet, for all these many sharp criticisms in one direction, his far more genial reprimands of Buchanan and Sobran in the other have ended up attracting much more attention.

The respondents to Buckley's essay include Sobran (who regards himself and all Americans as victims of Israeli power), Rosenthal (whose writings on anti-Semitism roar like a lion, and are just as articulate), Norman Podhoretz, Robert D. Novak, Murray Rothbard (a Buchanan supporter who is positively frightening in his call for full-scale abolition of the New Deal), Eliot A. Cohen, Irving Kristol, and several others—but not Buchanan. The responses achieve an excruciating balance of their own. Some people say that Buckley has hit the nail on the head. Others say that he has done an injury to the noble and brave right-wing critics of Israel. Still others point to a very different error, which is best described, in the book, by Podhoretz. Podhoretz informs us that after arguing about anti-Semitism from time to time with Buckley he has come away "with the sinking feeling that (forgive me, even though I can hardly forgive myself, for borrowing from the feminists) you just didn't get it."

What is the "it" that Mr. Podhoretz, feminism's debtor, has in mind? Partial explanations appear in his own contribution, and also in a letter by Eliot Cohen and in one or two other responses, but nowhere is there a full-scale account, which is too bad. "It," in my own understanding, ought to begin with a clearer picture than Buckley manages to provide of the differences between anti-Semitism's two great strains. One of these strains is a country-club contempt, which can sometimes take the form of a bee-in-the-bonnet obsession with everything connected to Jews. In the United States, this first strain is what is most familiar, and Buckley is doubtless right in insisting on good-hearted civility as the best of all ways to oppose it. The other strain, more doctrinal in spirit, derives a little more directly from the ancient notion, principally Christian, of the Jews as a demonic conspiracy against God and virtue. This second strain is perhaps not as extinct in various parts of the world as is sometimes thought.

Buckley remarks that "in the post-Hitler world, the flight path of workaday

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anti-Semitism isn't genocidal," which is true enough. Yet in that same post-Hitler world the entire Jewish populations of a substantial number of countries in Eastern Europe, the Middle East, and Africa have precipitately fled to safer shores, partly out of fear of the persecutions that arise from purple theories of Zionist plots. Anyone can see how, given one or two military blunders along the borders of Israel during the past four decades, the history of massacring the demonized Jews which has repeated itself every two or three centuries since 1096 might in fact have had another chapter. Buckley displays warm feelings toward Israel, if not necessarily toward his fellow-conservatives in Israel's Likud Party, and would never wish to seem indifferent to these horrors and dangers of the present day. But when he thinks about anti-Semitism what leaps to mind is the country-club strain, which he recalls ruefully from his own sunny Connecticut childhood, while the more exotic and sinister variety—"it," in a word—comes to him only as a pained afterthought.

"In Search of Anti-Semitism" is hard to read partly because Buckley hasn't taken the trouble to organize his reflections in a very rigorous manner, partly because the issue is inherently thorny, but mostly because every few pages a new participant in the debate jumps up to say, "Mr. Buckley has unintentionally mislabelled me" (Edwin M. Yoder, Jr.), or "Mr. Buckley misrepresents me" (Robert Novak), followed by full particulars: "What I actually did write was quite different. . . ." Such is the style of a conservative riot. We are asked to consider whether Mr. Buckley was right to be upset that Mr. Podhoretz, in a letter to yet another person, said that Mr. Buckley's insufficiently harsh disciplining of Mr. Sobran had the unfortunate effect of making Martin Peretz's criticism of Mr. Podhoretz for being too easy on Mr. Buckley look good. This is funny, but nobody seems to know it.

In one respect, the participants in this debate can feel satisfied with their achievement. An honest public brawl now and then over basic principles purifies the political air. It is intellectually admirable. Then again, the angry trading of quotations and imputations of unfairness, the sympathy that some conservatives still feel for a Joseph Sobran,

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Initial S with King David as scribe, from a 15th-century antiphonary. The Rosenwald Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C.

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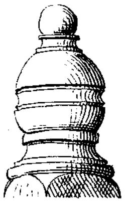

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on the one hand, the outrage of an A. M. Rosenthal on the other, Patrick Buchanan's ominous silence while he plots his "religious war," the open letters, the massed signatures, the spent cartridges on the floor—these do have the look of a political movement going up in flames. Buchanan and the Hard Right (the term is Rothbard's, meant as praise) are trying to restore the militantly oppositional habits of mind—largely Christian, unyielding, and isolationist—that characterized the American right during the era of the New Deal, and that traditionally never did have much sympathy for Jewish causes; whereas the neoconservative right that is led by Podhoretz and others, largely Jewish, seems plunged into ever deeper confusion about which party, Democratic or Republican, to support, and how much enthusiasm to muster for civic tolerance and other ideas that traditionally belong to the hated liberals.

If anybody can salvage a compromise between these warring factions, it ought to be Buckley, monarch of every right-wing thing he surveys. Among the contributors to this book, quite a few perform astonishing gestures of homage to his personal authority. (There is no figure who plays anything like such a commanding role among American liberals or on the left.) But after these contributors have kissed the ring they don't listen to a word he says. The book that he has produced on anti-Semitism is too noisy and confused to be a very good guide to the tangled topic of its title, but I wouldn't be amazed if, precisely because of the uproar wafting from its pages, future historians of American politics were to point back to it as a significant event. Buckley founded the modern conservative movement in the mid-nineteen-fifties by driving the anti-Semites and other fringe radicals of the traditional right from the benefit of his own companionship, which gave both order and respectability to his movement. But in 1992 that order is history. The future historians, I can imagine, will say something like: "William F. Buckley, Jr.,'s small polemical volume on anti-Semitism was one of several signs in the early nineteen-nineties of the irreparable collapse of a conservative coalition that he himself had founded and that successfully dominated American politics for many years." ♦

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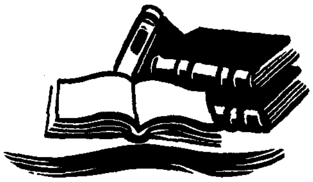


BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Alma
by Gordon Burn (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95)

ALMA COGAN, with her chirpy voice and bouffant hair, was Britain's pop-music treasure of the fifties. By the time she died, in 1966, she had become a kitsch icon. Mr. Burn's first novel, the winner of the Whitbread Award, finds Alma Cogan still alive in 1986, holed up in a seaside cottage and putting her life under a microscope. At the same time, the mass murderer Myra Hindley agrees to help the police locate the bodies of the young victims she buried twenty years ago. "Photohoroscopes" are published, computer images of what the victims might have looked like had they lived. Mr. Burn has created a photohoroscopic memoir for Alma, an exhumation of a life lived through the disposability of pop culture. Being a has-been, though, lasts forever, as Alma discovers. Her costumes are kept in a climate-controlled museum, and recordings designed to wear out are preserved in sound labs. Mr. Burn examines celebrity through its smallest components—the pixels of a TV screen, silver-gilt thread, magnetic particles—and the result is a brilliant portrait, so intimate that you can almost hear, like Alma listening to herself on tape, "the threads of saliva breaking in that moment thirty years ago as I parted my lips to sing."

The Divine Comedy of John Venner
by Gregory Blake Smith (Poseidon; $20)

THE clichés of mid-life are heaped on John Venner's plate: he's freshly divorced, up for tenure, and in love with a younger woman. But his ex-wife now calls herself Medusa and stars in a female rock band, and the younger woman is not just another coed from one of the classes he teaches on Western religion. She's a Shakeress, a twenty-three-year-old virgin in cape, bonnet, and running shoes, who lives in nearby New Eden, one of the last surviving Shaker villages. Venner's obsession with lovely Sabbathday Wells is part scholarly research and part sneaking around; when she ventures out to the local mall to do the weekly shopping, Venner stalks her adoringly with his Nikon. The professor, an inveterate humorist, provides a self-deprecating gloss on this difficult passage in his life, during which he breaks into the homespun paradise of New Eden, and even swears to renounce his lust and live by the Orders Concerning Intercourse Between the Sexes. He's deeper than we first thought, and so is this book: Venner's sexual escapades evolve into a not just funny meditation on the nature of love, both fleshly and spiritual.

Before and After
by Rosellen Brown (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $21)

CAROLYN and Ben Reiser—she is a coolly professional pediatrician, he is a househusband and sculptor—live in a small New Hampshire town and are the conscientious parents of twelve-year-old Judith and a teen-age son, Jacob. The boy disappears after a neighbor's daughter is found beaten to death in a field, and his parents and the police soon find out that he is almost certainly the murderer. Ben, whose first reaction is to protect his son, impulsively destroys crucial evidence of the crime. Carolyn and Judith initially cling to their ruined family but start to pull away from husband and brother as most of the town turns against them. Following the engrossing first half, this novel demonstrates a curious reticence. Large questions about masculine rage and hidden psychopathology are raised but never fully dramatized, and the author invokes and then dilutes the reality of murderous nihilism, allowing her fictional family to emerge merely chastened from experiences that one expects would horrify.

GENERAL

The Refinement of America: Persons, Houses, Cities
by Richard L. Bushman (Knopf; $40)

AROUND the end of the seventeenth century, many Americans began to feel that they deserved a more genteel life, to set them apart from the coarser elements of society, like the despised frontiersmen. The reaching out for what the author of this bright and original historical study calls "vernacular gentility" spread rapidly: people began to consult etiquette manuals, drink from teacups, and perhaps train decorative vines over the doors of the log cabins they lived in. The book describes the way in which this appetite for the amenities burgeoned in the nineteenth century, creating a mass market for consumer goods—from mahogany furniture to fancy buckles—and spelling economic growth that melded with the new republic's growing capitalism. Mr. Bushman explores every aspect of this phenomenon, and its often salutary and sometimes silly effect on dress, manners, and speech, on home architecture and city planning, on the ways that men and women entertained themselves.

The Ruling Passion of John Gould
by Isabella Tree (Grove Weidenfeld; $22.95)

THIS life of the British ornithologist John Gould (1804-81), written in a relaxed yet knowledgeable fashion, presents a man of prodigal energies and achievements (he published more than forty luxuriously illustrated volumes on the birds of the world), but one who is difficult to admire or like. Gould, unlike his American counterpart Audubon, was not a good draftsman, so he employed other artists to make the large color plates that give his books their distinction. One of these artists was the young Edward Lear, whom Gould treated badly; another was his own wife, whom he kept on a punishing schedule until her death. Yet the career of this disagreeable man—which involved forays into the wilds of Australia, and a fruitful relationship with Charles Darwin—is thoroughly absorbing. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE THREE-MARTINI DEBATE

by Christopher Buckley

"They both come to my house. We serve them a Martini. And we have an exchange between the two."—*Tom Brokaw in the Times, proposing an alternative Presidential-debate format.*

Brokaw: Mr. President, Governor, thank you for coming. I"m sorry Mr. Perot declined, but he's a teetotaller. How do you take your Martinis?

Bush: Dry as a bone, with fruit, and on the rocks.

Clinton: I'll just have a beer, thanks.

Bush: Whoa, what is this, Miller Time? I thought we were going to be hefting Martoonis.

Clinton: Where I grew up, in a place called Hope, people drank corn liquor. Gin was for country clubs.

Bush: I wouldn't start in on country clubs if I'd got *my* putter caught in a wringer for belonging to an all-white club. If you see what I'm *driving* at … heh-heh.

Clinton: I was never in that club. O.K., maybe I played a little golf there with businessmen, so I could target a few incentives on them. We can't all buy infrastructural investments out of our trust funds, ya know.

Brokaw: How do you want your Martini, Governor?

Clinton: In a beer glass. Olives on the side. Got any peanuts or crackers?

Bush: What's the matter? Got the munchies?

Clinton: Tom, I govern better stoned than he does straight. Not that I ever did get stoned.

Bush: Hold on. But I'm glad the subject of peanuts came up, because I think everyone in our wonderful country remembers Mr. Peanut, from Plains.

Brokaw: Your point being, sir?

Bush: Exactly. Mmm. I'll have another. Little less vermouth this time.

Clinton: Thank you, Tom. First, Al Gore and I happen to believe that there is a place for mixed drinks in today's post-New Deal Democratic Party. So I'll have another, too. Second, I'm proud to have an environmentally aware running mate who's orthographically sensitive to basic tubers. Third, could I get some more olives? In Arkansas we're working closely with the horticultural community on issues of olive-grove deforestation.

Bush: Thank you. Mmm. Much better. Still a little wet, but getting there. I'd like to ask the Governor what he drank over there while he was learning social engineering at Oxford during the Vietnam War. *Draft* beer? Oh, Bar, Poppy's throwing ringers tonight!

Clinton: That's been gone into again and again, so I'm not going to go into it. Could I get another, with olives?

Bush: You know, Tom, after I was shot down by the Japsters while serving my country, which Governor Elvis here wouldn't know about, I was paddling like a wet cocker spaniel in those shark-infested waters down there. Not fun. Know what I couldn't stop thinking about? Aside from that fellow some people don't like to talk about—G-O-D? Wrapping my lips around an ice-cold see-through. How about another? *Thirsty* just thinking about getting shot down.

Clinton: Tom, it's hard to enjoy getting tanked when so many people in this country can't afford gin. The Germans and the Japanese are way ahead of us in terms of gin availability per capita, and Japan has the highest gin-to-vermouth ratio in the world.

Bush: Seems to me the last Diberal Lemocrat, capital "D," capital "L," we elected was also anti-Martini.

Clinton: There you go with that negative stuff. O.K., one more. And keep those olives coming, Dan—er, Tom.

Bush: Just wave the vermouth bottle over the glass. Don't even have to take the cap off. That's how Uncle Herbie used to make 'em. So where were we? Losing track. Out of the looped.

Clinton: Isaiah Berlin used to say that Hank Williams was like a fox but Elvis was like a badger.

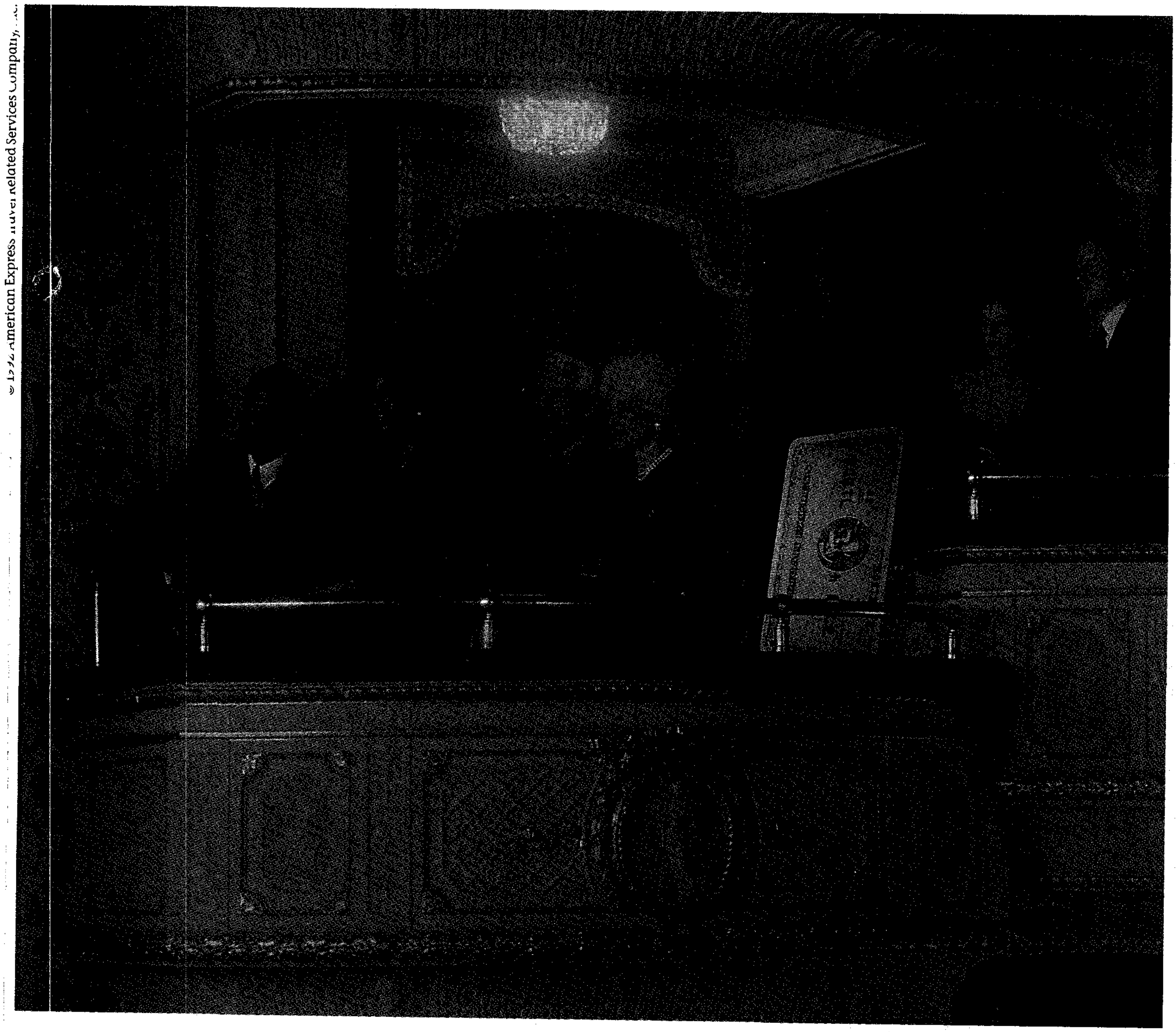
Bush: Berlin, *great* city. Wall. Down. But didn't see any foxes there and darn sure didn't see any badgers. Ah. *Thank you. Mmm* … Now, *that's* a Martini. Just the way Gorbachev liked his. How do you think I got him to give up the Commie thing? That's right, gave him Uncle Herbie's recipe. *Worked.*

Clinton: The Germans are way ahead of us on walls. For failed Quayle four years of … I don't know who's driving home, but it better not be me. That's why I'm proud to have Al Gore for my designated driver.

Bush: Gotta say, Hillary—a fox. Hair band, love it. Tipper—more of a badger, maybe, but still, *good woman.*

Clinton: Hey, weren't we supposed to have some TV cameras here?

Bush: Hold on, *por favor.* That was all worked out ahead of time. So don't cry for me, Bosnia-Herzegovina. But, Tom, gotta say, good format. If you gotta debate, this is how to do it. ♦



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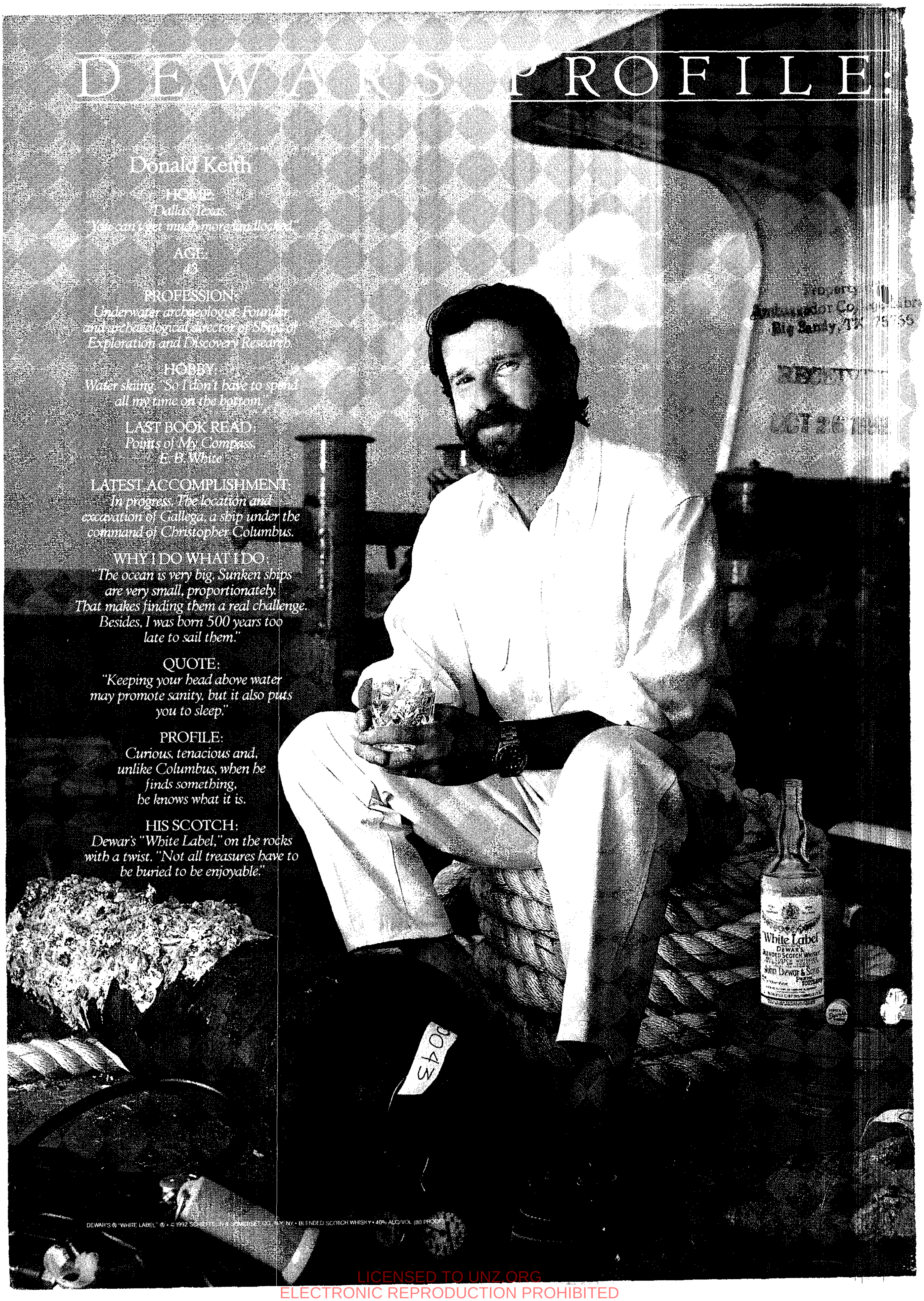

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